Collier's

OCTOBER 15, 1954 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Why Ted Williams Will Play Next Year

By TOM MEANY

•

The Case of the Missing Sardines

By ROBERT de ROOS

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA TODAY

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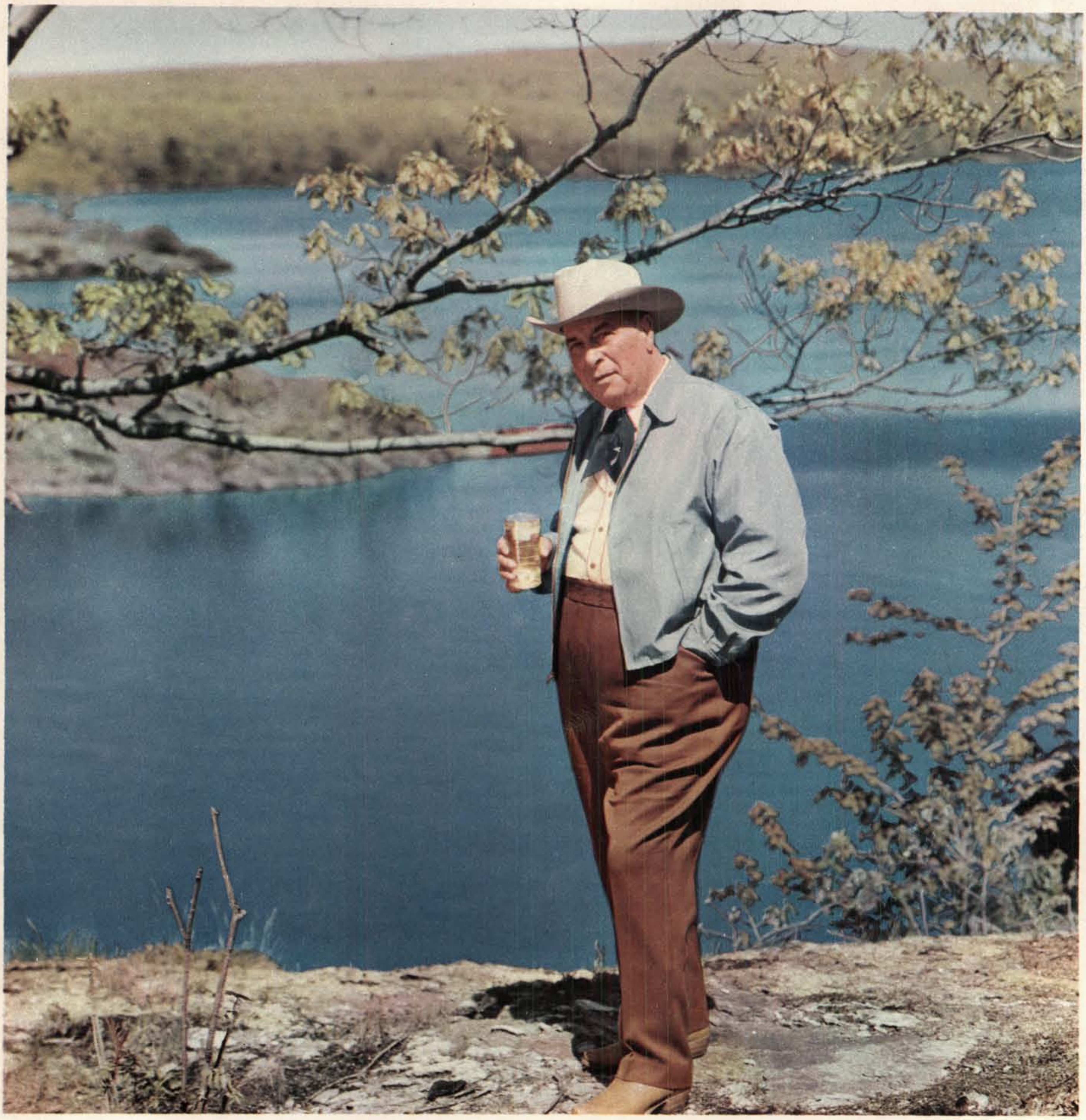
A Firsthand Report by

ALAN PATON

Author of "CRY, THE BELOVE



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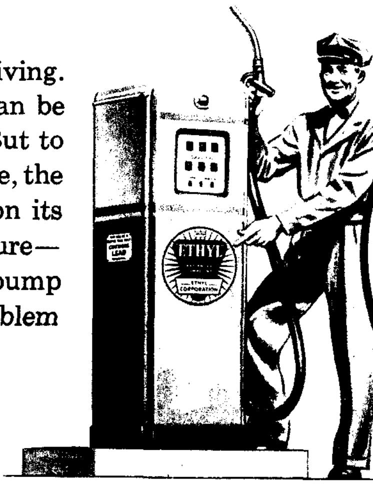

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Picture OF THE MONTH

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Heart-tuned to the song that provides its title, this Technicolor story is based on what many believe to be one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's finest stories, "Babylon Revisited". And when you fall under the spell of its young, bittersweet romance and its tender nostalgia, you'll be transported as we were to the city of love in its hour of joy.

For this is the story that tells of Paris when its lights came on again. And of two gay, reckless, charming people who were swept into love by the rapture of the time and the enchantment of the place. All the locales are authentic, shuttling for your delight from the sidewalk cafes and boudoirs of the Rue de la Paix to the ateliers of the Left Bank and the playgrounds of the Riviera.

The fascinating story evokes performances from the stars such as we have never seen heretofore. Liz Taylor unleashes undreamed-of-loveliness as Helen Ellsworth, who whirls giddily out of the caresses of the crowds thronging the Champs Elysees on V-E Day, to throw herself into the arms of an American writer Charles Wales, played by Van Johnson.

He and Liz are destined to meet again when her sister (a deservedly rich role for Academy Award-winner Donna Reed) brings Van home to the girls' fun-loving father as her own conquest, only to be embittered when Van prefers Liz. The role of the bon vivant father is played by versatile Walter Pidgeon. Eva Gabor, in all her continental glamor, contributes Parisian flavor. Kurt Kasznar rules the roost of *Le Jazz Hot*.

Here is an era, its scandalous Beaux Arts balls, its reckless sports-car races, its cocktail parties, its playing with toys that can kill...captured in all its wicked but wonderfully dramatic pace.

All possible kudos to producer Jack Cummings and writer-director Richard Brooks for capturing all the rapture and romance of that riotous era in Paris.

* * *

M-G-M presents in color by Technicolor "THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS", starring ELIZABETH TAYLOR, VAN JOHNSON, WALTER PIDGEON, DONNA REED with EVA GABOR, KURT KASZNAR. Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Richard Brooks. Based on a story by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Directed by Richard Brooks. Produced by Jack Cummings. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

OCTOBER 15, 1954

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THE COVER . . Dan Weiner

Frank Brown, who is shown on the cover talking to the noted South African novelist, Alan Paton, was among the original Negro tenants of Trumbull Park, Chicago housing development which has been a center of bitter racial tensions. The Trumbull Park story will be told in the second chapter of Mr. Paton's two-part report on The Negro in America Today, the opening installment of which starts on page 52

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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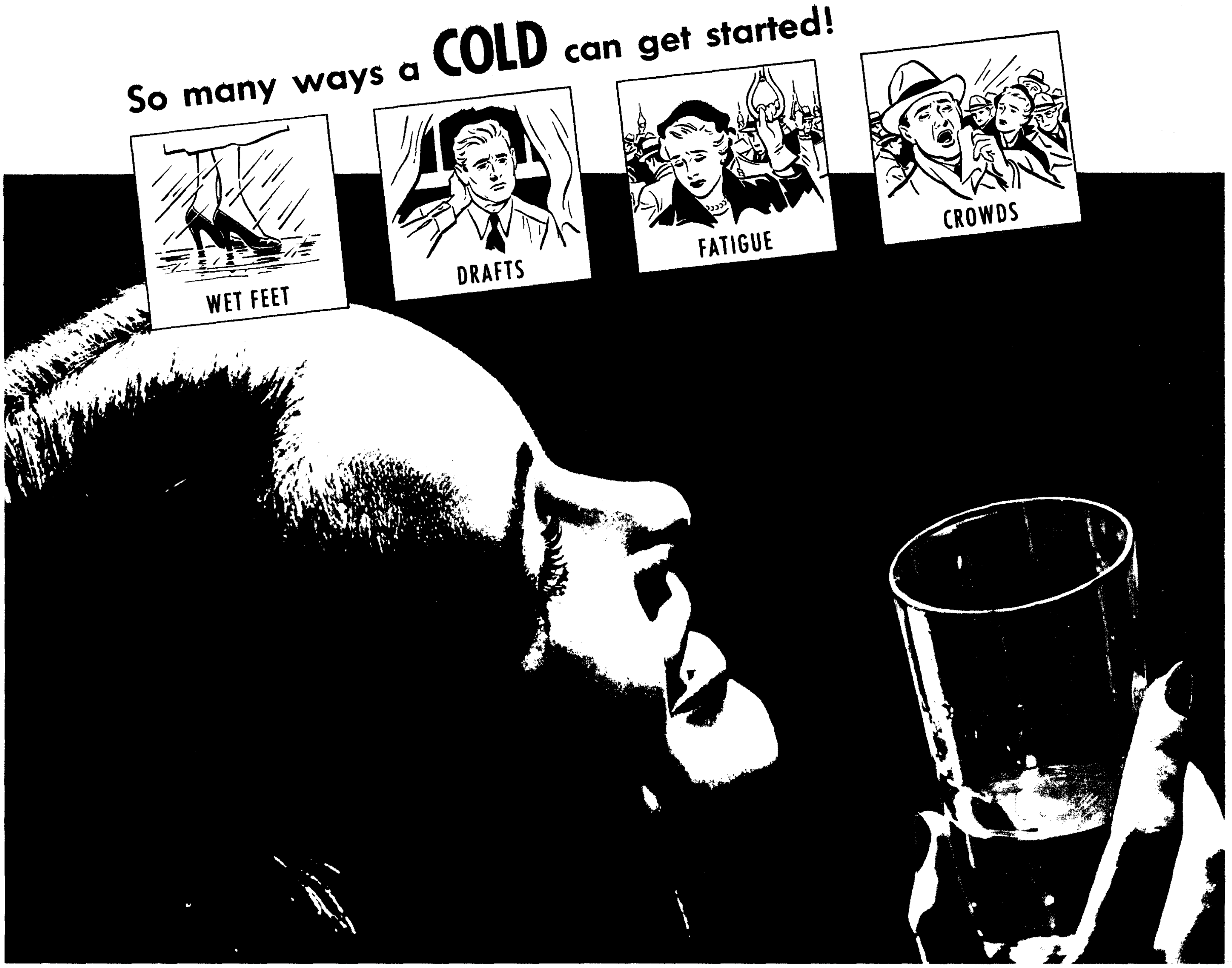
So many ways a COLD can get started!
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DRAFTS
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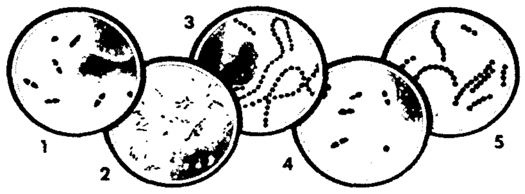

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

THE O'Hara Appointment, or Jump-the-Gun, Service wishes to remind you clients that come October 29th we are *all* going to be reminded that it is twenty-five years since the Big Crash of 1929. I confidently predict that there will be a great deal of sober looking-backward, some ex post facto viewing-with-alarm, some let-us-take-stock (a rather ugly metaphor, all things considered), some reviewing of the record of the S.E.C., and possibly a little too much self-congratulation on our ability to survive. Even as I write this heaving prose there are, I am sure, drones and drudges at work on ponderous pieces that most people won't understand and still more won't be able to read. From this department you'll get none of that stuff. I not only don't know what a debenture is, I'm not quite sure how to pronounce it.

But I do want to engage in a little debunking in advance, especially for my younger readers (although my older readers can profit by it, too). First of all, I'd like to tell my young readers that what they are going to see in the newspapers and, let's face it, some magazines, about the prosperity of pre-October '29 ain't necessarily so. The pet cliché in describing those days is that every bootblack and every waiter in the United States and territories was a millionaire "on paper." That, boys and girls, is nonsense. I know one speakeasy *owner* who went broke in the crash, but only one. And no waiters. I knew no shoe-polisher who on the morning of October 30th started penniless all over again, without a dauber, without a flannel rag.

If you believe what you are going to read in the next few weeks you will be under the impression that in Wall Street it was raining stockbrokers, gentlemen doing the dry dive because of that awful 16,000,000-share day. In 1929 I had social, but not business, contact with a large number of stockbrokers, and those who are not alive today are not alive for a variety of reasons, ranging from overeating to heroism in War 2. Not one of my stockbroker acquaintances committed suicide. There were those who had to resign from the Racquet Club and buy their suits ready-made, and a fellow I went to school with, a yacht broker in later life, was earning nothing-a-year for several years. But I have to go on what I know, and I've told you what I know.

I also know that I, a working newspaperman in '28 and '29, was not in the market, in spite of the fact that I probably made as much money as the average bootblack, and didn't have sixteen bambinos to take care of. A *lot* of people were not in the market.

So, lovable reader, accept a bit of warning from old John, the experienced fiction writer: you are going to be doled out a liberal portion of fiction in the next few weeks, and it will all be labeled Fact.

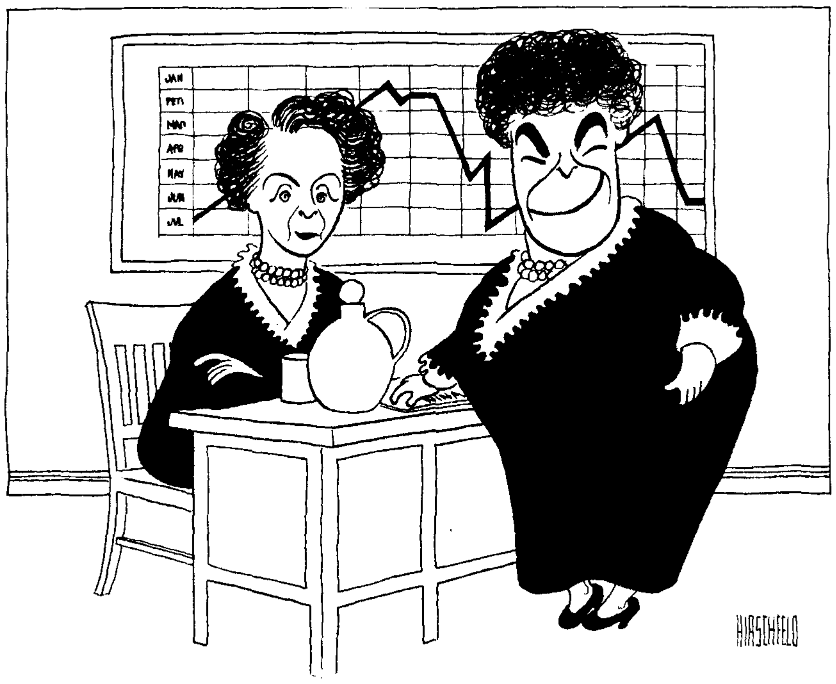
* * *

TO GET INTO the appropriate mood for the foregoing fiscal findings I parted from some scratch at the box office where The Solid Gold Cadillac is playing. I knew the play had something to do with Business and that it was, in fact, a pretty good business itself. In a loud aside I ought to caution you that if you plan to see it, and you are more than five feet tall, don't do what I did: I bought aisle seats in the last row. In order to cross my legs I had to sit at a 45-degree angle, and if I wanted to touch one knee with the other I had to stand up. (Once in a while my left knee gets lonesome for my right knee.) The theater is owned by Irving Berlin, who is long in talent and has a husky voice, but doesn't need as much leg room as I do. Berlin, old boy, don't give your friend Herbert Bayard Swope P113 and P114 on your next opening night. He'll complain.

Ah, but the play's the thing, in spite of having to see it in an attitude more suitable to the McClellan saddle. This comedy, which should easily survive the 25th anniversary of The Crash, is about a little old lady who, with her measly ten shares of stock in a huge corporate enterprise, makes such a pest of herself that—well, this is a play, remember. I am not a member of that brilliant, tasteful, discerning group known as the Critics Circle, who voted Pal Joey the best musical for the season of 1951 and of 1952, so I do not practice criticism. That is for those clever, distinguished, literate men who may be called upon to study a play of mine this season. However, as an entertainment warden I make observations, and The Solid Gold Cadillac offers me an opportunity.

I have long believed that the critics are too tough. It used to be that a non-hit, a non-smasheroo, could get by and make a little for the manager, the playwright, the actors and the man who owned the chawklit-pepmint concession. In more recent years if you ain't got South Pacific you ain't got what to eat, not even gray chawklit-pepmints. Time was when Broadway always had for sale a dozen moderately amusing little comedies, with no big names in the cast, and not written by E. G. O'Neill or S. N. Behrman, but getting by, making a little. I admit that the movies, the increasing popularity of the radio, and the stock mar-

AL HIRSCHFELD



It's an iron-clad law on Broadway that you must love Josephine Hull, but The Solid Gold Cadillac remains a hit with Ruth McDevitt as star

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

ket crashes broke people of the custom of seeing a show two, three, four times a year, and buying cut-rate tickets at Joe Leblang's cellar. But when the legit began to make some comeback it faced a critical battery that had to have Odets, and good Odets; and Noel Coward, and first-rate Noel Coward; and Philip Barry, and top Philip Barry. The critics seemed to be incapable of tolerating the pleasant, innocuous entertainment. I agree that the big men should be spanked for writing bad plays, but I also believe that there was a place in the theatrical set-up for the unpretentious amuser.

Well, The Solid Gold Cadillac is a beneficiary of what may be a change in the critical attitude. It is a hit. True, it got off to a good start because it offered Josephine Hull, and it is an iron-clad law on Broadway that you must love Josephine Hull. But it has continued without Mrs. Hull (with Ruth McDevitt in the role), and it qualifies as pleasant, fairly innocuous entertainment.

Anniversary Waltz is another play in approximately the same class. So are several others I could name. Not too long ago they all would have been roasted to charcoal before the afternoon papers were on the stands; now they are getting by and making more than a little.

It will be interesting to see whether the New Tolerance is again to prevail. If it does, everybody will prosper—and nobody will suffer. Not even Art will suffer, for remember that O'Neill and Sidney Howard and Philip Barry and Sam Behrman and Robert E. Sherwood and the other outstanding American playwrights made their critical successes in a theater that tolerated the inoffensive mediocrities.

* * *

OH, HOW WE old-time newspaper chaps love to get a scoop. In the blood, you know.

For instance, I may have a world exclusive on this one. In the film Rear Window the girl, Grace Kelly, has a waiter from "21" serve a magnificent meal, probably the $85 Blue Plate, to Jimmy Stewart, who is confined to his flat with a busted gam. The waiter's uniform is, I happen to know, authentic, because I happen to own one of those uniforms. In addition the metal containers that the food is brought in are the real thing, borrowed from "21" by Paramount.

Well, this is my scoop, and if I don't get the Pulitzer prize for it you'll know there's favoritism at work: Paramount has yet to return the metal containers.

Paramount, get those containers back to "21" or you are going to be in real trouble.

* * *

I WITNESSED a dangerous accident on television the other day. I was watching an old movie containing Ben Lyon and Rod La Rocque, which is an accident but not dangerous. I turned it on when I got up; I had my breakfast, watching the movie; shaved, going in from cheek to cheek to check on how Ben and Rod were coming along; dressed, going in from garment to garment to see if any more punches had been thrown; resumed my place in front of the TV set, by turns reading the paper and following the rivalry between the boys, and finally giving their epic my full attention.

Well, this is what happened: the production man forgot a reel.

I knew how the thing would end. My nine-year-old associate could have told you that. But I sort of waited to see how they would work it out, and I never did, because that whole section of the film was omitted. The footage immediately preceding the final fadeout was, in the poetic language of the industry, left in the can.

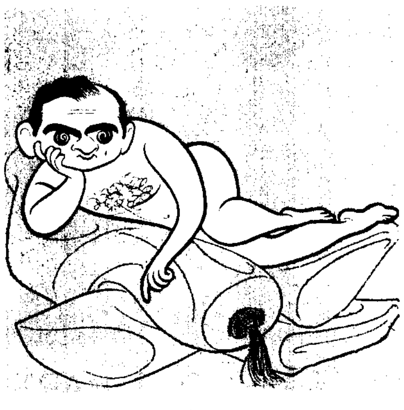
The danger, of course, is that if they find they can leave out one reel, they may find they can leave out two, then three. Pretty soon they'll just run the first reel and you'll have to guess the rest, and that could be bad. It could lead to use of the brain, which won't harm the public but could be fatal to television.

* * *

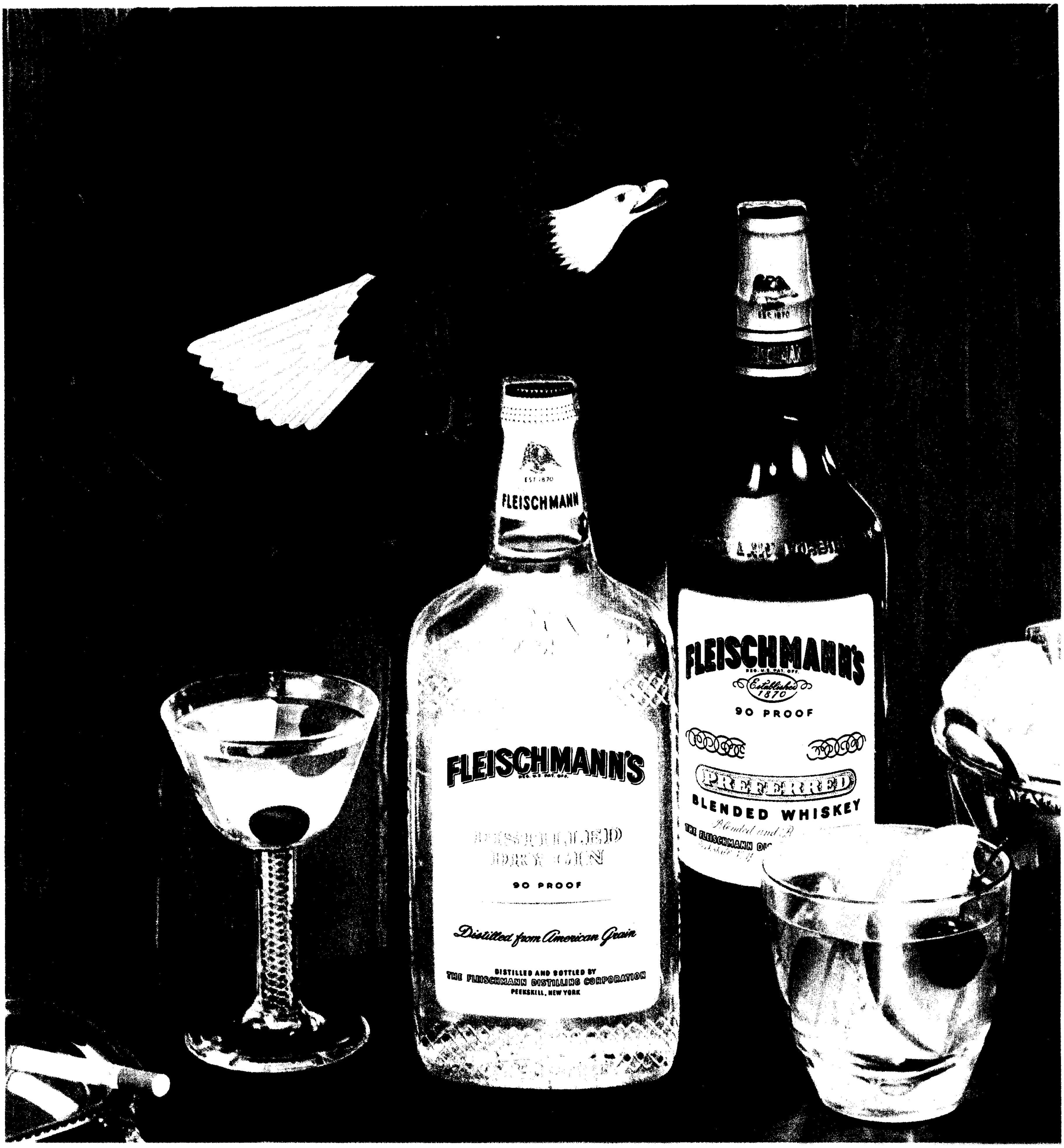
A WRITER I know named Harry Kurnitz is going to have a play on Broadway this year. The script has been announced for production at least once every year for the past five years, and I have always been too tactful to ask Kurnitz what was holding it up. Now I think I know: the play was originally called Reclining Figure, but I see by the announcements for fall that the name was changed to Reclining Nude. Harry was just struggling to find the right title, and by Jove he's finally got it—if he sticks to it. Of course, if he's still open to suggestion, Declining Nude might be provocative.

Unfortunately the early announcement on my desk does not include the name of the performer who will play the title role—or I hope it doesn't. The announcement merely says that the cast includes Martin Gabel (who is married to Arlene Francis, but that's not close enough), Foster Davis, David Opatoshu and "possibly Edward Raquello and Ralph Bunker." *Possibly?* Who cares? In show business a nude means just one thing, and it can't be played by anybody first-named Martin or Foster, or David or possibly Edward or Ralph.

Come, Kurnitz, you've got your title, let's do a little casting. I'll call you, don't you call me. ▲▲▲



Wonder will Martin Gabel play the title role in Reclining Nude?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ANTHONY SARIS

"Have you a theory on where Bennington might have gone?" Draper asked. "I don't think he's gone anywhere," the detective said. "I think he has been murdered"

Fatal Slip-up

By MAX WILK

THE detective's name was Holcomb, and he wore a wrinkled serge suit and smoked cheap tobacco in his pipe. He sat across from Edward Draper's desk and smiled apologetically. "Hope I'm not taking up too much of your time with these questions," he said.

"Nonsense," said Draper. "It's your job. You have to ask questions."

Holcomb nodded. "But I know you're a busy man, Mr. Draper."

"Busier than ever, now that my partner has—skipped off," Draper said. Be properly distraught, he told himself. Holcomb is friendly and stares absently at the tobacco smoke from his pipe; but if he's any kind of detective at all, he's watching me and my reactions like a hawk. "He was important to the firm," Draper added.

"We've been through Bennington's apartment very carefully. He lived pretty well," Holcomb said. "Did he gamble much?"

Draper smiled. "Our business is underwriting stock issues in speculative ventures like oil and uranium. We gamble every day," he said. "But you're referring to horses, aren't you?" Holcomb was waiting. Draper shook his head. "Not to my knowledge. Bennington was a hard worker."

Hard-working, Draper thought—efficient, direct, capable. Daniel Bennington, my own discovery, the bright young man upon whom I chose to lean in my declining years. And now he's gone, vanished, with $15,000 of the firm's money.

"You and Bennington have any kind of quarrel lately?" Holcomb asked.

Draper shrugged. "Quarrel? No," he replied. "The usual business disagreements, perhaps."

"Usual?" asked Holcomb, a little too quickly.

Take it slow, Draper told himself. "In our business," he said, "everything can't be a clear-cut yes-or-no proposition." He allowed himself the luxury of a thin smile.

"But you and he got along well?" Holcomb persisted.

"We were partners," Draper said. "We never put our business disagreements on a—personal basis.". . .

That afternoon—last Friday, in Bennington's apartment—was a memory that persisted, Draper thought: a hot, humid day, the two of them facing each other across the living room. . . .

Bennington had shaken his head. "Maybe, Ed, you just haven't checked the deal very carefully," he'd said.

"Meaning exactly what?" Draper had asked.

"Meaning you're slipping up on details," Bennington had said. He'd smiled. "Nothing to be ashamed of. You're getting old, Ed, that's all."

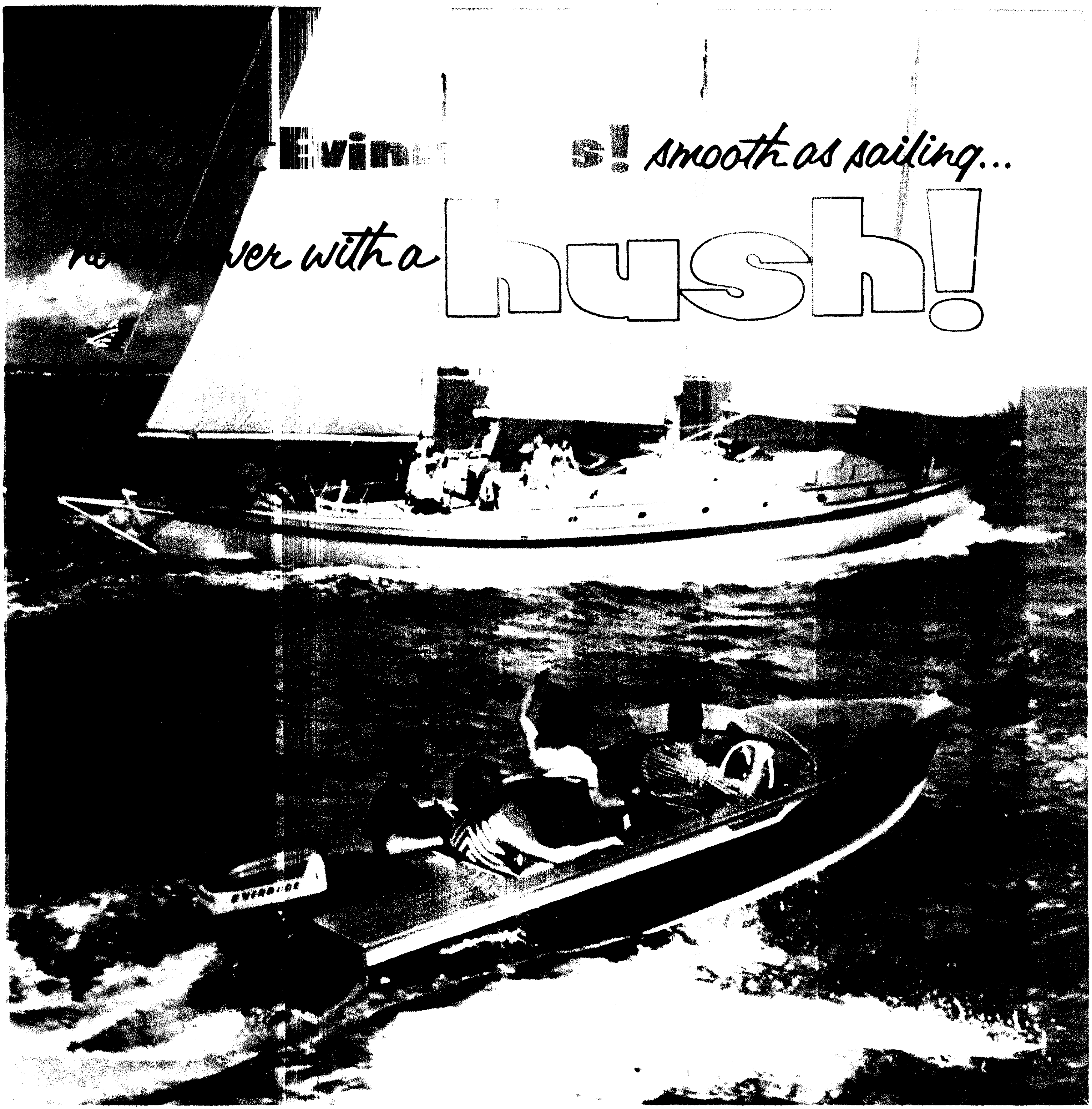
Draper had felt a hard, indigestible knot of anger growing in his chest. "Have a little respect for your elders, Dan," he'd answered.

Bennington had reached for his brief case, unzipped it and pulled out a sheaf of papers, some magazines and a couple of cellophane-wrapped circulating-library books. He'd tossed everything onto the low coffee table, and pushed the papers toward Draper. "All right," he'd said, "I'll be respectful. I've read all these specifications, and I've made up my mind. The firm can't go through with the deal."

Draper had stared at the papers strewn across the table, which was shaped exactly like a long, ugly kidney. Bennington loved modern furniture—clean, hard, stripped of unnecessary knobs or handles. That was Bennington, Draper had suddenly realized: clean and hard as his taste in furniture. Draper had got to his feet, the anger within him churning heavily. "Carl Alberts is an old friend of mine," he'd said. "If his geologist's report is even *half* correct, there's enough oil on his leases for ten years' drilling, and—"

"Nonsense," Bennington had interrupted.

Draper had stared at the younger man. Your own fault, said the insistent, mocking voice in his mind. You need young blood, you pick a man, you bring him in as junior partner—build him up; and



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now here he sits—smug, condescending to you, calling you old, crowding you out of the way, telling you what you shall and shall not do. "I've given Carl my word!" he'd said.

Bennington had lighted a cigarette. "Then you'll take it back."

"I'm not accustomed to—"

"Then *get* accustomed!" Bennington had snapped. "You had no right to commit the firm to any deal without consulting your partner." His sharp blue eyes had stared into Draper's, hard and unrelenting. "That's another habit of yours," he added, "that I'm not too fond of."

Draper had felt himself moving forward. "I'd like to remind you, Dan," he'd said, "that I'm still senior partner. Still senior partner! And if I give Carl Alberts my word—"

"Carl Alberts!" Bennington had sneered. "That old fly-by-night!"

Draper's palms had been cold and wet. "He was a good friend to me, a long time ago," he had said. "When I needed—"

"He's a has-been," Bennington had replied, in a bored tone. "The world's full of has-beens, Ed. It's tough for you older men to recognize them—I realize that."

"Listen—" Draper had said, clenching his fists. Next to his leg, he had felt the touch of something hard. His hand had reached down, touched metal, cold and immobile—the fireplace poker. "I ran my office twenty-one years without you—"

"I know all about those twenty-one years without me," Bennington had said. "Twenty-one years on the brink of business failure. Why, you never had a decent year's profit until I—"

"Stop interrupting me!" Draper had cried. "I'm sick and tired of your interrupting me every time I say something!"

THE acrid smell of Holcomb's tobacco wafted across Draper's face. Draper sat up straighter. Outside, in the office waiting room, the stock ticker stopped, hammered out a report and stopped again, like an uncertain after-dinner speaker consulting his notes.

"You were saying?" Draper asked the detective.

Holcomb shook his head. "I wasn't saying anything," he said. "Just doing a little thinking."

"A theory, perhaps?" Draper asked.

"On what?" Holcomb said.

"On where Mr. Bennington has trotted off to," Draper said.

He was remembering the look of complete, utter surprise on Bennington's face as the young man lay on the floor, the eyes staring up at Draper as if to say, "How could *you*, an old man, have done this to *me*, the younger, the swifter?" And he remembered the sound of his own breathing coming in long, deep gasps. Be rational, he had thought. You have murdered a man with his own fireplace poker in a burst of lunatic rage, but now you must be rational. . . .

"I wouldn't know about his whereabouts yet," Holcomb said. "A couple of items I'd like to check on before I could say anything definite."

"Details," Draper said and nodded.

Oh, they were all taken care of, he thought: the fingerprints wiped from the poker . . . the suitcases of clothing packed and carried down the back stairs.

He had returned to Bennington's apartment an hour later, after dark, to carry Bennington's body out the same back entrance and into his own parked car—a heavy burden for a man of his age. It was surprising, Draper had thought, how the body finds amazing wellsprings of strength when the mind is driven by the desire for self-preservation. . . .

"I've read the note he sent you Monday," Holcomb was saying.

Draper lighted a cigarette, and was surprised to see not the faintest tremor in his hands. "Very matter-of-fact, wasn't it?" he said.

IN HIS mind Draper saw the sentences he had typed on one of the office machines Sunday afternoon: *Dear Ed: When you receive this, I'll be gone and it won't do you any good to try to trace me. I'm tired of waiting for the big killing you promised me, so I'm taking the liberty of drawing an advance on it. Yours, Daniel.* And he thought of the $15,000 of the firm's cash, which he had taken from the office safe. It now reposed in a branch of a small uptown bank, in a safe-deposit box he had rented Monday morning under a fictitious name.

Bennington's body, weighted with stones, was imbedded ten feet down in a New Jersey marsh, next to the suitcases containing his extra clothing. No one would think to identify the corpse as Dan Bennington—because Dan Bennington, to the police, was not dead: he had absconded. No, Draper thought, there were no loose ends.

"It's all just a little *too* matter-of-fact, if you ask me," Holcomb said, shaking his head. Happily, his pipe had gone out and the office was clearing of its smoke.

"I don't understand," Draper said. "The man's probably sitting somewhere in South America right now. Why don't your people institute a search?"

Holcomb knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I'm working on a different basis," he said. "I don't think he's gone anywhere. I think your partner's been murdered."

What could this rumpled detective have on his mind?

"For Heaven's sake, why do you think that?" asked Draper, and felt perspiration on his forehead.

Holcomb sat up straight in his chair. "Does it strike you, Mr. Draper, that a man planning to skip with a bundle of money over a weekend would go to a circulating library on Friday and take out a couple of books to read?"

Draper shook his head. "I'm afraid I don't understand," he said, and heard Bennington's voice, echoing and re-echoing: "You're slipping up on details . . ."

"Buy them yes, but *rent* them?" Holcomb got up. "I don't exactly know how, and I wouldn't want to say who," he said, "but I'll be willing to bet that, sooner or later, I'm going to find out." He reached across the desk and shook hands. "I'm going to break this case for you, Mr. Draper," he said. "Be seeing you again soon." Then he was gone, leaving the office door gaping open behind him.

Out in the waiting room, Draper heard the stock ticker as it finished chattering out its quotation—and then, as an afterthought, it added a last, final detail.

—MAX WILK

This New **MONY** Policy grows up with your child

...at no increase in premium!

Birth to
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**Plus the sum of annual premiums, with interest, if benefits are paid before age 21.*

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It gives your youngster a wonderful, low-cost, head start on the life insurance program he will need when he grows up—at small cost to you now, and to him later.

If he had to buy a similar $5,000 life insurance policy at age 21, it would cost him nearly *twice as much a year* as this policy bought for him before he is a year old. Your foresight in starting this insurance for him will save him money all his life.

This policy is available to boys and girls, from birth to age 14. You may buy one or more units of it. The sooner you start it for your child, the lower the premiums will be.

CHECK THESE OTHER IMPORTANT ADVANTAGES OF THE MONY JUNIOR EXPANDER POLICY:

It builds high cash values quickly, which are available if your child later needs cash for education, business opportunities or other purposes.

Up to age 21, it provides, unit for unit, at least twice the amount of insurance generally offered by other companies with policies of this kind.

No further premium payments are required after age 65. This policy has many other advantages and privileges for your child or grandchild. Send the coupon for *complete* information.

NOTE: Different policy provisions apply at the younger ages in New York State and Canada.

Give *your* child or grandchild the advantages of this unusual new MONY policy. Mail the coupon today for *complete* information.

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Green	*Fair*
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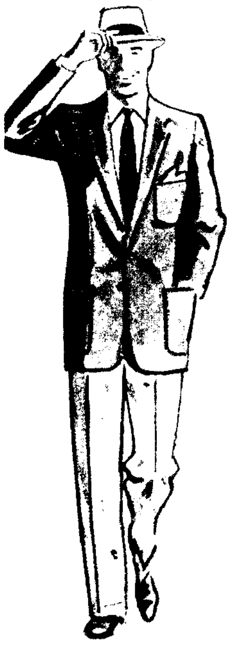
America's economy suit and slacks combination with the expensive look . . . exclusively "color-blended" for mixing and matching



This Surrétwill team can be worn so many different ways—as a suit for business or evening wear . . . as sport coat and slacks . . . as slacks with a sport shirt. Right from the start everything's planned to go together in Surrétwill "combos"—the fabric, the colors and the handsome tailoring by Rose Brothers.

This year you'll find all-wool Surrétwill in the new charcoal grays and browns, as well as other dark and medium tones. Choose from the popular worsted twill or plain and fancy worsted flannels. *At leading retailers, or write for names of stores nearest you.*

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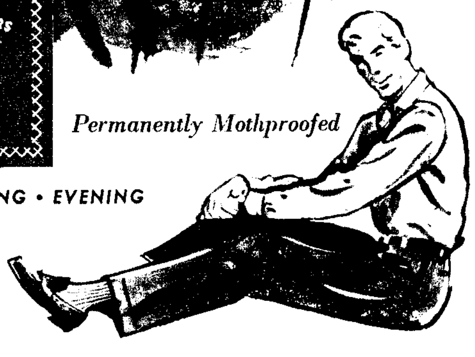

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The Surrétwill Suit and Slacks Combination, "a basic wardrobe in itself" $64.95

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

In a steaming lather, a gasping, hatless and coatless young man belabored a door in Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin. In a choked, hand-wringing voice he asked the resident: "Have you—have you a fire—a fire extinguisher?" Sorry, no. But where was the fire? The young man calmed down abruptly, and, like the enterprising salesman he was, sold the resident one. Just in case.

* * *

Out of his experience as spokesman for the Mississippi Association of Insurance Agents, Mr. Clant Seay has dredged a lot of health facts. For example: "The condition a man is in can best be judged by what he takes two of at a time—stairs or pills."

* * *

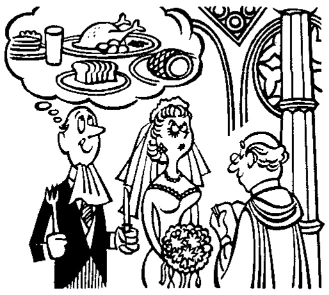
Latest intelligence from Mr. B. Scanlander (whose weekly post cards indicate he's been touring all 48 this year) comes from Bismarck, North Dakota. A sign he reports seeing there read: WATCH OUT FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN. But beneath these words someone had added: ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE DRIVING CARS.

* * *

Old 48's political shamus in Illinois reports that two candidates for the same state office conferred recently, each warning the other that he could sling a lot of personal dirt if he had to. After each had listened carefully to the other, they finished their beer, shook hands in mutual respect and agreed to conduct the election campaign on a high, statesmanlike level. "May the worst man win," said one as they parted. "Beware of overconfidence, my friend," replied the other.

* * *

If it weren't for a letter from Mr. Lou DeMissoen, of Cadillac, Michigan, there'd be a lamentable lack of romance in this department of Collier's this week. So we're glad Mr. DeMissoen informed us about the gentleman who, an hour after being married, asked his lovely bride: "Well, honey, what's for dinner tonight?"

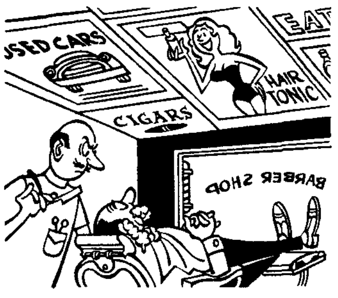


* * *

It seems unnecessary to say she was beautiful, being an Atlanta, Georgia, young lady. But she was, and as she walked down Peachtree Street she sensed that she was being followed. To make sure, she presently turned. "Why, Major," she sighed, recognizing her follower as a dignified elderly friend of the family, "why don't you join me?" Said the old boy with a chuckle: "My dear, I just couldn't make up my mind whether to catch up and be charmed by your voice or remain behind and admire the view."

* * *

Our barber says it would be a waste of time, but we're still unconvinced. A fellow in Butte, Montana, came in panting with the idea of selling advertising space on barbershop ceilings. Man gets shaved, stares at the ceiling and is thereon exhorted to buy something. Great inspiration, we thought. But no. Our barber says 99 per cent of his shavees close their eyes the moment he tilts them back. And keep them closed to the last scrape. Ah, well.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Mrs. Louise Robertson feels sure you'll feel better to know that in the Houston, Texas, Press a lady recently advised the citizens of that city that, "I have several dress patterns, size 46 and 48, which I will be glad to give to someone who would like to have them. I also have some fat which would be good for making soap."

* * *

Cultural and social note from Mr. Paul Bumbarger, of the Charles City, Iowa, Press. He says the old section of his city known as Billy Goat Hill has been converted into a swank residential subdivision called Angora Heights.

* * *

Says Mr. Arthur Waddell in Burlington, Vermont: "I haven't heard a campaign speech. I haven't seen a candidate. And if I've missed anything, that's my good luck."

* * *

The way we interpret a somewhat lengthy letter from an apprehensive lady in Wilmington, Delaware, is that what young ladies talk about today is not nearly as important as how they found out. ▲▲▲

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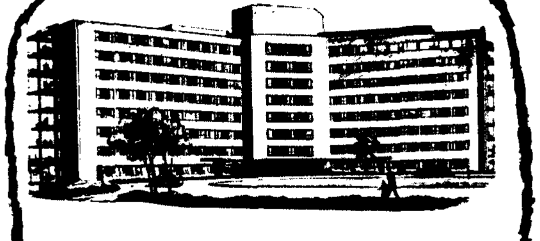
Here are 400 chances to win

$40,000.00



SEND $2 DONATION
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A FORTUNE FOR SOMEONE!

We're going to give away $40,000.00, and soon! Besides the GRAND AWARD of $10,000.00, there will be 399 other cash awards. 2nd Prize is $6,000.00, 3rd Prize is $3,000.00, 4th Prize is $2,500.00, and 5th Prize is $2,000.00. If you have never "hit the jackpot," here is a puzzle made to order for you. It's exciting; it's thrilling; and the rules are crystal-clear. ACT NOW, for here's an opportunity you may never have again!

Help Build this Urgently Needed Hospital in Seattle

In our previous Hospital contests, thousands of generous persons contributed over $350,000.00; and $50,000.00 IN CASH AWARDS WAS PAID BACK TO 400 LUCKY WINNERS. The Hospital now owns a 35-acre site, and has at present in the bank sufficient cash to justify immediate plans for the building of the first 200-bed unit of the Hospital. Our Trustees are now faced with the gigantic task of raising an additional 2 million dollars in the next few months.

The Northwest Memorial Hospital invites the support of our friends and well-wishers everywhere. Your donation will provide you with the satisfaction of having supported this Hospital which is so urgently needed by the people of Seattle, with the added opportunity to WIN A SMALL FORTUNE WHICH CAN BE AS MUCH AS $10,000.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CONTESTS!

G. F. Gemeroy, supervisor of this contest, was named "AMERICA'S FAVORITE CONTEST SPONSOR" for 1953-54 by the National Contesters Association at their Annual Convention in Indianapolis, Aug. 7, 1954. For many years, G. F. Gemeroy has been recognized as the World's Foremost Contest Man. A Gemeroy Contest is your guarantee that every prize will be paid promptly, honestly and IN FULL. At the close of the contest, every entrant will receive a complete list of prize winners, plus a reproduction of the actual prize-winning puzzle solution.

MASTER LIST

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ENZELI
ERIE
EUREKA
FAIRFAX
FELLIN
GHENT
GIZEH
HELENA
HIERA
HODGE
JESSUP
KENT
KIROV
LHASA
LOGAN
LOWELL
MIAMI
NOHANT
OAKLAND
OGDEN
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TACOMA
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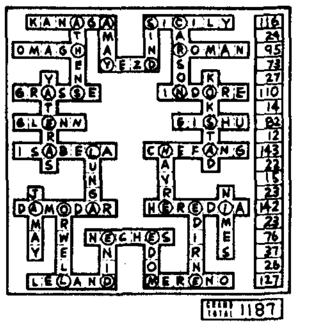
YORK

A BRAND-NEW FUN-PUZZLE CONTEST

No dictionaries or reference books needed. Everything is right here. You know exactly what words to use and how to spell them. There is no worry or uncertainty about it. MATCH YOUR SKILL IN THIS THRILLING "BATTLE OF WITS" WITH PUZZLERS EVERYWHERE.

$10,000.00
GRAND AWARD

SAMPLE SOLUTION



This example solution illustrates how the words interlock and shows the manner in which the 19 subtotals are obtained. The words used are all different from the Master List and of course cannot be used in your puzzle solution.

ENTER NOW — HERE'S HOW!

To solve this easy puzzle, fill in all the blank white squares on the puzzle chart with individual letters to spell 30 different interlocking words. Use only words selected from the 50-word Master List. Spell from top to bottom for vertical words, and from left to right for horizontal words. The 18 Key Letters spotted on the chart must remain in the positions shown

Starting with the 6-letter horizontal word section at the top left corner, select a 6-letter word with "A" as fourth letter. Next, choose a 4-letter vertical word that begins with the last letter of your top-left word. To help you get a good start, it's easy to see that "ALBANY" is the 6-letter word to use in this position. Proceed in the same manner until all the blank letter squares are filled.

Each letter used is given a definite point value (see letter chart), and all interlocking letters are allowed triple (3 times) value. Do not show separate values in each letter square. Note—Triple-value letter spaces have all been circled. To compute each of the 19 subtotals in the long-ladder-like column at the right, add together the letter values in each horizontal path. (Study example chart to see how these totals are obtained.) The GRAND TOTAL, being the total of the 19 horizontal line totals, MUST be added together and shown at the bottom in the space marked "GRAND TOTAL."

The object of the puzzle, when ALL the blanks have been filled, is simply to obtain the highest possible Grand Total when these 19 horizontal sub-totals have been added together. Pen, pencil or typewriter may be used. Residents of the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico are eligible to enter this contest.

LETTER VALUES

A — 5
B — 8
C — 6
D — 7
E — 5
F — 8
G — 5
H — 9
I — 5
J — 8
K — 6
L — 9
M — 6
N — 6
O — 6
P — 7
Q — 8
R — 4
S — 6
T — 8
U — 4
V — 9
W — 4
X — 9
Y — 9
Z — 9

TIEBREAKER MAILED IMMEDIATELY

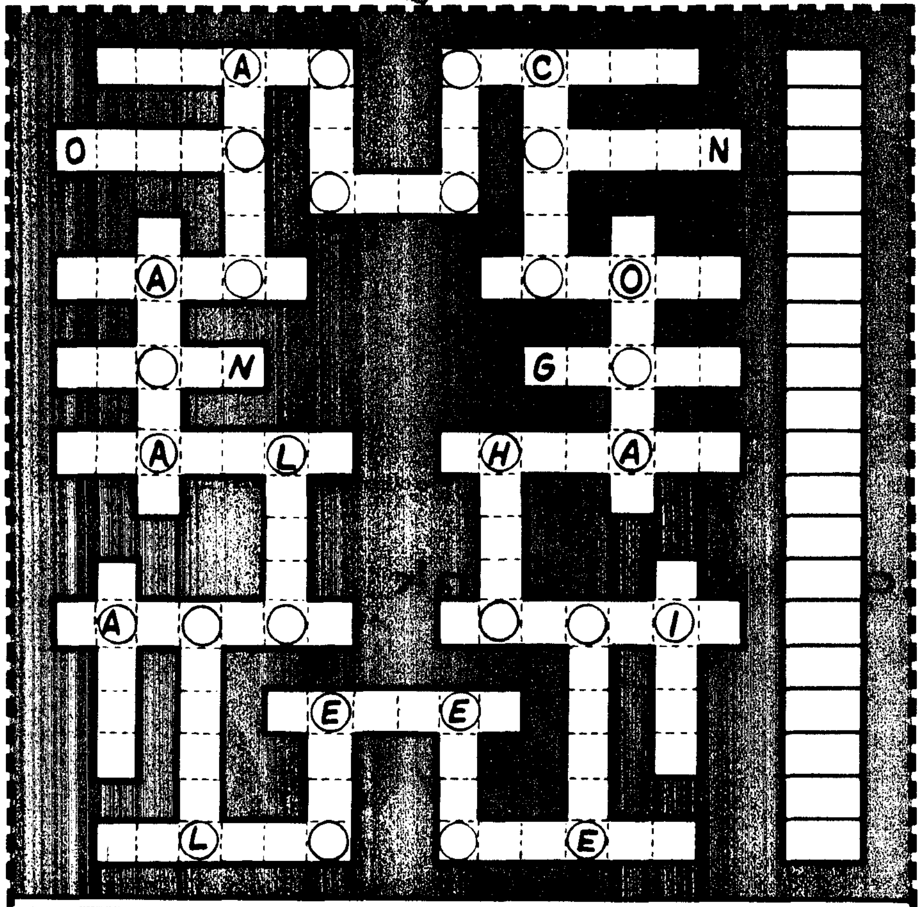
Each and every person who submits a solution with a score within 25 points of the Correct High Grand Total, accompanied by a donation of $2.00 for the Hospital Fund, will be eligible to proceed at once to the Main Event Tiebreaker without a further donation. The Tiebreaker will be the same style as this Initial Puzzle, but will be larger and will require more words. If necessary to break the ties, consecutive puzzles—not to exceed two more—will be employed.

The same day your puzzle solution is received, we will send back by First Class Mail your Main Event Tiebreaker, along with complete rules and instructions. In this same letter, you will also receive a full explanation as to the Special Options available whereby you have the opportunity to increase your Prize up to the maximum Grand Award of $10,000.00. REMEMBER, NO ADDITIONAL DONATION BEYOND YOUR INITIAL $2.00 WILL BE NECESSARY AT ANY TIME TO PARTICIPATE RIGHT TO THE END OF THE CONTEST. We reserve the right to use qualifying puzzles different from the one on this page, but anyone who enters through this puzzle will be officially qualified for the entire contest.

A GEMEROY-SUPERVISED CONTEST

Start working the Puzzle now. When completed send your solution with your modest donation of $2.00 to the NORTHWEST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION, MUTUAL LIFE BLDG., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. In a few weeks *you* may have the thrill of winning a big CASH AWARD up to $10,000.00.

G. F. GEMEROY HAS GIVEN $276,000 TO PUZZLE HOBBYISTS IN PAST 8 YEARS!



MAIL YOUR ENTRY TODAY!

GRAND TOTAL

[illegible] **Send for free extra puzzle charts if you need them**

I have shown above my Grand Total for this Crossword Puzzle and also enclose my $2.00 donation for the Northwest Memorial Hospital. It is understood the Main Event Tiebreaker will be forwarded to me by return mail provided my answer is within 25 points of the Correct Total. Deadline for entries for this initial puzzle, Dec. 15, 1954.

Name ....

Address ....

City or P. O. .... *State or Prov.* ....

C *Mail to:* **Northwest Memorial Hospital, 209 Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Remit in Cash, Money Order or by Personal Check.**

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Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest *beer* you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale!

Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

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12 OZ.
CARLING'S
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RED CAP ALE

I am thinking...so now I'm drinking Red Cap...

Carling's **RED CAP** *Ale*

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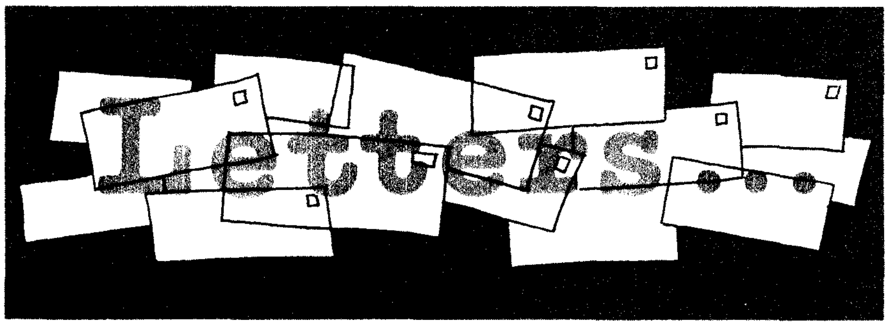

Letters . . .

Liberace: Hoo-whee!

EDITOR: Richard Donovan's article, LIBERACE: "Nobody Loves Me but the People . . ." (Sept. 3d), is the best article on Lee that I have read so far, and I have read a lot of them. Mr. Donovan is one writer who, I feel, has actually met Liberace and knows what he is talking about.

I have had the opportunity of meeting Lee personally on a couple of occasions and he was so very nice to me. He could have given me the brush-off had he wanted to, and I wouldn't have blamed him. So I know from firsthand experience how wonderful he is to people. RUTH G. VANDER LINDE,
Cleveland, Ohio

. . . Thank you for your wonderful story on Liberace. The pictures are the nicest I have seen in any magazine. Richard Donovan is a great writer. The cover by Al Hirschfeld is one of the best. BETTEE LU GREGG,
Springfield, Mass.

. . . I think Al Hirschfeld should be shot at sunrise. And I'll be glad to do it.
RUTH STANLEY, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . Your color picture of Liberace is—well, pardon me while I uncurl my toes . . . EDNA KING, Nashville, Tenn.

. . . You can just consider yourselves hugged and kissed. This is about the nicest article I've read on such a wonderful guy. It isn't true, though, that teen-agers usually don't care for him. In my family, my sisters, age ten and fourteen, are ardent Liberace fans, and so are my older sister and my mother.
JEANELLE JAMES, Nashville, Tenn.

. . . Of some 50 teen-agers I talked to, only one thought Liberace was a fossil. He was a boy, so he was probably sore because so many of the girls thought you-know-who was positively drooly . . . D. RUSSELL, Azusa, Cal.

. . . Liberace is no more a great piano artist than Bob Hope. The Candelabra Kid is really pulling in the money and driving great pianists into misery. The critics are right . . .
MELVIN MELANSON, Detroit, Mich.

. . . Liberace's sirupy drivel is no worse than other forms of sweetened pap that fill the media of mass entertainment . . .
THOMAS J. CUMMINS, Gardenia, Cal.

. . . Shame on you! Have you forgotten your Latin? You commit a heinous sin in referring to a candelabra. It should be a candlelabr*um*. Consult your Webster. MRS. D. P. BLAKE, Detroit, Mich.

We did. Webster gives the definition, "a large ornamental candlestick, having several branches," and says: "In this sense, candelabra *is often used as a singular."*

. . . I wish you had included a picture of Liberace's swimming pool. A piano-shaped pool complete with black and white cement keys is simply beyond my imagination. ROSE ANNA VALENTI,
Fort Smith, Ark.

Unimaginable pool

. . . Did you know that Liberace winks with his *other eye?* Just once in a great while he uses the eye you show him winking with on your cover.
DAISY MUTCH, Burlingame, Cal.

Above, a left wink. Below, a right wink

Stereatronics

EDITOR: I read with great interest Cornelius Ryan's article, Stereatronics—A New Science that Will Change Your Way of Life (Sept. 3d). It is a splendid article and, as a businessman, I found it extremely valuable.
HARVEY KRAM, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . I found your article extremely interesting. If this science is creeping up

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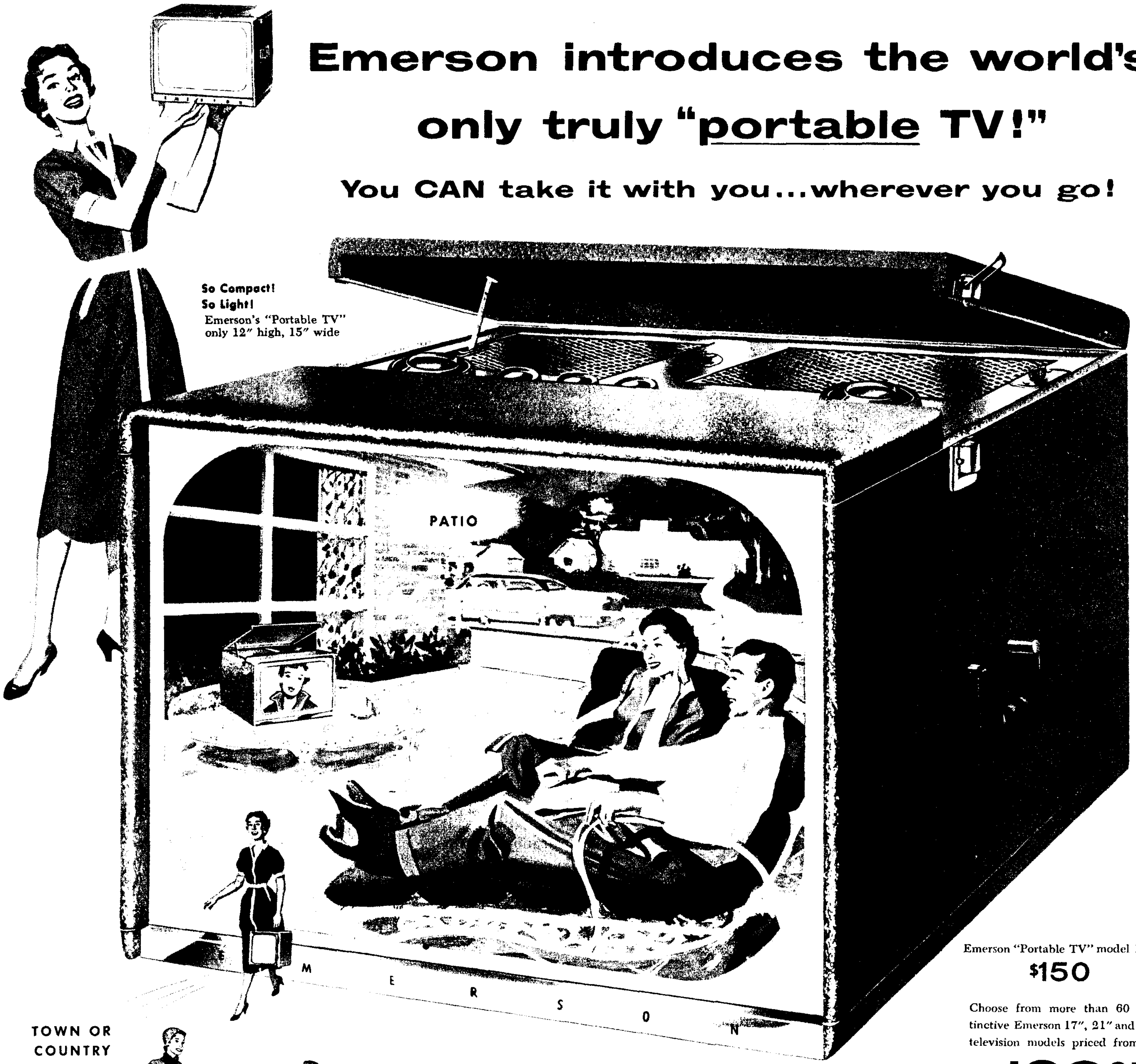

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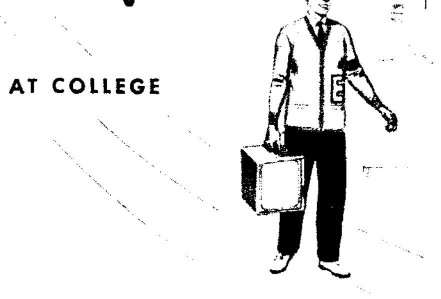

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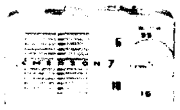

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on us as fast as you say, we are going to find ourselves as obsolete as our equipment . . . E. J. MORGAN, Abbotsford, British Columbia

. . . I would like to compliment you on your vivid presentation of a very complex subject . . .

N. V. POLETIKA, Asst. Director of Research, National Lumber Manufacturers Assn., Washington, D.C.

. . . I was pleased to note that Collier's suggested the name *stereatronics*—a very proper designation—for the new electronic-use solids study. I wish Collier's had been on the spot when the word *radioactive* was decided upon (if, indeed, it ever was carefully chosen, instead of merely coming into gradual usage without any definite study). Inasmuch as *radio* has nothing to do with causing uranium and thorium ores to emit rays, *radioactive, radioactivity* and similar words always have seemed poorly chosen.

ALFRED M. PERKINS, Las Cruces, N.M.

Reader Perkins is not alone in his approval of Collier's terminology. General Electric, Sylvania and other firms are now using Collier's word, stereatronics, as the everyday term for this previously unnamed science.

Pain in the Neck

EDITOR: In your article, Your Headache May Be *Just* a Pain in the Neck (Sept. 3d), you mention that for some individuals suffering from chronic headache, a traction and vitamin therapy regime continued for several months produces spectacular results.

This therapy plus massage and heat is supposedly something new in the field of medical therapeutics. It is my pleasure to inform you that chiropractic, for the past several decades, has been obtaining like results by means of palpation, manipulation and manual adjustment of the movable segments of the spinal column. Thus, this miraculous discovery is no discovery whatsoever, but merely a new twist to an exacting science.

DR. JOHN G. KAUFMAN, D.C., Springfield, Pa.

Dr. Kaufman was among the many chiropractors who felt Dr. Murray M. Braaf's neck-stretching treatment was a form of chiropractic. However, traction is one of the oldest orthopedic aids. In addition, Dr. Braaf never uses hand manipulation. He regards the administration of vitamin therapy as an important part of the treatment. And he always gives his patient a thorough medical examination to make certain that nothing else is causing the severe headaches.

Smart About Tariffs?

EDITOR: Thank you for William H. Draper, Jr.'s article, Let's Be Smart about Tariffs (Sept. 3d). I am Swiss, economist by profession, and am just concluding a six-month tour through this amazing and great country. The United States has taken innumerable positive steps and spent billions of dollars to further the understanding between America and European nations. Most Europeans appreciate this deeply.

But try to look realistically at the harm done by your sudden tariff raises. Such unfortunate and rash measures are liable to offset the billions spent on good-will programs. Europe's common man may listen faithfully to American-sponsored European radio programs, but what are all your assurances of good will in the face of such flagrant acts of economic isolationism—or, as he is liable to call it, national egotism?

The fact that we will lose a couple of million dollars' worth of American trade does not affect us greatly—we'll survive—but of immeasurably greater importance is the loss of faith in your country, in your political consistency, your fairness and farsightedness in economic dealings . . .

HENRI E. WACHTER, Arrau, Switzerland

Thrown to the Wolves

EDITOR: Having been in Rome for three months, I think I am well enough equipped to say that Mr. Art Buchwald's article, Parrots Are Wolves in Rome (Aug. 20th), is quite thorough and complete. There is just one correction I would like to make. He said that ". . . a policeman will interfere only if a woman complains to him." Once in Rome I went in search of a policeman because I couldn't unleech a man who was following me, but when I finally came upon one of those handsome *carabinièri,* I was dismayed to find that he, too, was eying me up and down!

One of my Italian friends read the article and asked me, "Why do the Americans put such an emphasis on this sort of thing? Don't the American men pay any attention to their women?" I leave that question unanswered. PEGGY NELSON, Rome, Italy

. . . I don't agree with the Italian doctor who states that the majority of American women are too thin to be pinched. I was pinched on my recent visit to Rome, and I am 5 feet 4, and weigh 102 pounds. Ouch!

MRS. NELLIE MCSWEENEY, Baltimore, Md.

Protestants Unite?

EDITOR: I want to thank you for the splendid article by Caspar Nannes, Will All Protestants Unite in One Church? (Aug. 20th). I thought it very fair from every point of view. It is good to know that a magazine of Collier's standing would discuss such an important topic so frankly and objectively.

THEODORE F. ADAMS, Pastor, First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va.

. . . I agree wholeheartedly with Rev. Victor R. Pearson, head of the department of Christianity at Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill., when he said: "I believe in church unity, not union."

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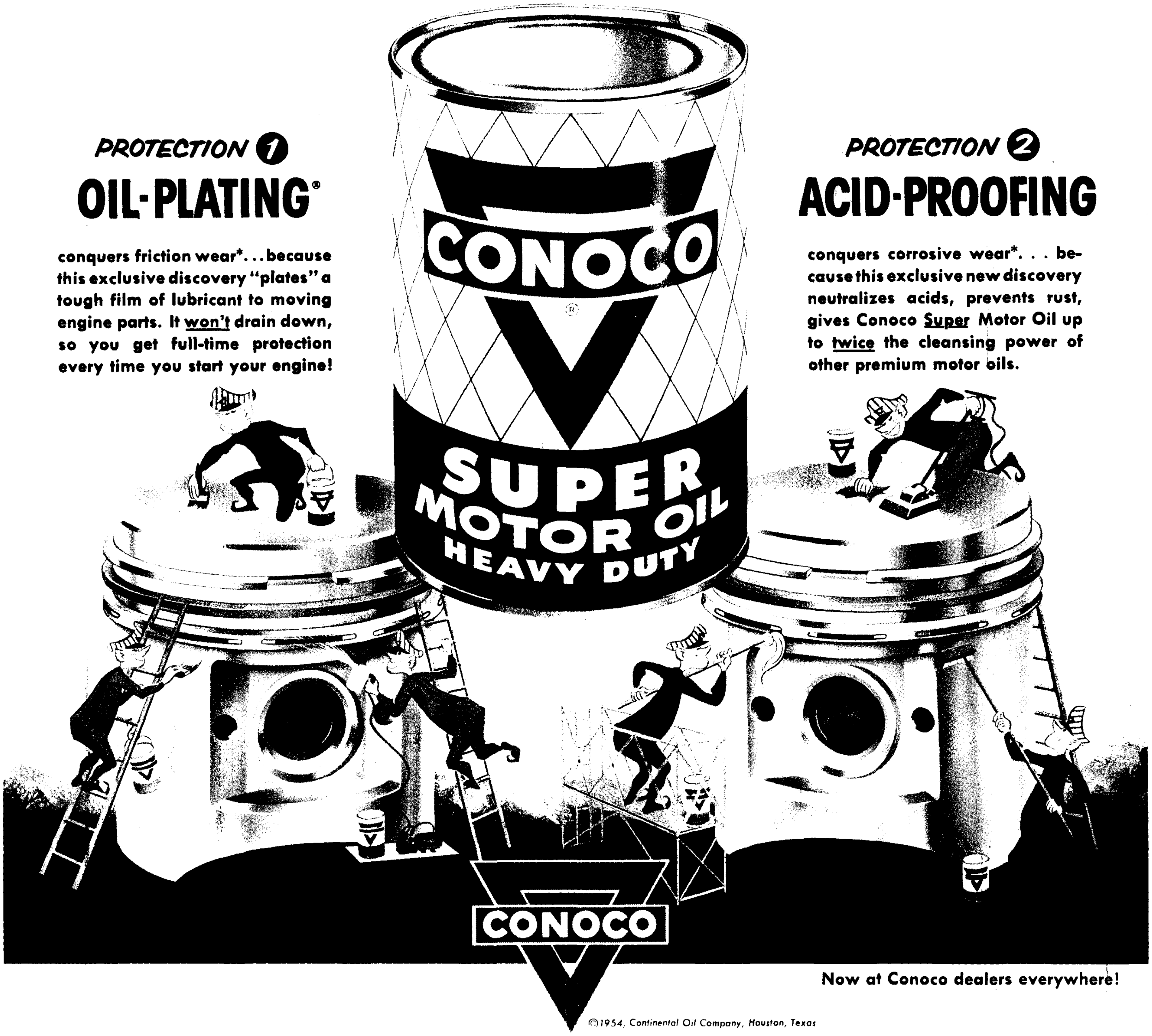

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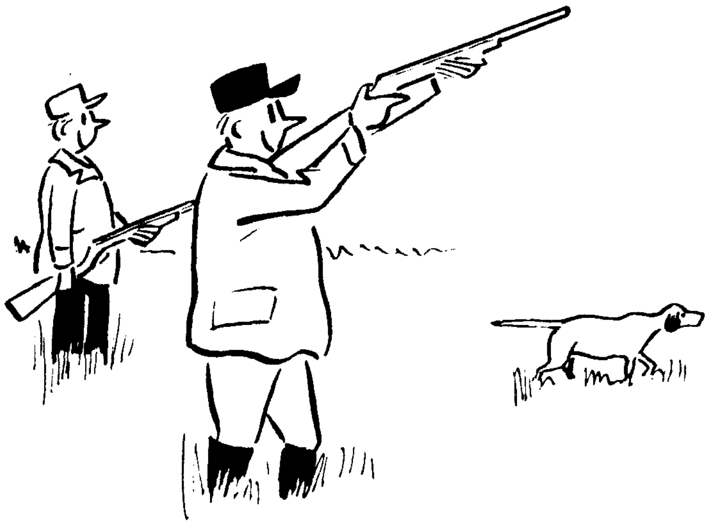


Good Sportsmen Leave Some in the Covey

by don herold

I like a hunter or a bourbon connoisseur who won't kill more than he can carry like a gentleman.

It's gamier hunting when there's a choke on your gun, and more fun in the bottle when you narrow your drinking pattern to a moderate few.

The Stitzel-Weller Distillery is 105 years old. It has been in the same family for generations—and it is in no hurry to make its bourbon and in no hurry to get it consumed.

The family uses an age-old sour mash recipe, and employs slow, patient, expensive methods long ago forgotten in many a modern still house.

The only excess they like is excessive care in the production of OLD CABIN STILL. This is a bourbon which they slant especially towards Sportsmen.

They give it an honest, full, fine outdoor flavor which "gets to" fellows who like fishing, hunting, golf, boats, woods and streams.

And you can be sure Stitzel-Weller does not "send out" for a single drop of OLD CABIN STILL. Every bit is distilled, aged *and* bottled under their own lovin' eyes.

Outside their entrance gate is a sign which reads, "We make fine bourbon . . . at a profit if we can . . . at a loss if we must . . . but *always* fine bourbon."

I like that. I like OLD CABIN STILL. And I like Stitzel-Weller's honest interest in sportsmanlike moderation.

91
PROOF
Old Cabin Still
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

OLD CABIN STILL
The Sportsman's Choice!

Kentucky Straight Bourbon. Balanced at the Flavor Proof—91. Distilled, aged and bottled only by Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Estab. Louisville, Ky., 1849.

Conservation through Moderation . . . *with gun, rod or bottle.*

LAN PATON'S journey for Collier's began a few months ago in his home in the suburbs of Durban, on the southeast coast of South Africa, when he received our cable asking him to come to America. Six years before, he had stirred the emotions of the world with his great novel, Cry, the Beloved Country, the story of a humble Negro preacher who goes to the city of Johannesburg to seek his wayward son—to find that, tragically, the son has shot a white man who has always befriended Negroes.

Paton was born fifty-one years ago in Pietermaritzburg, not far from where he now lives. After graduating from the University of Natal, where he was an exceptional student, he went to nearby Ixopo in 1924 to teach mathematics. He met and married Doris, his wife, and four years later returned to Pietermaritzburg to teach at the college there. The turning point in his life came in 1934 after a bout with enteric fever—77 days in the hospital.

"When I got out, I went with my wife and son to a quiet beach where I spent three months recovering. It was the most wonderful place. I can remember just sitting around, walking the beach, and our three-year-old boy tracing in the sand. After three months I loved this life so much that I was afraid, you know, that I'd never want to do anything else again.

"Then the government planned to start reform schools for white boys, white girls, Negro boys and for Negro girls. I applied for a job at each of these schools, hoping I wouldn't get the one for Negro boys, which I did, of course.

"When I left thirteen years later, that school, that had spat like a volcano when I went there, was one of the quietest places on earth. We changed the whole concept of a reformatory being a place that you ran away from."

Paton had thrown himself so thoroughly into his work at Diepkloof Reformatory that after the war he spent his own money to tour Scandinavia, Great Britain and America to study penal practice. It was on this trip that he wrote Cry, the Beloved Country.

"I was in Trondheim, Norway, on a cold, miserable day. I finished what I was doing and decided to visit the cathedral with a Norwegian friend of mine. The sun goes down early there and there wasn't much in the way of light. I sat and looked through the rose-colored windows, which were magnificent because of the darkness of the cathedral. I thought about home. Then I went back to my cold, gloomy hotel room and said, I've got to write something about South Africa, and I found myself writing this book. I finished it in a San Francisco hotel room three months later."

Paton returned to South Africa before the book was published. It became an immediate success, and it was printed in a dozen languages besides English; it was adapted into the musical play, Lost in the Stars, and it was made into a motion picture. In South Africa, of course, he became celebrated. He was so busy, in fact, that in 1948 he had to resign from Diepkloof, where he had accomplished so much and where Cry, the Beloved Country had really germinated, bursting forth on his lonely trip the year before.

Paton's second novel, Too Late the Phalarope, was published in 1953. It, too, has won great acclaim.

The Patons have two children: David, twenty-three, who teaches psychology at the University of Natal, and Jonathan, seventeen, who is a student there. Their father is a modest, brilliant man who loves humanity. He has a quiet sense of humor that alternates between subtlety and a sharp wit you have to watch out for. His diffidence only emphasizes his warm personality and innate friendliness. He still retains the physical energy he had as a young man when he and his friends walked on camping trips hundreds of miles over Natal, pulling behind them a cart containing their tents and stores, and sitting around their campfires at night discussing God and literature.

At Collier's we have enjoyed working with Alan Paton. As you read his article, The Negro in America Today, beginning on page 52, we think that you will see our country from a new perspective—as Alan Paton's perceptive eyes saw it.

JUMPING for a moment from South Africa to Minnesota, we want to show you there are more Nagurskis than meet the eye in our story about Bronko, Junior, who at sixteen is acting just like his father's son. Our photograph, below, shows the first Bronko Nagurski, who represents a glorious past; the second Bronko, who apparently is making news for the present generation; and looking at Ronald, four years old, and his brother, Toni, fourteen, sitting next to him on the floor, we somehow feel we're previewing future football legends, too.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

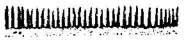
ROLAND PATTERSON

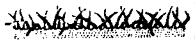
Nagurski women—Janice, 5, Eugenia, 2, mother—surrounded by Nagurski men

Honestly, George—I get so bored with the way you go on about that new shaver

Norelco's **whirlaway action** outshaves them all

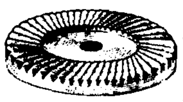
Bearded ladies in sideshows excepted, women just can't understand why so many men are raving about wonderful rotary Whirlaway Action—electric shaving's first basic improvement in 20 years, and found only on Norelco. Here's how it works:

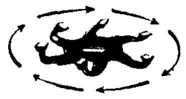

Your whiskers rarely grow in orderly rows like this.


They mostly grow every which way—in whorls, clumps, patches, curves.

That's where ordinary, straight-headed shavers run into trouble. They often have to keep going over and over the same spot. This, like a scraping blade, can be hard on your skin.

It's a different story with Norelco. First, the patented skin-stretcher (no other shaver has one) flattens your skin, upending each whisker. Then the slots in Norelco's stationary skin-guard discs catch these whiskers *no matter which way they grow*—generally the first time over.





Finally, Norelco's rotary-action blades deftly whisk your whiskers away, shaving 'em off skin-close, at 4000 r.p.m.—quietly, without vibration, without heating up.

In other words, Norelco alone is designed to deal with your beard's *natural growth pattern.* The superiority of Norelco's method has been proved by two decades of research in one of the world's greatest laboratories.

Norelco is also the easiest of all shavers to live with. It's designed to fit the hand. It's self-sharpening. Its fine brush motor is lubricated for life. No fumbling with parts while cleaning. Head lifts off easily in one piece . . . a puff of breath . . . snap on again.

One last thing. Weekend stubble is no problem with Norelco, because Norelco cuts longer hairs, which other shavers can't handle. (When your wife starts borrowing your Norelco for her beauty care, get her the Lady Norelco, AC/DC, $22.95.)

Norelco means shaving at its modern best—pleasantly, dependably, through years of service. (It's the ideal gift, too!)

15 day FREE home trial. Norelco will give you the smoothest, most comfortable shave you've ever had, wet or dry. Ask your dealer about the no-obligation home trial.

First Choice in 70 Countries—
Largest-Selling Electric Shaver in the World!

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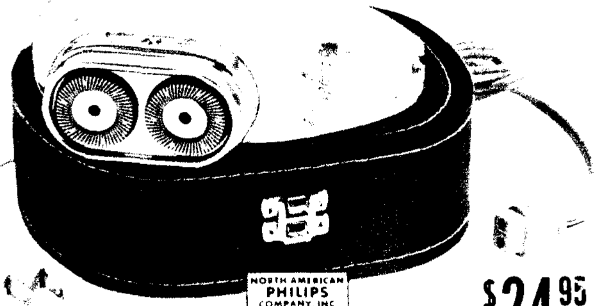
THE OTHER 3 LEADING ELECTRIC SHAVERS

	A	B	C	NORELCO
Close-shaving rotary action	No	No	No	YES
Real brush motor	No	No	YES	YES
Permanent lubrication	No	No	No	YES
Skin stretcher	No	No	No	YES
Quiet operation	No	No	No	YES
Heats up in hand	YES	YES	YES	NO
Effective with long hairs	No	No	No	YES
Self-sharpening	No	YES	No	YES

Norelco
Rotary Electric Shavers



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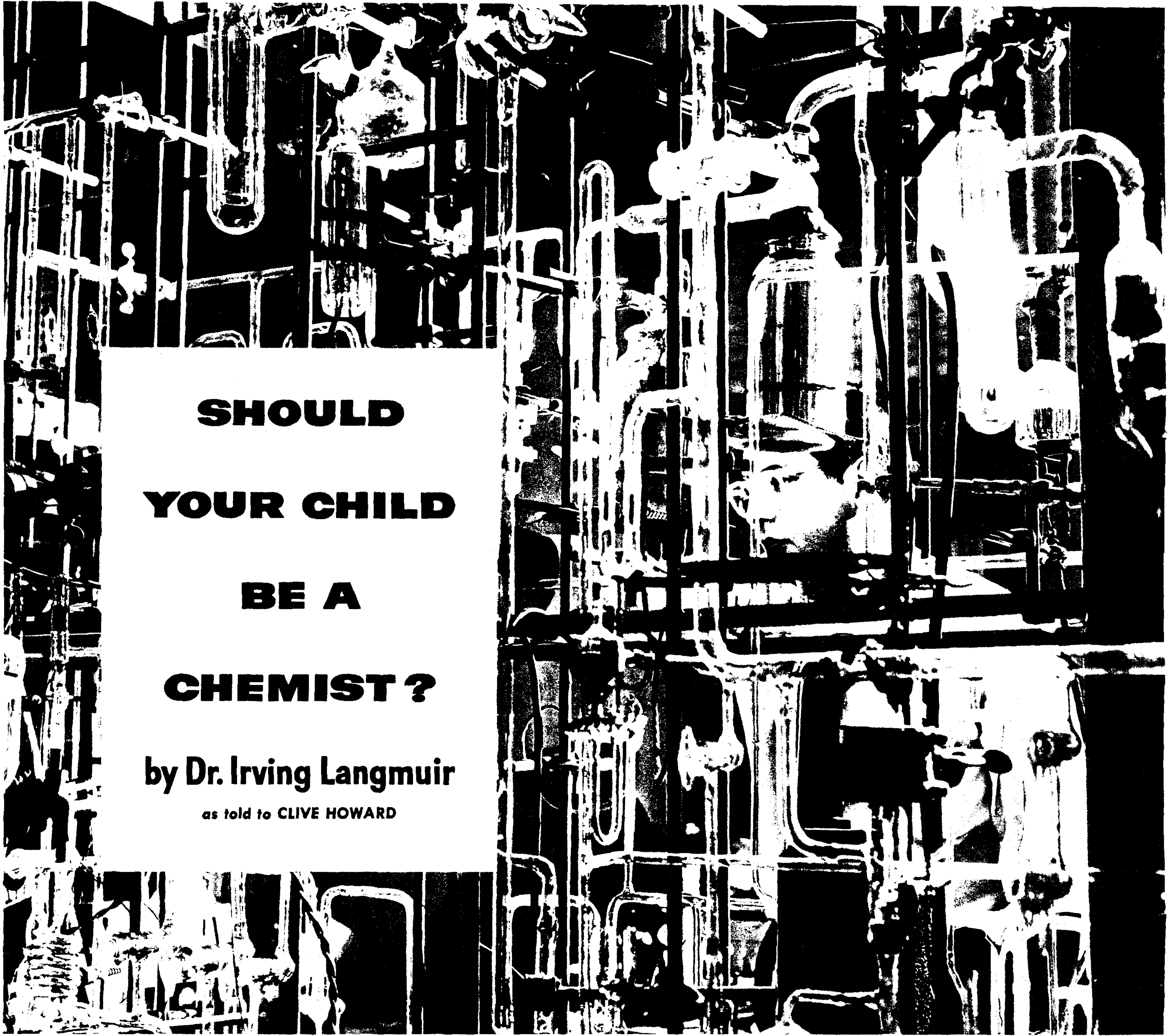


SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE A CHEMIST?

by Dr. Irving Langmuir

as told to CLIVE HOWARD

Photos courtesy of General Electric

We live in the Age of Chemistry. Looking back over a lifetime as a chemist, I see wonders such as no man dreamed of when I was born. Looking forward, I see even greater and more exciting marvels.

Ask the old chemist what he would like most in the world to be and he is almost sure to tell you: "A young chemist."

The young men and women entering the profession of chemistry today are fortunate persons indeed. They will be close to the hub of all the scientific magic that is conquering and remaking our world. They, as much as anyone else, will be the architects of man's future fate—his life from cradle to grave.

If your child shows an interest in chemistry, you need not even ask that question which bothers some parents, namely: Are there any opportunities left in my child's chosen field? The nation now employs 65,000 trained chemists—and badly needs more of them. The expansion of chemistry has been and continues to be so great that graduates leaving college today with degrees in chemistry are assured of jobs immediately, at about $350 a month to start. They can expect to advance as rapidly and as far as their individual talents and ambitions dictate.

There are two chief branches of the profession. On the one hand there are the "pure" chemists, who specialize in the laboratory work, the research. On the other hand there are the chemical engineers who turn the research chemist's discoveries into the actual machinery of industrial production.

Both these fields have certain requirements in common. To begin, we must ask: Can anyone become a chemist? No; it would be unfair to hold out this hope. Chemistry is no career for the merely average student. It is for the boy or girl of greater than average aptitude—whose record in elementary and secondary school shows an ability to master difficult college work and then continue on through a lifetime of constant learning.

It is not for the young person who finds algebra and geometry puzzling or boring. An expert chemist need not be an expert mathematician, but a good working knowledge of its fundamentals is essential. A far more important test is whether the youngster really likes to apply his knowledge to some problem or other.

What are the other qualities that make for success in chemistry? First among them, I would list curiosity—not about people but about things; curiosity about natural phenomena and what causes them, a drive to know all there is to know about how a thing is put together and how it works and why.

Enthusiasm is just as important. Once the chemist's curiosity is focused on a problem, he will need enthusiasm to carry him forward to an answer. If he doesn't tackle the problem with real enthusiasm, the chances are he may not find the answer.

Granted these basic qualities, young men and women of many different talents and dispositions can find a suitable place in chemistry.

The thinker, the dreamer of new things, the young person of daring and independence, may want to become a research chemist. This to me is chemistry's great adventure. It requires the same sort of spirit and self-sufficiency that make men climb mountains or explore new continents. Indeed, the best research chemists are the explorers and pioneers of our day, the men who find their greatest pleasure in pushing beyond where anyone has ever been before. They need courage and patience and a great faith.

The doer, the "practical" person, the young man who likes the pulsation of the industrial plant and the thrill of actually making a product—this person may prefer chemical engineering.

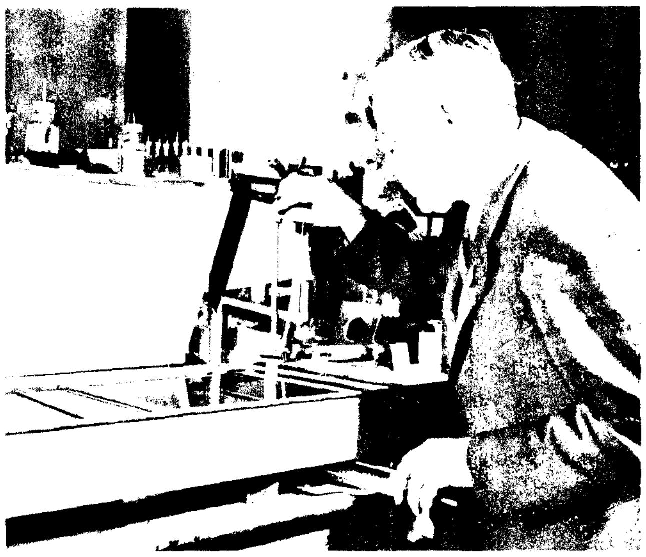
By and large, the chemist works in the laboratory, the chemical engineer in the plant. But there are infinite variations in each field, so that no chemist need stay at an uncongenial task. To understand why, one must think for a moment about the history of chemistry.

Just in my own lifetime, chemistry has changed and expanded beyond belief. Around the year 1881, when I was born, chemistry had little effect on the man in the street. The old chemical industries, such as those which made soap, paper, glass, leather, paints and ceramics had changed but little for many years. The cement and explosives industries were just beginning to show signs of growth.

What a difference today! In the morning we lift our heads from a foam rubber pillow which was merely oil in the ground until a chemist transformed it. We shower and shampoo, using a detergent some chemist created, behind a curtain of plastic which another chemist invented. We dress in a suit of laboratory-made or laboratory-improved cloth—and then go downstairs to eat a breakfast of food grown with the help of the chemist.

The field of the chemist and chemical engineer is almost unlimited; it involves almost everything we do and everything we touch. The young person entering chemistry today can take his choice of dozens upon dozens of its branches.

Aviation? It relies upon light-weight aluminum and magnesium processed by the chemist, and upon the high-octane gasoline which he creates from crude oil.



Formerly associate director of the General Electric Research Laboratory in Schenectady, New York, Dr. Langmuir has continued to serve there as consultant since his retirement in 1949. His studies of surface chemistry (as in photo above) won the Nobel Prize for him in 1932. Dr. Langmuir is now busy on what he considers one of the most far-reaching enterprises of his career: widespread weather modification through cloud seeding.

Here a biochemist prepares bacterial cultures as part of his studies on the chemical damage caused by radiation. Knowledge gained in these studies will find many applications in this atomic age.

Clothing? Rayon, nylon and all the other new fabrics are products of the chemist. It is chemicals that give cloth its "body" and make it shrink-proof. Chemical dyestuffs—many of them distilled from a black lump of coal—provide a myriad of beautiful colors.

Foodstuffs? The whole fertilizer and insecticide industry, upon which modern farming depends, are the province of the chemist and the chemical engineer.

Medicine? The miracle drugs which have wiped out the threat of so many diseases—sulfa drugs, penicillin, aureomycin and streptomycin—all are products of the chemist. So are the synthetic vitamins which help preserve health. Our present amazing life expectancy comes largely out of the test tube.

Nuclear energy? Our national security, our future power resources and our increasing knowledge in other scientific fields—geology and biology, for example—will depend in large measure on progress in nuclear chemistry. This new and growing science offers the most challenging of opportunities to chemists today and promises even greater ones in years to come.

And so on, almost without end. Most of our modern industry and transportation require the services of the chemist in one way or another. Today's chemical engineer can take his choice of industries. And yet the Age of Chemistry is just beginning—and for the chemist who prefers laboratory research the greatest discoveries still lie ahead.

Many new wonders lie in wait for someone to come along and perform them. Chemistry will create almost countless new materials and vastly improve the old ones. There will be tremendous, earth-shaking discoveries. For all the spectacular accomplishments of the great laboratories, there is still so much uncovered ground that an individual chemist or a small group with simple apparatus can still make important additions to our store of knowledge.

So vast is the field of chemistry, as a matter of fact, that many young people studying it today will wind up in positions far removed from the laboratory or the engineer's slide-rule. Many of the chemical industries and their offshoots are beyond the ken of the non-scientist; they often have trained chemists as executives and in their key office positions, their market research, their purchasing departments and their publications. I know one chemist who was sent to law school by his company, because they had to have a lawyer with a specialized knowledge of chemical matters.

There is also a great need for teachers of chemistry in our universities and high schools. And it is quite possible for a man trained in chemistry to move successfully into another profession. I sincerely believe that chemistry—with its emphasis on logic, on accuracy and objectivity—is a fine education and preparation for almost any career.

True, the road to success in chemistry is not easy. Yet it is not more difficult than in most modern professions. The young person contemplating a career in this field should take a chemistry course in his secondary school, plus physics if possible, as much mathematics as he can and a foreign language. He should then be prepared to study four years in college, for either a Bachelor of Science in chemistry or a degree in chemical engineering. Considering the growing complexity of the subject, he may find an extra year or more in graduate school well worth while.

After college, on any job he may happen to take, the chemist will be learning new things while he works. Indeed the ability and eagerness to learn during all one's lifetime are essential to the successful chemist.

The future of the graduate is boundless. Some of the young people who are today contemplating a life's work in chemistry will become inventors of marvelous and profitable new products. Some will become presidents and executives of the big chemical companies. Some will be the builders and operators of great, new plants.

Yet many chemists find that their real reward is often something more than money. When a man creates an insecticide that wipes out malaria, a fertilizer that bids fair to end starvation, a wonder drug that laughs at pneumonia—or when he makes any of the theoretical discoveries in pure science that make these practical applications possible—or when he helps build the plant that brings these things to the public—then he knows what happiness means.

Nylic

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This article on Chemistry is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service *and* Farming. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

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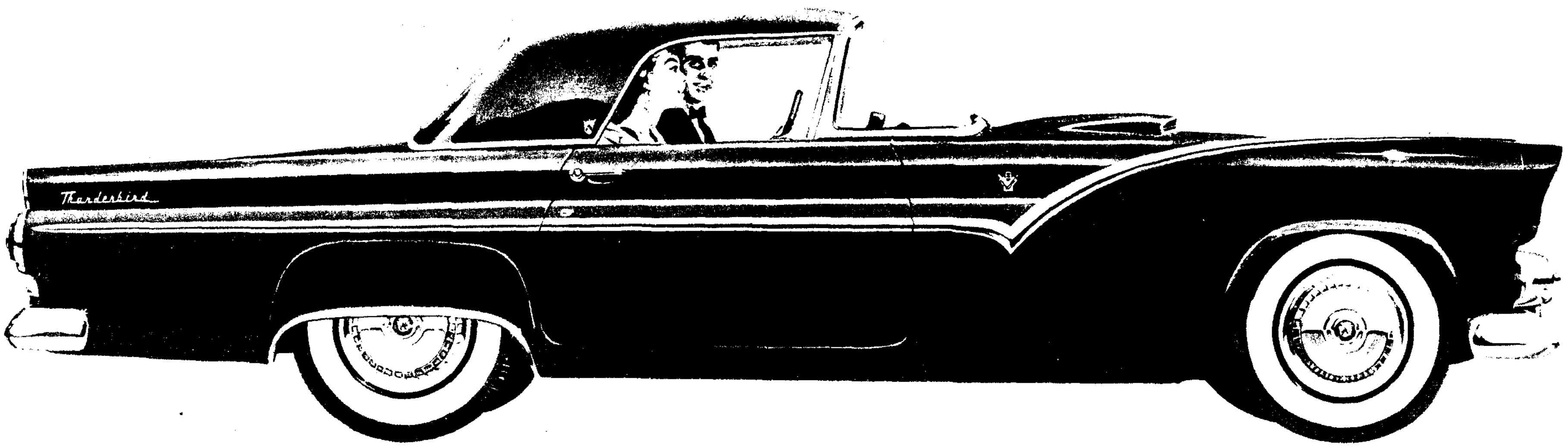

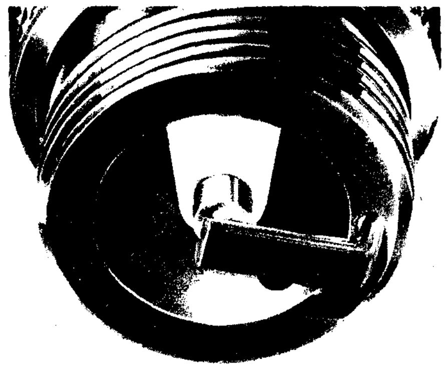

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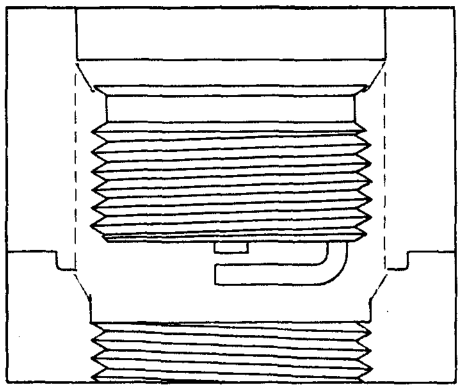

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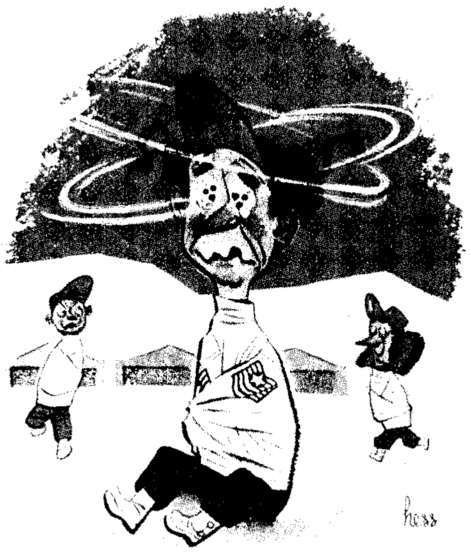
The Light Side of the North Side:

TOURIST in THULE

A visitor discovers everyone at our Arctic Circle air base gets a bit "shook"—and no wonder. But there are compensations. Where else would you find invisible Eskimo dogs and cork-eating Boudini birds?

Writer Knight clambers into waterproof suit for ride in jet fighter at Thule



Very "shook" airmen get a "Thule vest"—it's all white and real strait

By CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

MY AIR FORCE companions listened in stony silence. There I was at the most incredible, most talked-about air base in the world, 700 miles north of the Arctic Circle, and I was all excited. Sitting in the Officers Club, I related how my plane had flown in at midnight, but how startling it was to find that it was still broad daylight in this land of six-month days and nights, and what an unforgettable sight Thule Air Base had been, with its aluminum buildings, and the famous Greenland icecap seemingly at one end of the runway and the iceberg-studded North Star harbor at the other, and how incredible it was to be sitting now in air-conditioned magnificence where three years before there had been no structures for miles around more pretentious than a small frame house and . . .

I paused for breath—and slowly became aware that my companions were looking at me a little oddly.

"Ha!" said one lieutenant at last. "Tourist! Sight-seer! How'd you like to be stuck here in Thule for 365 days?" He gestured with his glass. "Stick around, daughter; we'll have you shook inside a week.

"Waiter, another drink here."

The drink came. Instead of Stateside ice cubes, it contained an odd-shaped chunk of old-fashioned ice. There were black specks in it. Wordless now, I pointed.

"Those are ice worms," said a captain. "Don't worry about 'em. They don't drink much."

"You'll find ice worms everywhere around here," said another, "all through the icecap and in all the icebergs and bergy bits." (A bergy bit, I learned later, is a junior-grade iceberg.) "Every summer, just as the shipping season opens in July, we round up a great stack of ice worms and send 'em out ahead of the icebreaker. The worms chew up the ice. That makes it a lot easier for the icebreaker to get through, of course."

"Of course," I said. I was beginning to get acclimated; obviously the stories in this north country were going to be as tall as the icecap itself. "But these worms look dead," I said. "You'd have to have live ones, wouldn't you?"

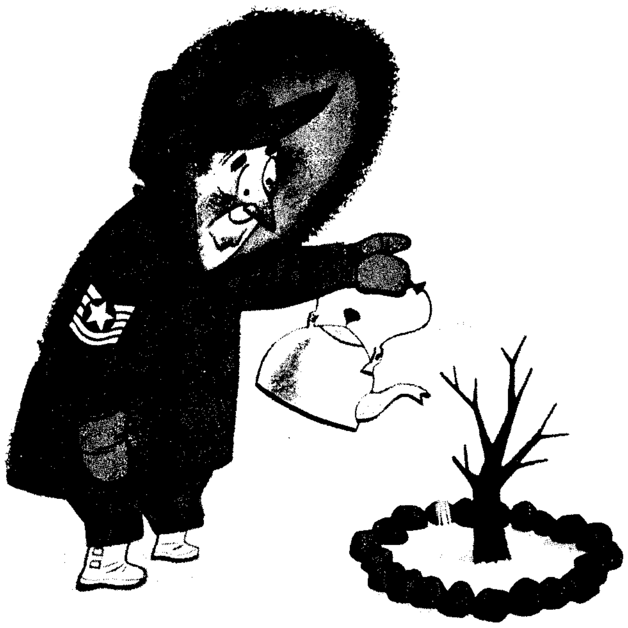
"That's easy," volunteered a lieutenant colonel. "I captured a pair of live ones a while back and I'm breeding some over in my quarters. I'd like to show them to you one evening. Okay?"

I arched an eyebrow. Six thousand men at Thule and only three other women (Air Force nurses) on the base. He read my thoughts.

"Oh, you needn't worry," he said. "I'll get you home before dark."

"That will be about half-past October," explained a major. The colonel glowered.

This exchange prompted a series of anecdotes, *All-night passes? Not for the airmen at Thule. The*



Men starved for greenery lavish loving care on the base's lone "tree"—a 17-inch willow

like the ones about the airman who arrived northside just as the endless winter night set in and asked for an all-night pass.

The stories about the country "where part of the year it's night all day and the rest of the year it's day all night" are legion, and the arrival of any White Nose, or newcomer who's never previously been north of the Arctic Circle, is sufficient to march them out for a new going-over. The old hands, or Blue Noses, will tell you, for example, about the brand-new second balloon (second lieutenant), who joined his outfit in the middle of the darkness and flew daily jet missions over the great icecap for three months before it was light enough for him to see it. "When he finally saw that icecap," his colleagues say, "he really got shook. Funniest thing you ever saw."

They recount with fiendish delight the many practical jokes played on innocent barracks mates during the long periods of total darkness and light. The favorite stunt, it developed, is to wait until the victim hits the sack after a hard day; then someone sneaks in and re-sets the alarm on his clock so it will ring in about an hour. When the bell goes off, the poor man staggers out of bed, automatically looks out his window for a time-reading which is of no help whatever, then races into the shower, shaves, dresses, and very often arrives at his office or hangar before he realizes he's fallen for one of the arctic's oldest dodges. (I ought to know: I discovered it can work on women, too.)

A Morning-Glory Grows in Greenland

I also heard about Commander Petersen's morning-glory. Greenland is Danish soil, and Royal Navy Commander E. Franch Petersen is the Danish liaison officer at Thule. He also has the distinction of possessing the largest (and virtually the only) collection of greenery on the base. (There are no trees north of the timber line, about 900 miles to the south.) With hardy cuttings, and some soil flown up from south Greenland, together with infinite patience and assiduous care, Commander Petersen had succeeded in raising a dozen or so thriving plants inside his house and—a real triumph—a healthy morning-glory vine running up one entire window. The word was already around the base: it was about ready to bloom and everyone was in a ferment of expectation. Everybody knows that morning-glory blossoms open up in the morning and close at night. What would happen now, they all wondered, when there was no night?

I never did learn the answer; I left before the flower bloomed. But I heard plenty of speculation.

"Probably turn out to be the first morning-glory in all history to develop a neurosis," said a flight surgeon.

"See?" said a pilot. "Up here, even morning-glories can get shook."

"Shook" is an expression indigenous to the north country. Not shaken up, or even shook up. Just plain shook. The doctors have their own term for it: anxiety neurosis, with symptoms ranging from tension, extreme nervousness and irritability to deep depression and brooding despair. The airmen define it as having "cabin fever," or being "clanked-up" or "bunched around the edges." Sooner or later almost everyone in Thule gets a bit shook. Some people get *real* shook. If you are real shook, the medics will give you a shook pill (sedation plus mild psychotherapy, a doctor told me later). Finally, if you're shook bad enough, you get either a Thule vest or a Sondrestrom dinner jacket, depending on which of those bases you are stationed at. "What is a Sondrestrom dinner jacket?" I asked.

"Oh, it's real pretty," they said. "It's all white—and it's real strait."

All one-digit men, my friends explained, are real shook. A one-digit man, it developed, is a man who has less than ten days left of his year's tour of duty. A two-digit man has 99 days or less; a three-digit man, more than 100. A two-digit man, I was told, is considered such a short-timer that he doesn't have time to get involved in a long conversation. Whenever anyone becomes a two-digit man he has a party. I attended the two-digit party for Lieutenant Tom Lyons, of Reno, Nevada. Someone produced a bottle.

"Don't throw away that cork," cautioned Lyons, "I've got to keep it for the Boudini birds."

"What are Boudini birds?" I asked, picking up my cue in straight-man fashion.

"You don't know about Boudini birds?" asked Lyons, pleased. It was clear that he was just the man to brief me. "Why, we see more Boudini birds around here than anything else, don't we?" he said, turning to the others. They nodded. "But I doubt if they're found anywhere else in the world. They are unique specimens, native only to Thule."

"Tell me more," I urged.

He did. It seems Boudini birds are black on top and white on the bottom. During the dark season, for visibility, they walk upside down. Naturally.

"Can you tell me something of their habitat, their care and feeding, and so on?" I asked, after the manner of a true ornithologist.

More Facts About the Boudini Bird

"Oh, very well," said Lyons. (No one on Thule says "All right" or "Sure." Everyone says "Oh, very well," a phrase originally borrowed from the Australians in World War II and now, inexplicably, in general use in Greenland.) "They nest on Dundas Mountain, they are descended from a long line of frustrated fly boys, and feed on old corks only."

"That I can understand," I said. "But what did they eat before the Air Force came?" For once Lyons didn't have his facts handy. He just gaped.

"Why, anybody knows that," hastily put in Captain Paul Lopinot, of San Antonio, Texas. "They lived on snow snakes." Everybody nodded, and someone rewarded Lopinot with another drink.

"Anybody ever caught one of these Boudini birds?" I asked.

"No," Lyons admitted. But, he added, his former barracks buddy, Lieutenant Herman Beachle, of Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, came closest. "The only way you can catch 'em is by rolling downhill in the

The author thanks Commander E. Franch Petersen, Danish liaison officer at Thule, for arctic poppies plucked from the tundra. Petersen has also raised a morning-glory—inside his home

CARTOONS BY LOWELL HESS

Author Knight emerges from an abandoned native hut near Thule. Hut is made from chunks of tundra, spongy earth common to arctic. Natives were evacuated when Air Force set up base

snow," explained Lyons. "If you run after them standing up, you frighten them away. I saw Beachle rolling down this hill just beyond the club one night and I ran after him, thinking he had fallen. He chewed me out. 'Dammit,' he said, 'I almost had that Boudini bird and you've scared him away.' "

One of the enlisted airmen who earn extra money in their spare time by waiting on tables in the Officers Club arrived with the soda and explained that there was no more ice.

A Million Miles of Ice, But No Cubes

"Happens all the time," moaned Lieutenant Sam Di Carlo, of San Jose, California. "Three quarters of a million square miles of ice 8,000 feet thick and there isn't one lousy piece of ice in the club. Joe," he said to Lieutenant Joe Brand, of Whittier, California, a fellow jet pilot, "run down to the harbor and chip an ice cube off one of those bergs."

"Oh, very well," said Brand. "How many tons?"

"Well, we ought to whip up some fish-house punch for Knight, here."

"What's in it?" I asked warily.

"Six bottles of rum, one bottle of cognac, one bottle of dry wine, a 40-ounce jug of whisky, a little grape juice, a small fresh fish and a bergy bit."

"What's the fish for?"

"Acts as a catalyst," Brand explained. "Also, it's a tester. If the fish lives more than two minutes, the punch isn't strong enough."

Suddenly there was a yell from Paul Lopinot. He grimaced with pain and grabbed his shin.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"It bit me," he said.

"What did?"

"My 'Skimo pup bit me," he said. I looked around; there was nothing to be seen—except some assorted dead-pan faces. "Say again," I said. "My dog," he explained patiently.

"Oh, of course," I said, in the gentle tone one reserves for violent persons. A little more research revealed that ever since all dogs were banned from the airbase, 'Skimo pups (short for Eskimo dogs) had become the Thule version of Harvey, the mythical rabbit. Scores of men kept the nonexistent pups, raised them, bottle-fed them, walked them in the evening, and sat up nights with them when they gave birth to litters of more 'Skimo pups.

Absurd? Childish? Not at all.

The weird chatter, the breezy banter, the tall tales and the wholly fictitious fauna of Greenland merely represent some of the weapons that healthy, imaginative men deliberately employ against their current number one enemy—boredom, the most feared affliction of the north. It is their own method of shook-prevention.

Anything that will help relieve the dread monotony in those northern outposts and make a day pass faster is worth its weight in psychiatry books. The Air Force has devoted considerable attention and several million dollars to the problem of keeping its men occupied and their morale high. Quarters at Thule are among the finest in the world, airlifted food is fresh and plentiful; service clubs, hobby shops, libraries and the two radio stations are first-rate. There are Armed Forces Institute courses, University of Maryland extension classes conducted right on the base, there is a two-million-dollar gymnasium, with basketball courts, bowling alleys, and equipment for 23 sports, as well as Finnish baths and massage rooms; there are movies and occasional USO shows, and, in the summer, trips to the icecap and nearby glaciers.

But morale remains an individual problem. Some adjust to the enforced tour of duty away from homes, cities, away from everything; others never do. Almost nobody *wants* to come to Greenland, and I never met anyone in the whole Northeast Air Command who couldn't tell you the exact number of days he'd been at his base and how many remained before he'd leave. (At Sondrestrom, I did meet a sergeant who had actually volunteered for Greenland duty. His buddies explained: "He was real shook before he even left the States.")

"It's the emptiness and desolation that get you down," said one captain. "There aren't even any trees to relieve the dullness of the landscape; after a while you'd be surprised at how the lack of trees eats on you."

Some idea of how much trees mean can be judged by the care accorded one lone bush, a willow flown up from the other side of the timber line. It occupies a position of honor in a rock-bordered plot directly in front of headquarters; it is 17 inches high and has no leaves, but nonetheless is referred to as the Thule thicket, or the Greenland Reforestation Program.

"Sure Thule is plush as overseas bases go," said a tech sergeant, "but nothing makes up for being away from your family for a whole year. Besides, I have nothing against the United States."

Greenland is probably hardest on the pilots. They encounter hazards in the northland that exist no place else on earth. The weather is rugged, the terrain is worse, navigation is difficult, and take-offs from many landing fields are impossible without JATO—jet-assisted take-off bottles hooked under the planes.

There are other problems, too. Last winter, Lieutenant Dwight Cook, an F-94 jet pilot from Monroe, North Carolina, got an attack of vertigo in the darkness and couldn't figure out whether he was climbing or heading down. When he checked his instruments, he found them out of order. He looked for the North Star, but over Thule the North Star is right straight up at the sky's zenith, so that was no help. He finally got straightened out, but his friends say he came back more than a little bunched around the edges. Naturally, he is still known around the base as "Which Way Up" Cook.

I learned about another hazard, called Icecap Rumbles, from Captain Maurice G. Morlan, of Protection, Kansas, who, at thirty-one, is one of the older jet pilots in the northland and a veteran of two wars (the very young fly boys claim he also flew cover for Custer). Morlan says a pilot flying over that limitless icecap (which has a greater surface area than the continent of Europe) becomes hypersensitive to noises and may hear things "wrong" with his engine that he's never heard before. He hurries back to base and chews out the engineering officer for bad maintenance. By now, the EO pays no attention; he knows that 99 times out of 100 it's nothing but Icecap Rumbles.

I flew with Morlan at Thule in an F-94 all-weather jet fighter, sitting in the radar observer's seat. After the flight, I praised the F-94. "Ah," said Morlan, "these two-place jets are really the thing up here. If you are forced down on the 'cap, your RO can help you build a shelter. And then, if you run out of rations and get desperate enough, you can always eat the RO. That is," he added thoughtfully, "if you're bigger than he is."

Getting Around in the North Country

By the time I'd been in Greenland a few weeks, I'd done or seen everything at least once. I had flown all over the north country on airdrops, taking pictures from the open door of our C-47; I had seen from the air almost 300 white whales in Hval Sound; I had fired some 90 mm. antiaircraft guns defending the airfields; I had climbed to the top of the world's highest radio transmitter; I had visited Greenland villages and eaten whale steak with the leading citizens of Holsteinsberg, and I had hiked to the 'cap and back.

In short, I was ready to go home. I was beginning to discover that the scenery was assuming a disturbing sameness, although I was saying nothing about it. Then, there was no place to go. And I'd seen the clubs. Besides, I needed a New York hair-do—and there were all sorts of other reasons.

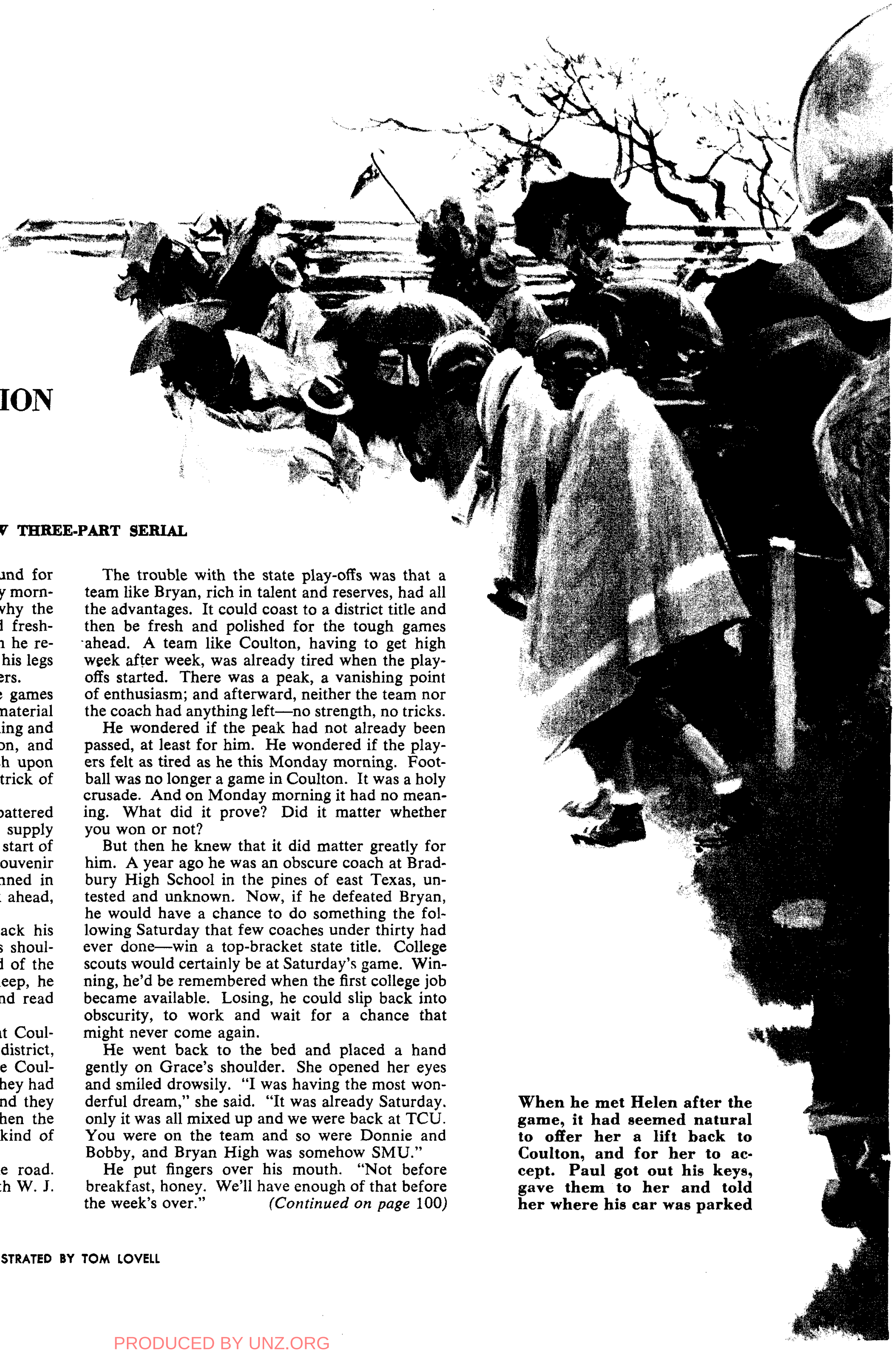
Of course, I was not ready to confess to even a degree of cabin fever—yet. On the contrary, I told everyone I was needed urgently back in my office, surely they must know how editors are, and so on.

My impatience grew as the weather grounded all planes for several days. I became more and more aware of a disturbing fact: *I couldn't go any place.* I hounded the Traffic Desk at Base Operations. When could I get out? When, when?

"Well," drawled one Ops officer, "since you're so anxious to leave, tell you what we'll do." He leaned on the counter. "We'll preflight a dog team and you can head south."

"We can even do better than that," put in another. "Daughter, we'll give you a JATO bottle and a Pogo stick and you're on your own. You won't even need a priority." ▲▲▲

The BIG WIN



When he met Helen after the game, it had seemed natural to offer her a lift back to Coulton, and for her to accept. Paul got out his keys, gave them to her and told her where his car was parked

By BONNER McMILLION

A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

WHEN the six-twenty train, westbound for El Paso, awakened him that Monday morning, Paul Watson lay wondering why the day—a nice day for December, crisp and fresh-smelling—filled him with misgivings. Then he remembered the game. He sat up and swung his legs out of the bed, groping blindly for his slippers.

The game. In his profession there were games and games, and eventually, if you had the material and luck, there was *the* game. Years of working and waiting built up to one climactic afternoon, and even then your fate depended not so much upon any preparations you had made as upon a trick of wind, a coin toss or a misjudged punt.

On the wall opposite his bed was a small, battered bulletin board, salvaged from the school supply room. His wife, Grace, had put it up at the start of the season. Each Monday morning, as the souvenir of one victory after another had been pinned in place, it was a ready reminder of the week ahead, a growing challenge.

He stood before the board, brushing back his thick blond hair, shrugging and flexing his shoulders. In a surly, secret way, he was proud of the souvenirs. Noting that Grace was still asleep, he fingered a couple of the news clippings and read them quickly.

He had had a tremendous season here at Coulton: twelve straight victories, including district, bidistrict and regional championships. The Coulton Cowboys were a fine little team. True, they had no size, no defense, no reserve strength, and they should have been beaten long ago; yet when the chips were down they had won with the kind of fiery determination that makes champions.

But Saturday would be the end of the road. Coulton didn't belong on the same field with W. J. Bryan High School.

The trouble with the state play-offs was that a team like Bryan, rich in talent and reserves, had all the advantages. It could coast to a district title and then be fresh and polished for the tough games ahead. A team like Coulton, having to get high week after week, was already tired when the play-offs started. There was a peak, a vanishing point of enthusiasm; and afterward, neither the team nor the coach had anything left—no strength, no tricks.

He wondered if the peak had not already been passed, at least for him. He wondered if the players felt as tired as he this Monday morning. Football was no longer a game in Coulton. It was a holy crusade. And on Monday morning it had no meaning. What did it prove? Did it matter whether you won or not?

But then he knew that it did matter greatly for him. A year ago he was an obscure coach at Bradbury High School in the pines of east Texas, untested and unknown. Now, if he defeated Bryan, he would have a chance to do something the following Saturday that few coaches under thirty had ever done—win a top-bracket state title. College scouts would certainly be at Saturday's game. Winning, he'd be remembered when the first college job became available. Losing, he could slip back into obscurity, to work and wait for a chance that might never come again.

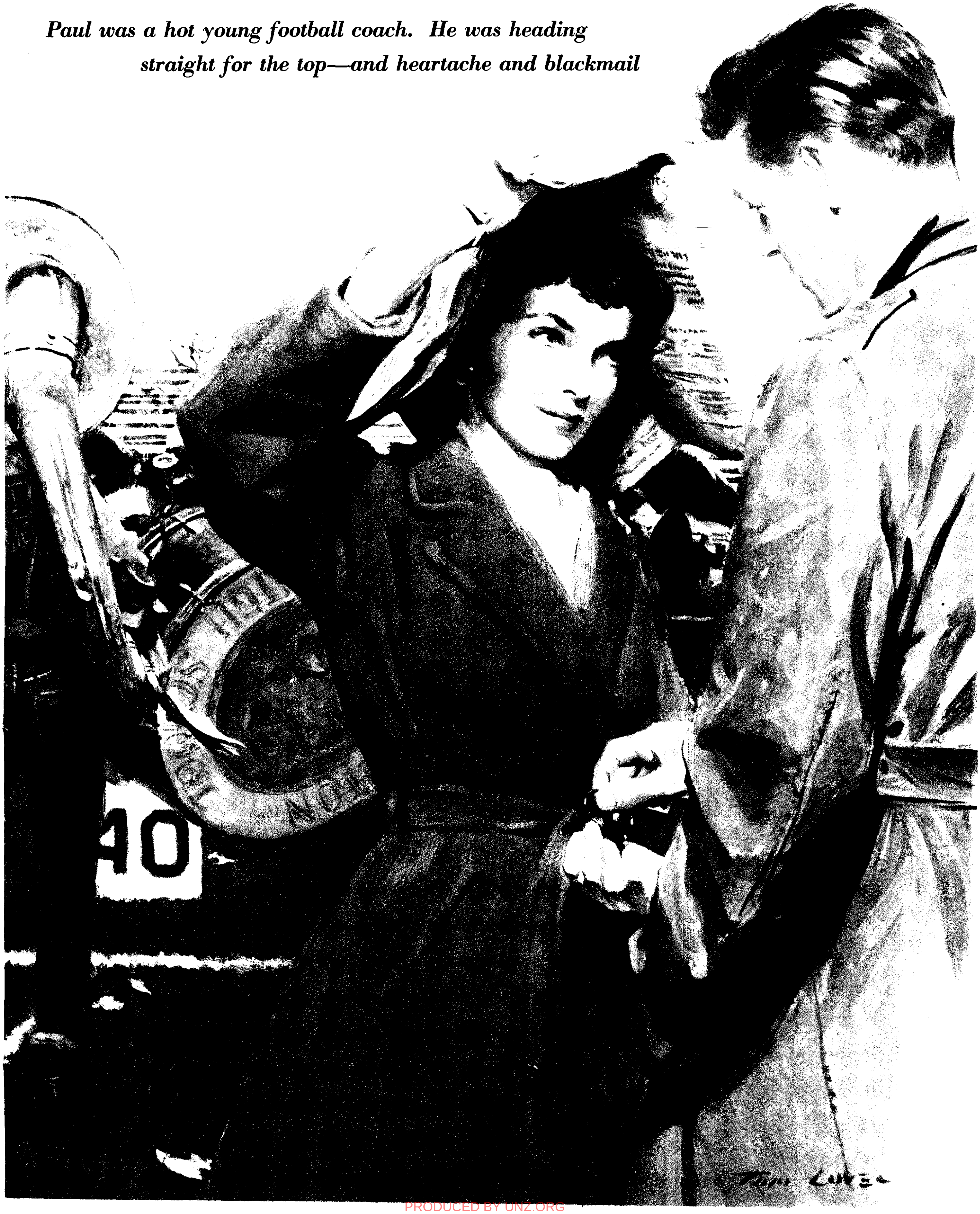
He went back to the bed and placed a hand gently on Grace's shoulder. She opened her eyes and smiled drowsily. "I was having the most wonderful dream," she said. "It was already Saturday, only it was all mixed up and we were back at TCU. You were on the team and so were Donnie and Bobby, and Bryan High was somehow SMU."

He put fingers over his mouth. "Not before breakfast, honey. We'll have enough of that before the week's over."

(Continued on page 100*)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

Paul was a hot young football coach. He was heading straight for the top—and heartache and blackmail

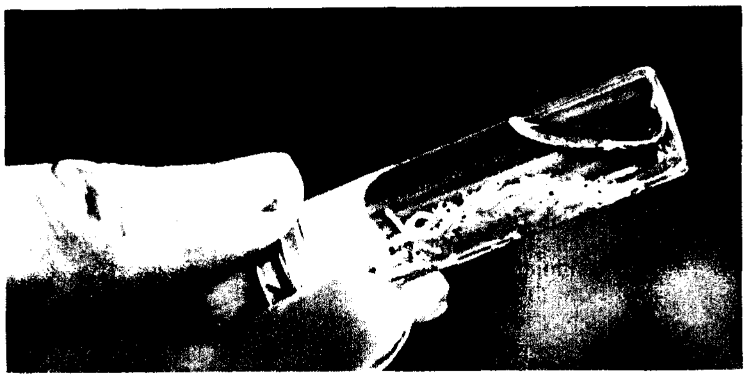


The Case of the

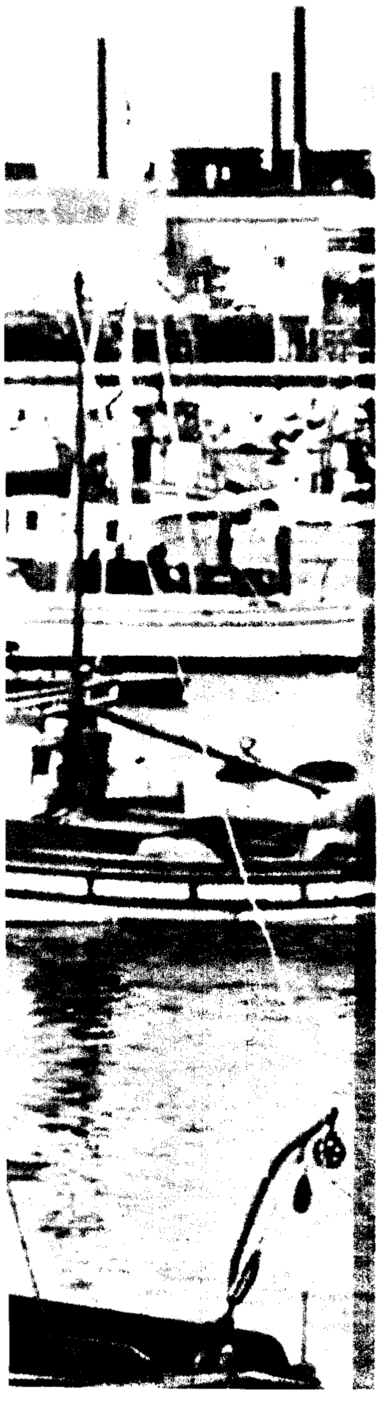
Until recently, sardines supported one of the largest fishing industries in the U.S. Now the fish have vanished. A task force of seagoing sleuths is combing the seas trying to find them

By ROBERT de ROOS

Missing Sardines



White, stringlike sardine larvae are about tenth of an inch long. Born blind, they have no mouths, fins for first week



A PUZZLED housewife approached her grocer in a Kansas City supermarket not long ago and asked: "Where are the sardines—the ones that used to come in the big oval cans?" The grocer shrugged. "I don't know," he replied. "I just can't seem to get them any more. It's funny—they just seem to have disappeared."

It's the same story all over the country. Where once there were millions of cans of California sardines, now there are practically none.

In the picturesque old Spanish town of Monterey on the California coast, once one of the busiest fishing ports in the United States, no smoke billows from the chimneys along Cannery Row. The clatter of conveyer belts and the hiss of steam have been stilled. Idle boats swing gently at their moorings in the blue water of the bay. Even the gray gulls seem listless. Unemployed fishermen gather in small knots, puff on their twist cigars and peer at the sea. They all ask the same questions: Where are the sardines? What happened?

Seeking the answers, seagoing detectives are now scouring the Pacific in the greatest fish hunt ever undertaken. So far they have spent $4,000,000, and the chase will cost another $700,000 this year—all to find a ten-inch fish with silvery sides, a brilliant blue back and a vacant stare. *Sardinops caerulea* is the missing critter's name, but he is also known as the Pacific pilchard and, more commonly, just plain sardine.

Why all this pother about a tiny fish which most people regard simply as an hors d'oeuvre?

Until recently, the sardine supported a $50,000,000-a-year industry. He was canned for human food, pressed for oil used in making soap and paint, dried and ground for high-protein stock and chicken feed.

A most dependable member of the Pacific marine fauna, he appeared along the central California coast in crushing numbers every year in late summer and obligingly swam into the fishermen's nets.

But now Sardinops has disappeared. He has cast aside his old school ties and is playing hooky somewhere in the deep blue reaches of the Pacific. His defection has ruined the largest fishing industry in tonnage in the United States. The 25,000 people dependent on it have had to seek other jobs, dig into their savings or go on relief. Three hundred purse seiners—boats costing $50,000 to $100,000 apiece—are deteriorating in idleness or have sailed away to seek new fishing grounds. One hundred and thirty-five processing plants have shut down.

The people along Cannery Row shake their heads in bewilderment. Only a few years ago, they and their fellow workers up and down the coast were catching and processing more than 500,000 tons of sardines a year—a billion pounds of fish. In fact, sardines accounted for one fourth the total tonnage of fish landed in the United States, and San Pedro, Monterey and San Francisco were the largest fishing ports in the country.

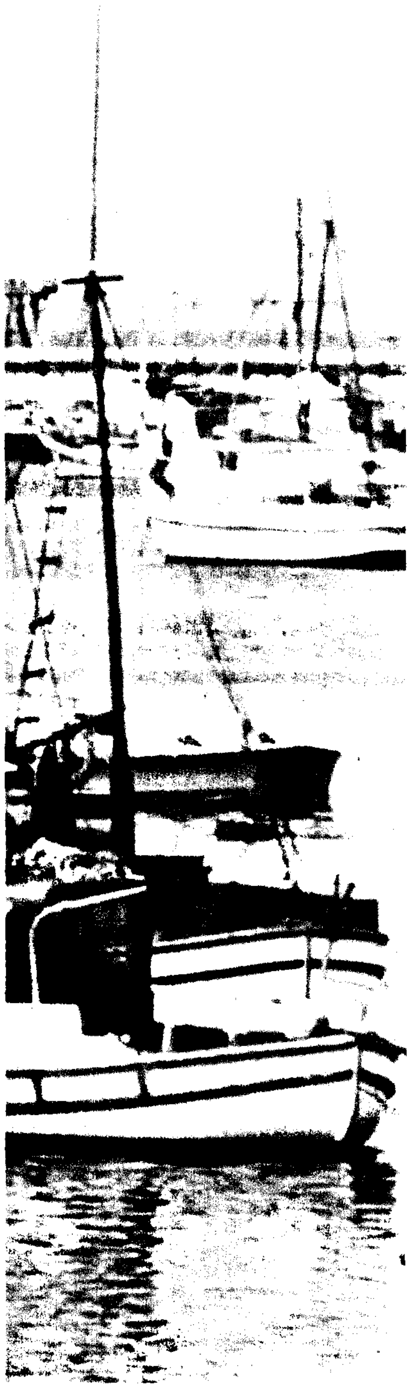
The peak sardine year was 1936, when 791,000 tons were caught on the Pacific Coast—enough to make an improbable band, one fish thick, 24 inches wide and long enough to encircle the world at the equator. In one record day, fishermen delivered 12,500 tons at San Francisco alone, enough fish to fill 250 gondola cars on a train two and a half miles long. In succeeding years, fishing was stabilized at about 500,000 tons annually. It was a bonanza; everyone made money.

Then the catch nosedived; in 1947 only 150,000 tons were caught. The next year was just as bad. In 1949 the catch was twice as large and in 1950 it seemed for a time as though Sardinops might be coming back. For 10 days, San Francisco fishermen casting their nets off the central California coast reported hauls rivaling those of the good old days. Then, on August 21st, reports came from the fishing grounds that the sardines were "acting crazy." All of them were running, and running fast, toward the southwest. "We didn't know it then, but that was the end," says a San Francisco processor. "Our industry ended overnight."

The catches continued fairly good in southern California, however, in both 1950 and 1951. But in 1952 and 1953, the entire California fleet landed a measly 5,000 tons a year, not even a good night's fishing in normal times.

The hunt for the missing sardines got under way at the first sign of trouble in 1947. Fleet operators searched the Pacific in Navy blimps and chartered planes while idle fishermen gathered on the docks to discuss the riddle. "It's the atomic bomb," said one. "They set off that thing at Bikini in 1946 and we haven't had good fish-

Boats swing idly in Monterey Bay, Calif., once one of the biggest U.S. fishing ports. Smokeless cannery chimneys silhouette sky



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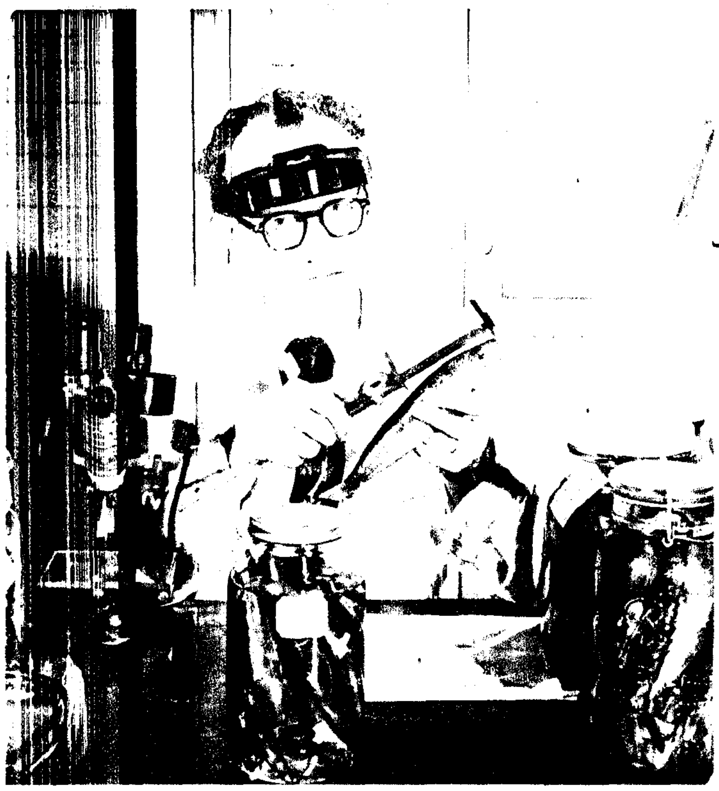


Robert Wisner is with the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, Calif., which is active in hunt

Since 1948, the great sardine hunt has cost some

ing since." Maybe, others said, the fishermen had just fished too much. There were almost as many theories as fishermen.

Cannery after cannery closed; reduction plants stood idle. Puzzled and frightened, the processors called on the California legislature for help. They asked the lawmakers to tax sardines at the rate of 50 cents a ton to finance a research program. They had in mind a sort of Bureau of Missing Sardines, charged with finding the wandering fish and restoring the industry.

The sardine people called in a battery of scientists to support their proposals. The legislature paid particular attention to Dr. Harald U. Sverdrup, director of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California. Dr. Sverdrup had played a key role in finding Captain Eddie Rickenbacker after his Army plane ditched in the Pacific during World War II. Drawing on his knowledge of ocean currents, the Scripps scientist had plotted the raft's probable drift on a map—and came up with Captain Eddie's exact position. Anyone who could find a raft in mid-Pacific, the lawmakers reasoned, certainly should be able to find billions of sardines closer to home.

Financing the Search for Sardinops

After hearing all the evidence, the legislature adopted the sardine tax, set up a Marine Research Committee to administer the proceeds, and voted $400,000 a year to the Scripps Institution for a research program. Congress followed through with an annual appropriation of $130,000 for the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service's part in the great hunt. Since 1948, some $700,000 a year has been spent in an attempt to solve the disappearance of Sardinops.

When the scientists began their search, they knew it would be long, complicated and expensive. Sardinops dropped no hint of his intentions when he left his haunts, and he might be anywhere in 670,000 square miles of ocean off the Pacific Coast. Just how do you go about looking for a 10-inch fish in a sea-covered area the size of Texas, California, Montana and Wisconsin combined?

"First of all," says Dr. Roger Revelle, the six-foot four-inch oceanographer who became director of Scripps after Dr. Sverdrup returned to his native Norway, "we had to find out what oceanic conditions affected the sardine, and how."

The scientific sleuths had little to go on. They knew that the sardine is an animal; perhaps something affecting his food supply was the key to the riddle. They knew that the sardine is food for other creatures, including man; perhaps fishermen or other predators had driven him off. They knew that fish react to the chemical and physical composition of the water; perhaps some changes in the make-up of the waters off California had driven him away or killed him.

The quest for the answers to these and other problems was broken up: Scripps's scientists searched out the physical and chemical secrets of the sea and sought to measure its fertility and productivity; the Fish and Wildlife Service was charged with unraveling the mysteries of sardine spawning and the early survival of the infants; the State Fish and Game Department was set to counting the sardines (if any) before they moved to the fishing grounds. Two other organizations also helped. The California Academy of Sciences began behavior studies and, later, the Hopkins Marine Station of Stanford University undertook temperature tests.

Four vessels—Scripps's Horizon and Crest, the Fish and Wildlife Service's Black Douglas and the Fish and Game's Yellowfin—began a systematic search for clues from the Columbia River at the Washington-Oregon border to Magdalena Bay, far below the Mexican border.

They looked first for sardine eggs and larvae—to try to pin down the time of spawning and the areas where it occurred. When egg-containing plankton (minute plant and animal life) was found, it was sent to a laboratory. There nine women ladled out the stuff and counted the sardine eggs and larvae under microscopes.

In 1950, this scientific egg rolling turned up enough roe for Dr. E. H. Ahlstrom of the Fish and Wildlife Service to estimate that there were three hundred trillion eggs in the known spawning areas—which is a lot of caviar. He also knew, because Dr. Frances N. Clark of the Department of Fish and Game had counted the eggs in dozens of sardine ovaries, that each female lays about 100,000 eggs a season.

From there on, it was only simple arithmetic to divide the total number of eggs (three hundred trillion) by the number laid by each female (100,000) and come up with a female sardine population of three billion. On the romantic theory that every female is likely to have a male around, Dr. Ahlstrom thereupon multiplied this figure by two—and came up with an estimated spawning population of six billion sardines.

Sardinops obviously was far from extinct. But statistics showed that there was no apparent relationship between the size of the spawning population and the number of surviving young in any given year. In the peak year of 1936, when the spawning population was four and a half billion fish, scientists estimate that seven and a half billion young survived. Yet in 1948, three billion spawners produced only a hundred million sardines.

The baffled scientists again went back to fundamentals—this time, the love life of the sardine. It was a hard roe to know. No one had ever observed sardines spawning—until Department of Fish and Game men aboard the Yellowfin ran into a colossal piece of luck.

One day in 1952, the Yellowfin's crew spotted a small school of sardines. As a net full of them was dumped on the deck, a sailor hollered for the scientists to come on the double. Some of the fish were females ready to spawn; others were ripe males.

The scientists were overjoyed at the discovery. Carefully they stripped roe from the females, put the eggs into jars of sea water, and collected the milt from the males in other jars. Then the scientists poured the milt over the eggs to fertilize them. For the first time, sardine life began under laboratory conditions.

During the next 60 hours, until the last egg had hatched out, the scientists maintained a round-the-clock vigil. They noted the changes in size and shape of the eggs, the beginnings of the heartbeat. From time to time, they removed some of the eggs and pickled them for further study ashore.

This artificial insemination and mid-ocean midwifery produced complete data on the beginnings of Sardinops from the exact moment of fertilization to the time of the hatch, an important new bit of evidence in the Great Sardine Mystery.

The newly hatched fish looked like pieces of whitish string about a tenth of an inch long. They had no mouths and no functioning digestive systems, and they were blind. During the first six or seven days, as they lived under the scrutiny of the Yellowfin biologists, the babies subsisted on the yolk they had carried with them from the egg. They developed vital organs and a tiny set of pectoral fins. When the yolk was finally used up, the baby sardines were ready to face their environment.

Infant Fish Mortality Investigated

Then something unexpected happened. One after another, the infant fish died. The scientists did everything possible to feed and nurture them—but it was all in vain. Why did they die? David K. Arthur, a biologist working ashore in a Scripps laboratory, supplied part of the answer. He found that the baby Sardinops lives a most precarious life. The tiny fish feeds on the eggs and larvae of copepods, tiny marine organisms similar to shrimp. They are not an easy dinner to find.

Arthur describes the sardine's problem this way: "Suppose a sardine larva were the size of a six-foot man. Then the copepods he eats would be about the size of golf balls, and they would be scattered through the ocean about 100 feet apart. To live and grow, a sardine must find and eat 150 copepods every day."

Arthur examined the stomachs of hundreds of larval sardines. Only about 20 per cent contained any copepods at all—and those which did had an average of only two copepods, a very slender margin of life. Arthur concluded that many baby sardines probably starve to death.

Was starvation the answer to the riddle of the disappearing sardine? Arthur was not sure; he regarded it only as a promising lead which, in turn, suggested other questions: Does the population of copepods fluctuate? And does the concentration of plankton, upon which the copepods depend for food, also vary, thereby indirectly affecting the sardines?

Other members of the task force are trying to

U.S. Fish and Wildlife technicians count sardine eggs in ocean's minute plant and animal life to

Unemployed fishermen gather at Monterey Purse Seiners Association to discuss missing fish

determine the number of fish in the spawning areas

piece together the answers to these questions. Their vessels steam constantly, monotonously, on charted courses, drawing conical silk nets whose yard-wide mouths sweep up samples of minute plant and animal life. The scientists also use intricate arrangements of bottles to collect specimens of water at various depths and measure their temperature. Other instruments determine any variations in water density and in the effects of the earth's magnetic field—important clues to the nature of ocean currents. In fact, the sardine research program already has piled up more observations at sea than all earlier oceanic explorations put together.

New Data on Fertility of the Ocean

Some of the findings are shedding new light on the plant-to-animal-to-plant cycle of life in the sea. The size of an ocean crop depends on the fertility of the ocean, just as that of a land crop depends on the fertility of the land. Both crops need water, sunlight, carbon dioxide and fertilizer. Since there always is plenty of water, sunlight and carbon dioxide in the sea, the amount and kind of fertilizer seem to be the key to the ocean's productivity.

In the past, ocean researchers were pretty well convinced that phosphates and nitrates were the vital fertilizers. There is a constant fall of dead bodies of countless organisms and of products of metabolism to the bottom of the sea. As this matter decomposes, it releases phosphates and nitrates into the water.

But there is no sunlight on the ocean's floor, so the fertilizer is worthless there. To benefit plant life, it must be lifted near the surface—and that's exactly what happens at a number of places in the seas, notably off the west coast of North America. The rich, deep waters are pumped to the surface by the action of the wind in a natural process called "upwelling." Wherever upwelling occurs, the ocean teems with marine plant and animal life.

Scripps chemists and botanists have been measuring the amounts of fertilizing agents in the water and their effects on ocean plants. The scientists' findings indicate some chemicals other than phosphates and nitrates may be the major fertilizing agents in the ocean. A whole new line of inquiry thus has been opened up which, in time, could prove more important than the lost sardines.

"It turns out," says Dr. Revelle, "that there's always enough phosphate and nitrate in the water, regardless of the size of the plant crop. We are beginning to believe that other substances—trace amounts of iron or some other element, or even minute quantities of vitamin B—may be of prime importance in promoting the growth of ocean plants. If this is true, we may be able to control the fertility of the sea by adding small amounts of the necessary elements."

Another clue to the missing sardines was found in the ponderous movements of ocean currents. The seagoing detectives think that a shift in the Pacific high-pressure area, which dominates the weather of the Pacific Coast, may have moved the cold southbound California current closer to the west coast, thus choking off a warm northbound countercurrent.

Sardines usually will not spawn in water below 55.4 degrees Fahrenheit, and scientists say that the waters off southern California during the spawning season have been mostly below that critical mark in recent years. Moreover, Dr. Revelle believes a vast, slow-moving eddy off the California coast somehow figures in the mystery. The giant, slowly revolving whirlpool for years dominated the southern California spawning area. In recent years, according to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the eddy has weakened. Dr. Revelle feels that the eddy may have kept the young sardines in fertile waters extending up to 350 miles off the coast. Now that it's less powerful, he believes the eggs and larvae may be carried into less fertile areas to perish for lack of food.

Supporting this theory is the discovery by cruising scientists that there are large numbers of sardines—and a large spawning area with an accompanying eddy—in warmer waters off the coast of Lower California, below the California-Mexico border. Indeed, 99 per cent of the present Pacific Coast pilchard population is believed to be in Mexican waters. "It may mean that the sardines have somehow learned to relate their spawning to the presence of eddies," Dr. Revelle says.

His findings suggest that the cosmic forces which shift whole ocean currents may be the villain in the Great Sardine Mystery. But California's Department of Fish and Game is not convinced. That agency blames man's greed for the disappearance of the sardines. Pursuing a Little Bo Peep philosophy ("Let them alone and they'll come home . . ."), its officials are urging legislation to prohibit temporarily all sardine fishing off the California coast.

"The causes of scarcity can be summarized as too much fishing and not enough reproduction," says Richard S. Croker, chief of the department's Bureau of Marine Fisheries. "It can be stated without fear of contradiction that, had the landings been limited to 300,000 tons a year in the early forties, there would be no sardine crisis now. But no one could believe that the ugly word 'overfishing' was the cause and no one wanted any regulation or restriction of their 'right' to fish. . . ."

Croker echoes a familiar strain. Ever since the early 1920s, when the sardine catch was only about 75,000 tons a year, the department had warned that "overfishing" would ruin the industry. With the catch mounting year by year, however, the warning went unheeded.

Other Causes Besides "Overfishing"

Despite his insistence that "overfishing" is the principal cause of the shortage, Croker signed a recent progress report—prepared jointly by all agencies taking part in the sardine hunt—that contradicts his theory.

"We are able to give some clues to the causes of the catastrophic decline in sardine landings, but we are unable to isolate any single, primary reason," the report said. "It begins to seem more and more probable that it is a combination of factors . . . and no complete explanation can be given. . . ."

The sad truth, as the scientists themselves are the first to admit, is that the case of the missing sardines has not been solved. As a by-product to their research, the scientists have forced a few secrets from the sea which may one day enable man to increase its productivity. They have discovered unsuspected and enormous numbers of edible hake and saury which may someday become the basis of a profitable fishery, and they are perfecting methods which may enable them to predict future sardine catches. They found sardine eggs by the trillions and teeming tons of sardines in Mexican waters. But they have not found sardines by the billions in U.S. waters—which is what is needed if the largest fishing industry in the United States is to be restored to prosperity.

Some way seems to be needed to entice Mexican sardines north of the border—and that, in the present state of knowledge, seems to depend on an act of God. But if they ever do come, California will have a big welcome mat out for the silvery, profitable little wetbacks. ▲▲▲

True Love Is TRICKY

By VIRGINIA LEE

MAKE no mistake about it, true love is tricky. It can happen only to those who believe in it and are capable of faith in themselves and the one they love. There are plenty of nice people who aren't capable of it at all. Then there are others who instinctively are.

Carol met Joe at a cocktail party.

If she hadn't met him there she might have encountered him at one of the plushier pubs about town, or at one of the gay weekend spots on the Island, or even in the offices where Joe handled public relations for a number of resort hotels in the West Indies.

But Carol wasn't inclined to spend much time in pubs; when she weekended out of town it was usually with young married friends in the suburbs, and she had no occasion to step foot in the offices where Joe applied the art of bemusing the public.

So, as long as Joe didn't patronize her supermarket, and shied away from tearooms and had never even heard of the textile firm for which she worked as secretary, it was fortunate that they were both invited to the cocktail party.

As soon as Carol's eyes adjusted to the party haze, she noticed Joe standing across the room. He was way ahead of her. He was a beagle for blondes. He also liked redheads and brunettes. In fact, in his thirty-two years, Joe had been in love a dozen times—once almost seriously. He thought that, combined with golf and an occasional business trip to the Caribbean, it made for a pleasant routine.

Carol had been in love exactly once, the whole of her life, with a man she confidently expected to meet.

She stood just inside the doorway of the room, her blonde hair shining, her figure inviting and supple, without in the least calling attention to itself.

Joe held his Martini glass in a steady, practiced hand and said to himself with cheer: Well, there's my Fate. By that he meant: There's my Fate for the next couple of months or so. And he began to thread his way toward her.

As Carol watched him coming, her gray eyes widened a little in the hope of discovery. She noted briefly his custom-made suit and his custom-made shirt. She thought that his brown eyes were the finest she had ever seen and she was gently amused that, in a face so potentially strong, there should be a hint of dimples. By the time he reached her side, her expression was lovely with expectancy.

Joe had perfected a smooth opening gambit for such an occasion, but the impact of her gaze was greater than he had expected. He floundered into a silence, and Carol finally said, "Hello."

"Hello." He shuddered, not having approached a beautiful girl in so guileless a fashion since freshman days, and, feeling Martini splash over his fingers, set his glass on the highboy next to which he was standing.

Carol smiled at him and slipped a coaster beneath the glass.

Joe reached out uncertainly for a knob on one of the highboy drawers and hung his weight on it. "I think I'm falling in love," he said, picking up his glass again.

"Oh, do you?" Carol cried happily. "Do you really? What's your name?"

"Joe."

"Joe."

Hearing the soft approval in her tone, Joe, who had hitherto felt that his parents had shortchanged him in the matter of a name, added proudly, "Joe Graham. Joseph Collingwood Graham." He grabbed the knob for support once more.

Carol gazed at him as if she were standing right on top of the rainbow. "I think I'm falling in love too," she said.

The knob of the highboy came off in Joe's hand.

He took her to dinner at the most touted night club in town and felt justified for his assiduous cultivation of that bacchic field when the proprietor, a shrewd, disagreeable man with a fat stomach, condescended to greet him with the modified sneer that passed as the old fraternity salute. When Carol didn't seem to be impressed, Joe asked, "How old are you, Carol?"

"Twenty-two."

Until this minute it had been Joe's conviction that the ideal masculine age was thirty-two, which he considered old enough to be sophisticated and young enough to be menacing. Now he confessed from the depths of senility, "I'm thirty-two."

When Carol continued to smile at him with unqualified admiration, he drew a deep breath of confidence and ordered his cinnamon-colored convertible sent around from the garage. He tucked her carefully in and drove off to a familiar, quiet spot on a height overlooking the Hudson. Parking the car he slid his arm along the back of the seat, but instead of drawing her to him with his usual masterful technique, he nervously began to point out the lights of the George Washington Bridge.

He drove her to her apartment, two brightly modest rooms in an unfashionable neighborhood, and had just abandoned all hope of ever being able to take her in his arms, due to an uncontrollable trembling, when she was in them. "I love you, Carol, I love you," he whispered against her hair.

"I love you too, Joe." After a while she said, "Oh, Joe, I'm so happy. All my life I've waited and wondered. You must have too. Now we don't have to wait or wonder any more. Suddenly it's settled."

ABOUT four o'clock that morning Joe, who had been lying on his bed staring at the ceiling in a state of semicomatose bliss, bolted upright. What did she mean, "Suddenly it's settled"? What was settled except that he had taken a pretty girl to dinner? Naturally he had fallen for her. He always fell for pretty girls. That wasn't worth mentioning. To be sure, he had felt called on to mention it. He seemed to remember hanging onto her, like a fighter hanging onto the ropes, blubbering over and over, "Carol, I love you. I love you, Carol."

He fell back with a groan. He'd have to make the situation clear to her. He had no intention of marrying before he was forty—and maybe not then, unless he happened to be in the mood.

Having already made a show of inviting her to dinner the next evening, he felt he had to go through with it.

"Carol," he said, coming to the point as soon as the entree had arrived, "do you realize that some of the most beautiful relationships in life are the most fleeting?"

"Like between moths?" she said. "They only live a day."

Joe scowled. "A relationship that can never be more than temporary is sweeter than a permanent one ever can be."

Carol smiled at him with warm happiness. "You don't really believe that, do you, darling?"

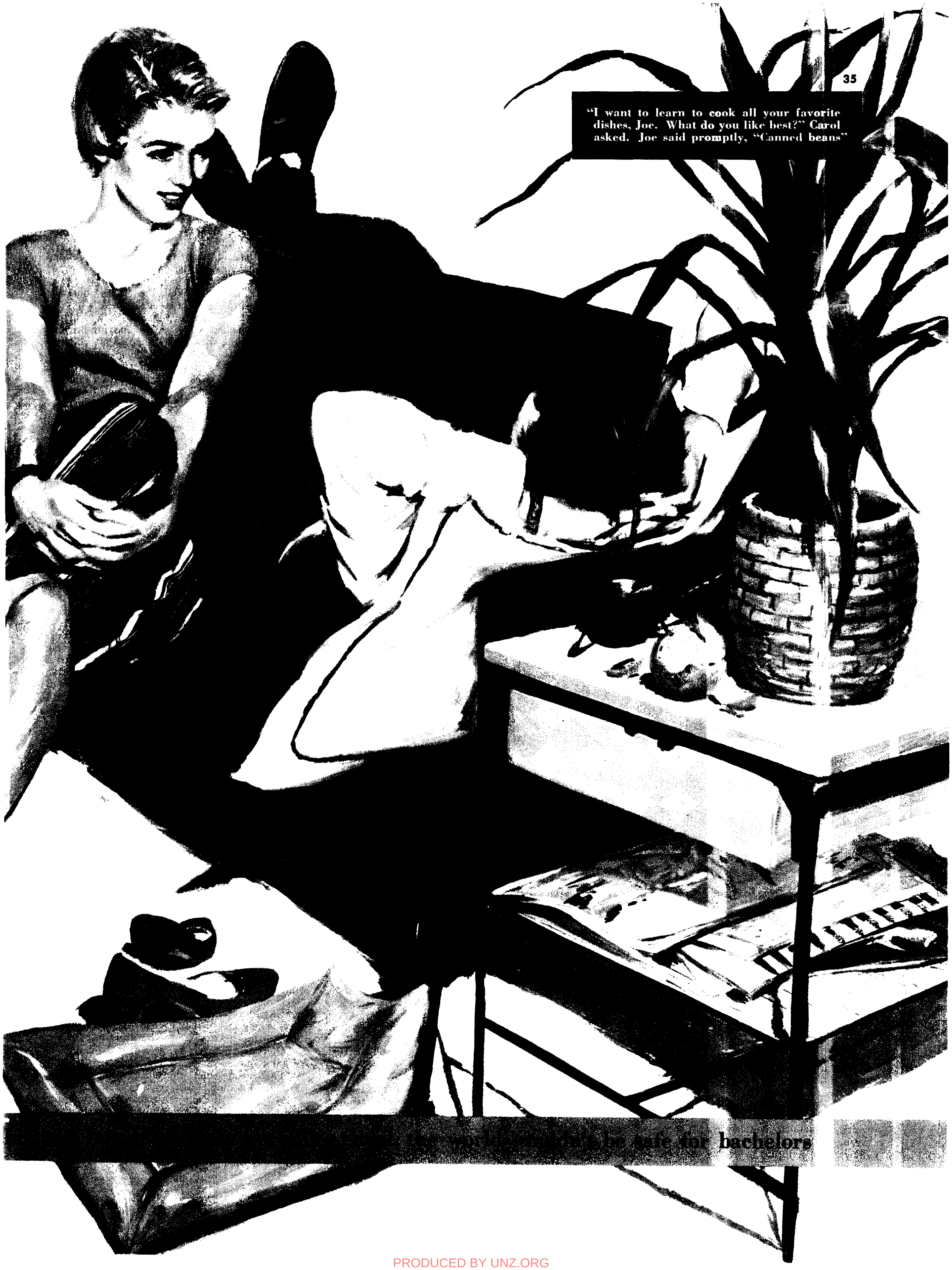
"N-no," Joe stammered. If she had asked him if he wouldn't like to have his head cut off, he would have gurgled, "Y-yes."

"Oh, Joe, I'm so glad it's you," she sighed.

In previous affairs of the heart Joe had always foreseen the direction in which girls were maneuvering him, and had taken a strategist's delight in outwitting them. But Carol didn't seem to be maneuvering him anywhere. She seemed to assume that they were already there. He knew that his safest expedient was to stay away, but he was in love. This simply had to run its course. . . .

On successive evenings, Joe escorted Carol to two highly publicized pubs and an opening night. Then she said he'd better come around to her place for dinner. She gave him steak, baked potatoes and green beans that tasted better than green beans. When dinner was finished he lay on the one upholstered piece in the place, a love seat that was quite uncomfortable. But he didn't mind. Carol sat beside him, with her

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD STECKLER



"I want to learn to cook all your favorite dishes, Joe. What do you like best?" Carol asked. Joe said promptly, "Canned beans"

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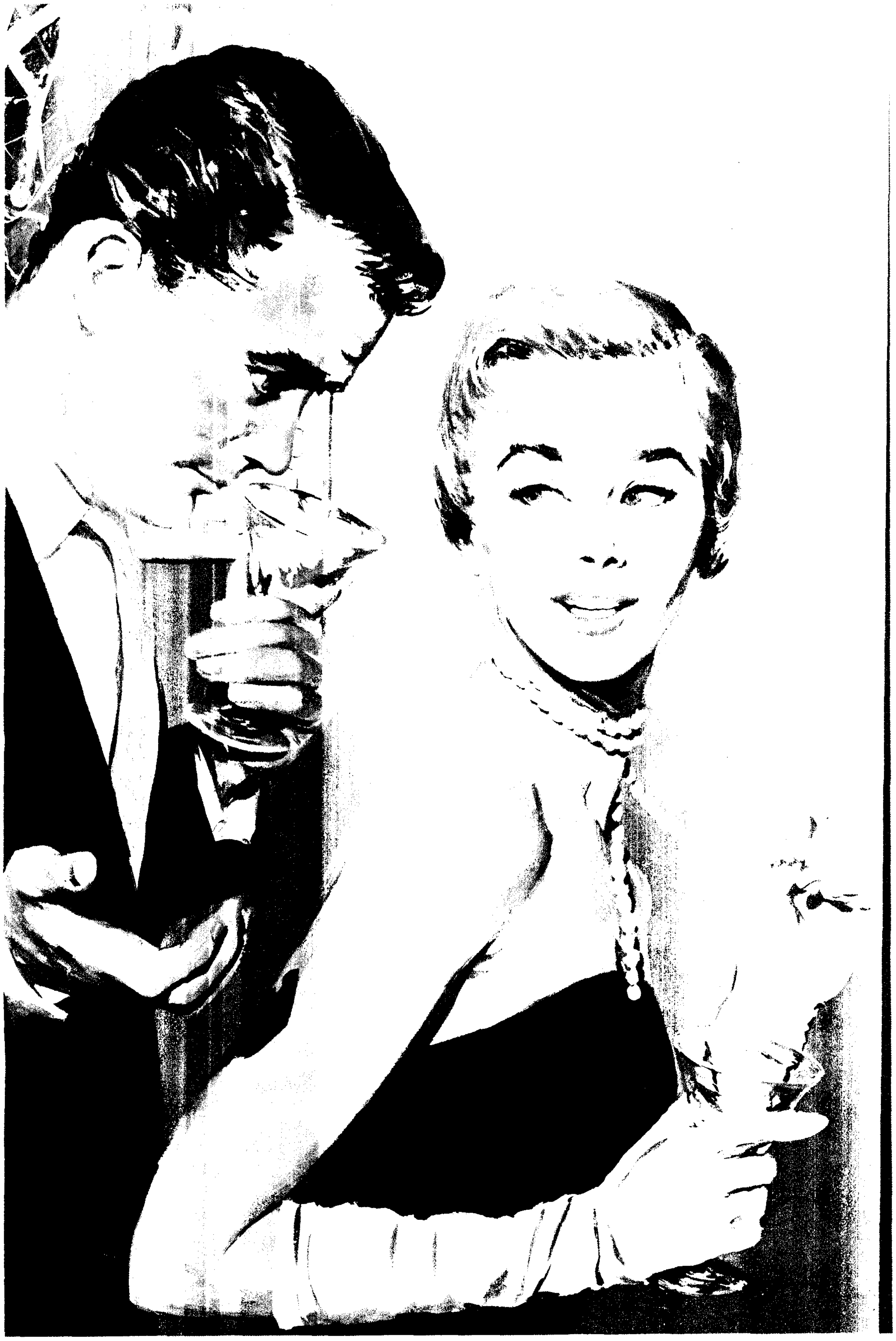


"I think I'm falling in love," he said. "Do you?" Carol cried happily. "What's your name?"

shoes off, and said with lovely earnestness, "I want to learn to cook all your favorite dishes, Joe. What do you like best?"

"Canned beans," he said promptly.

"I'll try to open a nice can of beans, darling, but it won't be a very balanced diet year after year!"

Year after year! "Carol," he said carefully, "I don't know how to say this, but I'm—well, the fact is I'm a playboy."

"Oh, I know, darling." Her seven-year-old might have boasted that he could outhit Musial.

Joe demanded defensively, "There's nothing wrong with that, is there? If you haven't any obligations, naturally you play the field. There's nothing the matter with that, is there?"

"Of course not, darling. Do you like apple pie?"

"No," he said truculently.

Carol regarded him uncertainly.

"Made with green apples?" he asked at last.

She nodded slowly.

"I don't mind. Have you ever made an Irish stew?"

From then on the evening degenerated into a recital of dishes he relished, most of them dating back to his boyhood—cooking, Joe felt, had deteriorated since then. He was appalled when he thought of it afterward. But while Carol didn't know it as yet, he had an out. At the end of the month he was going to fly down to the Bahamas to spend six weeks putting a new hotel before the public eye. Since that would provide a natural break in their relationship, all he had to do was keep from mentioning marriage until the plane took off.

But the next time he saw her, which by chance was the next evening, he said honestly, "Carol, I think you ought to realize that you have an inflated idea of me."

Carol, who happened to be sitting next to him on the love seat, looked at him with the softly glowing assurance of a girl who has found her love. "Oh, Joe, you're fine! You're honest and strong and dependable. You're everything I ever dreamed of in a man."

"I am?" he said, brightening. And then he added warily, "I have my faults."

"Name them."

Joe thought hard. "Well, I'm not as honest as you think I am. The fact is—I'm a heel."

CAROL laughed softly. After studying his profile a minute she said, "I hope all my children look exactly like you."

"If you ever have a daughter who doesn't look like you, you'll have a case against Nature that will stand up in any court."

Carol ran a finger along the back of his hand. "Have you saved any money at all, Joe?"

"Me?" She might have accused him of being a typhoid carrier. Then he added quickly, "Of course I have my bonds. I always thought it would be nice to have a little place near a trout stream."

"In the two years I've been working I've only been able to save about six hundred dollars, but when my father's aunt died she left me five thousand."

Five thousand dollars! Joe yelped it inwardly as he was getting ready for bed that night. A big shot! He went to his desk and checked on the bonds he had bought when Uncle Sam had asked him. When they matured he would have twenty-five hundred dollars. Through the open doorway of his closet he saw ten custom-made suits. Four blocks away, in a sixty-five-dollar-a-month garage, sat the cinnamon convertible, with every expensive gadget known to the market. Every time he took a girl out it cost him fifty dollars. He must be out of his head! He slammed the closet door. So he had fallen for a Hetty Green, a lady capitalist. A man of his wide experience was bound to meet at least one like that. This one he would remember. He usually forgot one girl as soon as he met another, but Hetty he would remember.

When he was paid that week he put twenty-five dollars in a savings account. As the teller was recording the transaction, he shoved another twenty-five through the window. "Might as well save a little something for a rainy day," he said fatuously.

Saving money so alarmed him that for three days he neither called Carol nor went to see her. He made dates with the three most garishly gorgeous girls he knew, and broke each date. But he stayed away from Carol. The third evening she called him.

"Joe, are you sick?" she said anxiously.

"Sick?" He gave it a masterful inflection.

"Oh." Her voice sounded small. "At first I tried not to think anything of it, then suddenly I thought you might be sick and I couldn't get to the telephone fast enough."

"I've been busy." Poor kid, this was going to hurt her, but sooner or later she'd have to learn that the world was made up of heels like him.

"Just so you aren't sick," she said faintly.

"I may drop around tomorrow evening," he added graciously, "if I can make it."

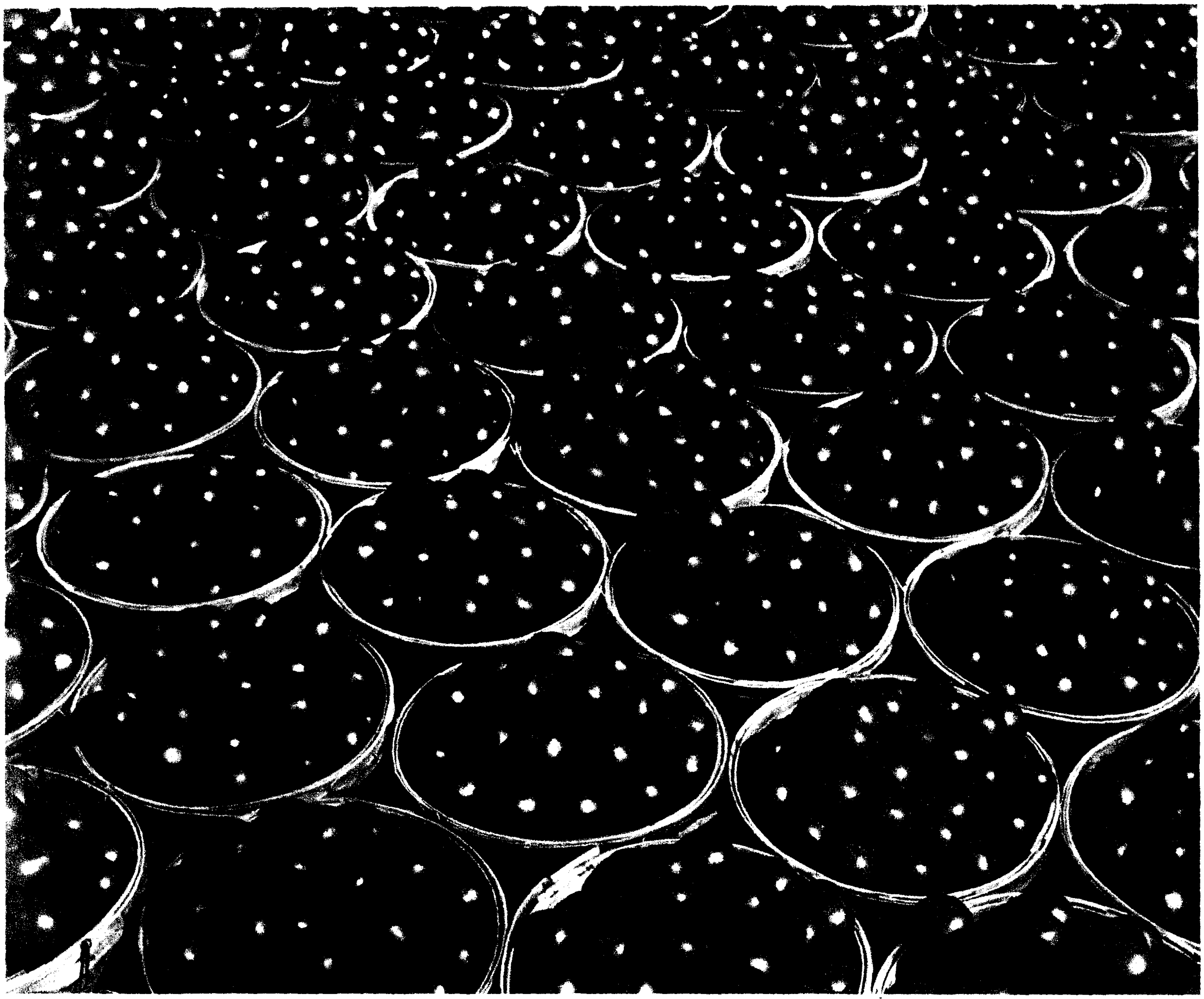
He made it, and she seemed to have grown prettier. Right away she said, "I hate girls who are always asking men if they love them, Joe, so I'll ask you just this once. Joe, do you love me?"

"Of course I love you." And, so help him, he meant it.

"That satisfies me," she said. "I know it's true now, and I'll know it fifty years from now."

Fifty years! Luckily the Bahama trip was only ten days away. In the meantime Joe bought groceries and Carol cooked dinners at her apartment. He didn't have any money for night clubs, since he was determined to get as much in the bank as a girl whose salary was less than half of his. He was

"To make the best—begin with the best"



How do Campbell Tomatoes get this way?

Don't these tomatoes look like the kind that take prizes at the Fair? They ought to, because they are.

Campbell took three years to select and increase the seed for them. The seedlings were grown down in Georgia where they basked in the sun like a Yankee tourist. Then, at planting time, they were rushed aboard refrigerated freight cars. Forty-eight hours later, most of them had been transplanted up north on the right day, at exactly the right depth.

The plants grew and flourished in soil prepared and fed with the help and advice of a Campbell Field Man. Finally, the fruit was picked by specially-instructed pickers.

After all this trouble, you'd think tomatoes like these would be all set for Campbell. But they aren't. Not yet. First, they have to pass inspection—accurate grading plus rigid laboratory tests for color, flavor, nutritional values and other quality points. If they get by this, they're hand-trimmed and given a whole series of baths in both hot and cold water.

Then and only then do they win their "C". And when you taste any one of the tomato products that Campbell chefs make with these fussed-over tomatoes we think you'll know what we're driving at when we say:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

Taste the Campbell Tomato in America's best-loved soup.

Campbell's

Tomato Soup Tomato Juice Tomato Ketchup
Pork & Beans with Tomato Sauce
V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
Franco-American Spaghetti Sauce with Meat
Franco-American Spaghetti (Tomato Sauce with Cheese)

socking so much away, in fact, that he hardly had change for tooth paste.

Carol bought a new, overstuffed chair that seemed to have been made to his measurements. "It'll look nice anywhere," she said with satisfaction, "in an apartment or a house in the suburbs."

"Are you moving to the suburbs?" he asked in surprise.

"After all, darling," she said happily, "it wouldn't be practical to bring up a family in the city, would it?"

Joe was rocked so hard by that one that when Carol was invited to go dancing on a friend's birthday, he showed up at the same spot with a tropically lush brunette, whom he had always admired for the pronounced, rhythmic sway with which she walked.

Snatching a minute to speak to Carol, he said significantly, "That's Sandra. She's pretty—uh—sultry."

"I think she must be nervous," Carol said kindly. "She twitches."

FIGURING he had now made his point, Joe returned to the overstuffed chair and started to tell Carol the story of his life. He began with when he was six and in the first installment got himself two days past his seventh birthday. Then he broke the news of his forthcoming trip and Carol looked stricken, but she took it quietly. "Oh, Joe, isn't it awful for people who are in love to be separated!" she wailed.

Since he agreed with her in principle, Joe grabbed her in his arms, but he said just as casually as he had intended to: "You'll be having a lot of dates. Naturally I will too. It's part of the routine." He had always succeeded in *making* it part of the routine anyway. And unknown to Carol he had decided that, by way of clinching matters, he would send her only post cards while he was away and, instead of flying home, he would come by slow boat through the Caribbean.

He had just had time to take his autobiography up to the occasion of his first scout medal when the day of his independence was at hand. In a way it was too bad to break off there, because a lot of interesting stuff had happened to him later on, but escape was escape. At the last minute he suggested that Carol see him off at the airport. "I suppose you'll be going out every evening," he said bitterly, hanging onto her, while an attendant tried to shoo him through the gate.

"Don't worry, darling," she assured him, "I won't have time. I've signed up for a sewing course three evenings a week. A girl who can sew can help save money in a lot of ways—like making curtains and clothes for herself and the children."

As the plane took off Joe pressed his nose to the window to watch her. She was the prettiest, sweetest girl he had ever met, but even this must pass. . . .

Nassau was made to order: white beaches, sparkling seas, sunny skies and a gratifying number of stunning girls eager for an escort. Joe managed to wind up his work at four thirty every afternoon, and then he did what he could to take the poor kids around.

It was the fifth evening and he was at a bar table, tête à tête with a lemon-yellow blonde, when he realized that something was wrong and had been all along. And he knew what it was. He and the blonde were not a twosome; they were a threesome. Carol was there.

He had a distinct mental impression of her pirouetting around beside him in something diaphanous and green, which made him want to rise right out of his seat.

"I made it myself," she said gaily. "And I'll bet it didn't cost half what hers did."

"What are you doing here?" Joe growled at her. "Go away."

"Are you having fun, darling? The girl seems bored."

"It's her mind. She hasn't any. Now will you go away?"

"I love you, Joe. You're the most wonderful man in the world. Will you write to me?"

"I'll send you a post card. Now will you beat it?"

After that she kept popping up at any old time. One evening while he was resting before dinner, she seemed to perch on the edge of his bed in an orchid job. Joe didn't mind, because he had been a little lonely. She wasn't the only girl in the room either. Over in a corner he seemed to see Sandra prancing around. Why can't that girl learn to walk without twitching? he thought, and Sandra disappeared.

"*I* made it myself," Carol smiled, indicating the orchid job. "Two ninety-eight."

"Thanks for your letter," Joe said. "I've only had a chance to glance at it, but I'll try to get around to it later."

"You read it five times in the first hour," she said happily. "Come with me a minute, Joe," and she beckoned for him to follow her.

Joe's stream of consciousness immediately had them down at the beach, with Carol now attired in a couple of strips of red bathing suit, which left him breathless. "Did you make that too?" he gulped.

"Oh, no. You can't trust anything like this just to thread. Look," she said, pointing adoringly at a sturdy little boy in red bathing trunks.

"Cute," Joe said.

"Joey," she called, and the kid came running over.

Joe looked him over. He was a great little boy all right. "Shouldn't we have named him Norman, for your father?" he said doubtfully. Carol gave an enigmatic smile and the kid ran off and joined some other children.

"I see he has a lot of little friends," Joe said proudly.

"Um," said Carol. "His brothers and sisters. Norman and Mary and Johnny and—"

"How many?" Joe asked weakly.

"Five. But I'm young yet. I knew you wouldn't want to settle for anything but the best, darling."

"You can't do this to me, Carol!" he yelled. "There is such a thing as self-determination! The inalienable right of every man! I stand on my rights as an individual! I intend to lead my own life, and you have nothing to say about it! Now you get out of here! You go away! And don't you ever come around again!"

Carol looked as if he had slapped her face, and she vanished.

BACK in New York, Carol was sitting in the new overstuffed chair pulling bastings out of a blouse. The sewing teacher had informed the class that for a girl with no aptitude for sewing, Carol was an object lesson, that she proved that where there was a will there was a way, and some of the talented members might take note.

Carol's expression was dreamy and happy. When you're in love and know that you're loved in return, you have an entrancing inner confidence you've never had before. She laid aside the blouse and picked up the two post cards Joe had sent her in the four weeks of his absence. *Lots of sunshine and dates—the blonde kind,* one said. The other said, *Don't know when I'll be seeing you. Coming home by slow boat through the Caribbean to grab a little vacation time. Regards.* They weren't exactly what she would have liked in the way of correspondence, but she loved them anyway.

She smiled softly and slipped into a daydream in which she and Joe and their children—in a car piled high with gear—were pulling up before their summer cottage on the edge of a lake, not far from a trout stream. When she opened the back door of the car for the children, out jumped Joey and Norman and Mary and— Unh-unh. Carol slammed the door. Three were enough. But she had caught a glimpse of such irresistible— She opened the door again and Suzy and little Pete came tumbling out into her arms.

She stepped into the cottage, noting contentedly how much the bright slip covers, which she had made, did for the inexpensive furniture. With fond indulgence she smiled at the hideous, gaping trout that was mounted over the mantelpiece.

JOE came struggling in with the bags and checked at once on the well-being of the trout. "I don't know why you insist on keeping that monstrosity there," he said with satisfaction.

He set the bags down and, peering out of a window, said proudly, "Look at those kids, will you?" The five of them playing in the yard made a picture. You had to overlook the fact that Norman was trying to get a handful of his sister's hair. "I suppose they're only average kids," he observed, in a tone that refuted, with every inflection, such an outrageous suggestion.

Carol's mental image changed swiftly, and suddenly she was driving from the suburbs to the city to help Joe celebrate a promotion. She was wearing a perfectly beautiful heliotrope dancing dress that she had *not* made herself. When she stepped into the lobby of the hotel, Joe grabbed her in his arms and said, "You know why I got the promotion, don't you? Because I have the most desirable wife in the world, who not only runs my home and has my children, but helps me get along in business."

It was while they were eating that Carol saw, dancing by with a bald-headed man, that ripely glamorous Sandra Joe used to take out. Sandra had grown fat, she noticed with satisfaction. Then she sternly corrected her daydream to return Sandra to her former lush, yet well-controlled lines.

"There's that Sandra you used to know," she said pleasantly to Joe.

Joe peered around without interest.

"Don't you want to speak to her?" she prompted at last.

"Why should I want to speak to her?" he asked.

"Well, you used to know her. It might be nice."

"Have you any idea how dumb that girl is?" He cast a critical glance at Sandra. "She's put on weight. Look, Carol, what do you say we buy the kids that trapeze set now?" . . .

Six weeks rolled by and Joe was packing his bags for a slow, strategic boat ride back to New York via the Caribbean. He hadn't seen hide nor hair of Carol since two weeks ago on the beach, when he had hollered at her to go away. Now all at once she seemed to be standing in his room.

"Where have you been?" he demanded accusingly. "You look wonderful."

"I just came to say good-by, Joe. I'm going to marry a jet pilot."

"A jet pilot?"

"Why, yes, quite a lot of men are jet pilots nowadays. Young men, of course."

"But what about all my children, Joey and Norman and Mary and—"

"Oh, I'm not going to have them. I'm going to have Reginald and Ferdinand and quite a lot of others. The jet pilot picked out the names."

"But what's going to become of me?" he insisted loudly.

"I don't feel bad about leaving you, Joe. You have so many girls."

"What girls?" He paused, and then he added, "Those girls can't cook!"

"Anybody can open a can of beans. I loved you, Joe. I really did. But I'm capable of a lifetime of love and devotion, and I can only have that with a man who's capable of it too." She pirouetted around him. "Do you like my new blue suit? I made it myself. Not that I had to. The jet pilot always saved his money. Well, I'm off now. We're spending the weekend in Paris. I get a free ride. That's one of the advantages of being married to a jet pilot—all sorts of little trips to break the monotony. Last week it was Rio."

"If you're so smart," Joe hollered after her vanishing form, "what makes you think I'll settle for anything but the best?"

The plane landed at Idlewild after poking along intolerably at 250 miles an hour. Joe fumed through customs, flung himself and his bags into a taxi and shouted Carol's address.

BY THE end of the first mile the driver was fighting mad. "If your life don't mean nothin' to you, mine does to me! It so happens I got kids!"

"So have I!" Joe yelled distractedly. "Five of them! And at this rate I'll have time to have a sixth before I get there!"

The driver turned around and grinned. "Whyn't you say so? Me and a cop delivered twins last week. We'll make it, Joe." And he pressed down on the gas.

Joe dropped his bags in the foyer of Carol's apartment and rushed on in so fast he tripped and had to grab hold of her for support.

"Carol, will you marry me? Will you marry me, Carol?" he gasped.

"Oh, darling, you're so tanned!" Carol cried in delight.

"Carol, will you marry me? Will you marry me, Carol? The hell with that jet pilot!"

"What jet pilot?"

"Carol," he shouted, "will you marry me? This very minute! For ever and ever! What makes you think I'll settle for anything but the best?"

"If you came on the boat," Carol asked reasonably, "how did you get here so soon?"

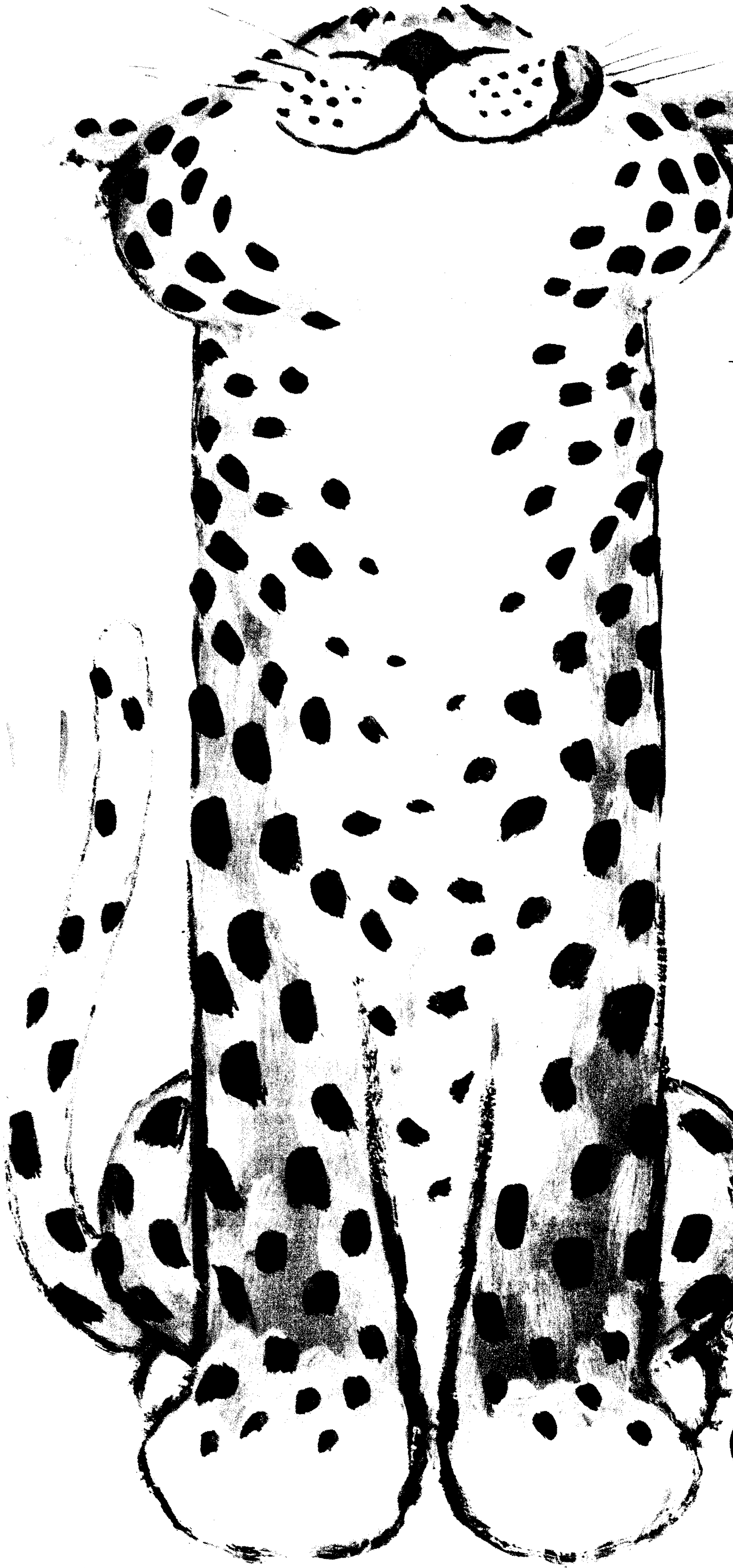
"I'll be a good husband," Joe went on, unheeding. "I understand faith and loyalty. I'm not the heel you think I am. I want the kind of life you do—sane and happy and sound! Carol, will you marry me?"

"I don't know what jet pilot you're talking about," Carol said with interest.

"Carol," he yelled, and he began to shake her hard, *"will you marry me?"*

Carol smiled at him and ran a soothing hand along his cheek. "Why, of course I'll marry you, Joe."

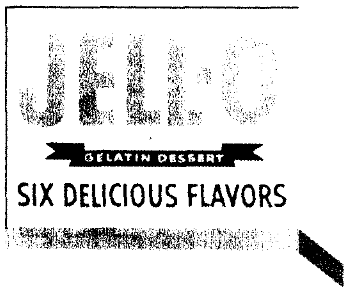
And so another case of true love had begun its course. —VIRGINIA LEE

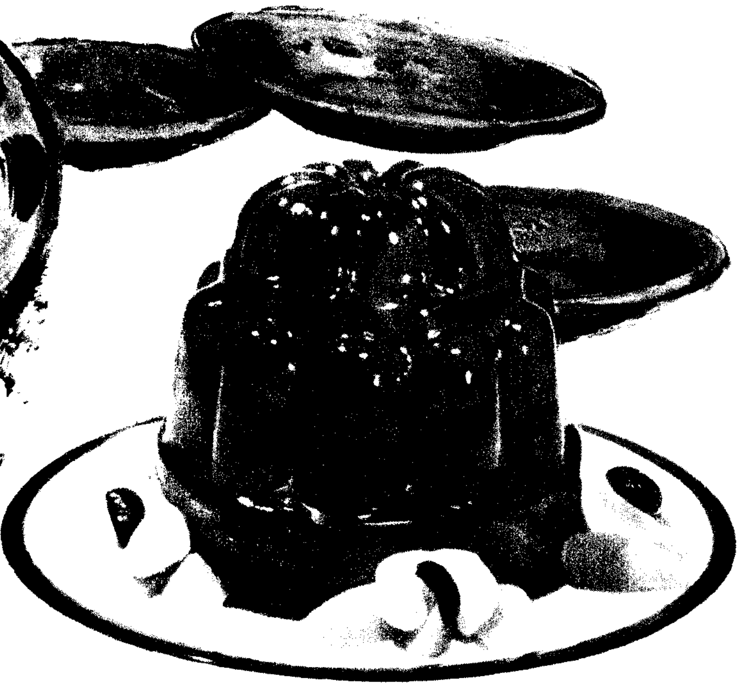


When I'm eating Jell-O
I wish I were a leopard

...because then everyone would see that Jell-O—delicious Jell-O—really hits the spot

Now's the time for


JELL-O
GELATIN DESSERT
SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS



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German student Gebhard Hielscher bids good-by to couple he lived with for year, Mr. and Mrs. John Whiton of Minneapolis. They came to Muscatine, Iowa, to put him on bus No. 6

They Love the Life We Lead

By MARTHA WEINMAN

After a year in our schools, exchange students from 16 foreign countries boarded buses for a last, wide-eyed tour of the U.S.A.

AMONG individuals friendship is earned in simple ways: a smile of welcome; a sympathetic interest; an exchange of ideas and outlooks and ambitions. Among countries, earning friendship is more complex: it is cultivated slowly and laboriously by diplomacy and propaganda programs. Yet a country, wanting friends as a man wants friends, may still best find them by using the simple individual approach.

Take a group of youngsters traveling through the United States in a bus. They are teen-agers, boys and girls. They come from 15 European countries and New Zealand, and they have three experiences in common: first, they are all exchange students who have spent a year here, living in American homes and studying in our public schools; second, they are making the bus trip to get a last long look at America, and at one another, before going home; third, they have looked deeply into the life we lead, and they love it.

The total cost of their stay in the U.S. is insignificant compared to the official friendship funds of nations; but perhaps it adds up to better friend-making machinery than all the high-gear propaganda in the world.

This year, 264 students from abroad made a 24-day tour of the country, traveling in eight buses. They were all sponsored by the American Field Service, an organization which brings foreign youngsters to the States each year with funds raised from local clubs, schools, communities and the general public. AFS was founded in 1914 as a volunteer ambulance service, served on the battlefields of Europe through two world wars and, in 1947, turned to the peacetime task of improving international relations through an exchange-students program. Each year, as many students as the funds will pay for are hand-picked by their own governments from thousands of applications. Heavier quotas go to the bigger countries. The youngsters are brought here by AFS and placed in homes throughout the country. They attend high school side by side with our children, talk their language, share their interests—learn their idiom of living. But the climax of their visit here is the year's-end bus trip, in which they leave their host communities to take a broader look at America.

The 264 youngsters who made the trip last summer set out from eight different points, saw different parts of the country and ended up just a few weeks ago in Dobbs Ferry, New York, for a three-day get-together before sailing for home. Bus No. 6, carrying 34 children, started out from Muscatine, Iowa, and worked its way down the Mississippi Valley—then to Tennessee, West Virginia, Washington, D.C., and, finally, New York. In 24 days, the teen-agers in No. 6 covered 3,000 miles and 17 cities. At each stop, they were greeted with a crowded agenda of dances, town meetings, swimming parties, picnics and chicken dinners (16 chicken dinners, each prepared by a local club bent upon giving the boys and girls "a real American meal"). They addressed dozens of clubs, shook hundreds of hands, formed thousands of impressions.

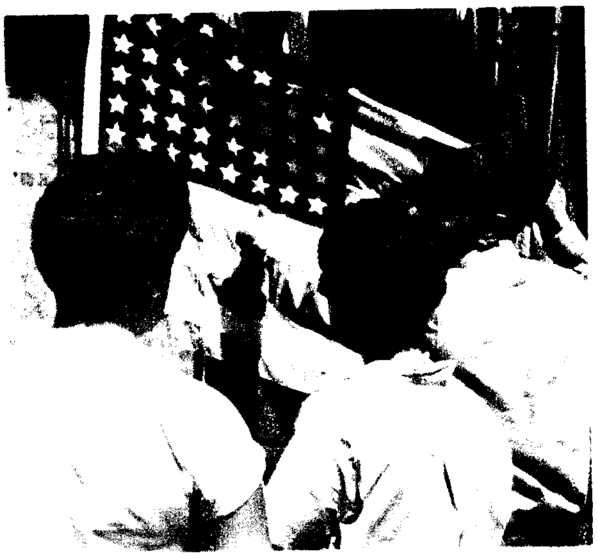
Big Moments of an American Pilgrimage

At Oak Ridge, Tennessee, the youngsters visited the Atomic Energy Museum and saw some of the achievements of American technology. In Chattanooga they stood atop Lookout Mountain and surveyed a piece of American history. ("Why," asked tall, gangling Dieter Schach, an eighteen-year-old from Germany who had spent his year in Minneapolis, "did the Union forces always attack *uphill?*") They toured the University of Missouri campus; received a key to the city of Little Rock from Mayor Pratt Remmel, and coerced their bus driver, Leonard Stelk, of Chicago, into making an unscheduled hour-long foray into Texas.

"How could I tell my friends at home," explained handsome young Paolo Fabbri of Italy, who had attended school in La Jolla, California, "that I hadn't seen *Texas?*"

They saw a Texas League ball game in Shreveport, toured the Barksdale Air Force Base in Louisiana. In Leesburg, Virginia, they sipped lemonade with General and Mrs. George C. Marshall on the

In Muscatine, before 24-day trip begins, students spiritedly hit public pool. Later they were feted at fish fry on banks of Mississippi



Above: At Little Rock Y.M.C.A., Vernon Ivy (r.) shows visitors flag collection from many lands

Right: At U. of Missouri, boys were fascinated by ancient, workable auto parked on the campus

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN J. DAIN

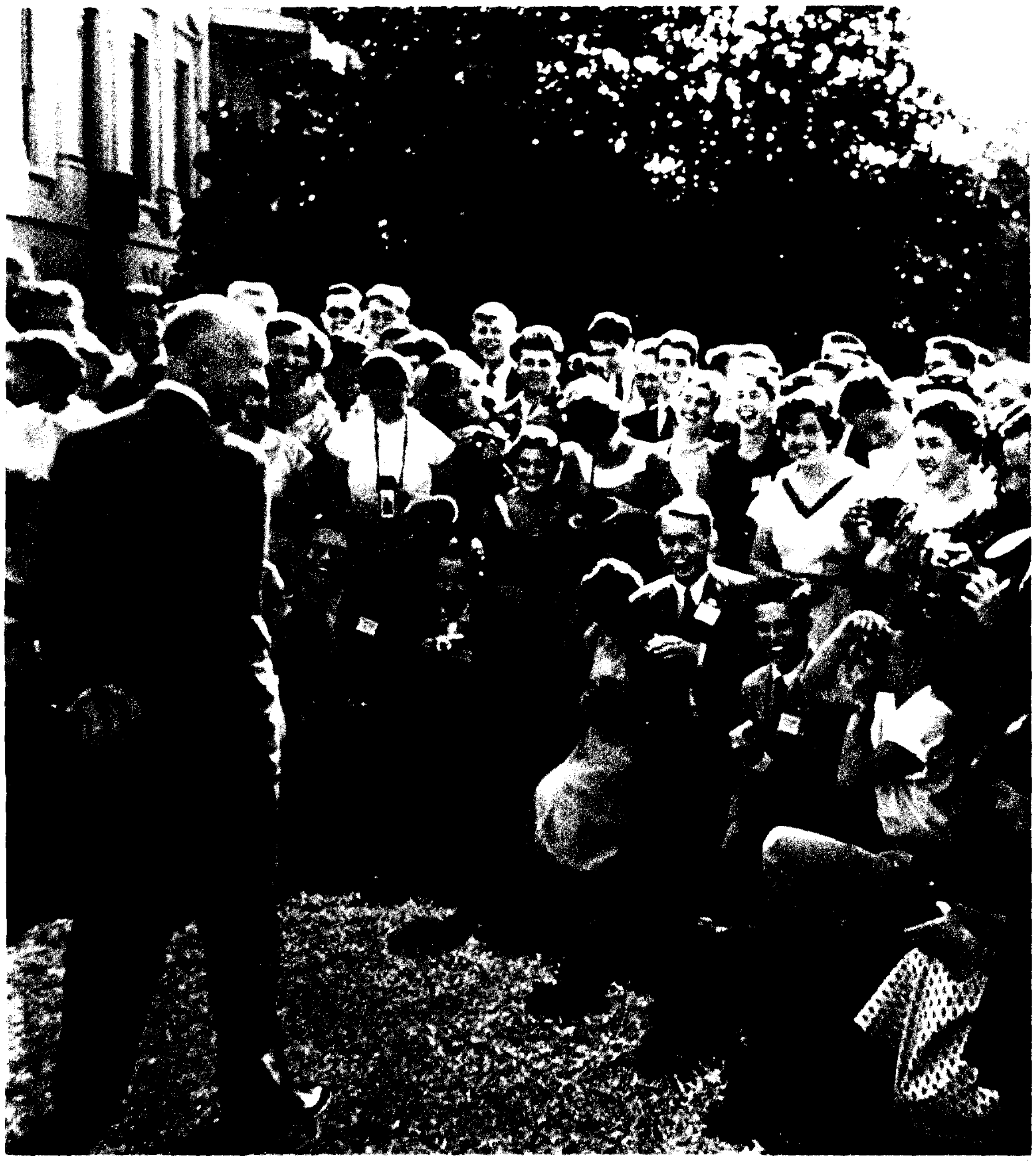
In Oak Ridge, at Atomic Energy Museum, Elizabeth Porritt of New Zealand tests the hair-raising powers of static electricity generator

In Birmingham, Alabama, Eve Walk (l.) of Germany, and Heidi Kaposi, Austria, give radio interview to WSGN's Mary Childers (r.), AFS staff member Virginia Praytor (foreground)

Marshall patio; in Washington, at the Capitol, they met Vice-President Nixon and Senators Karl Mundt and Hubert Humphrey; and at the White House, they hit one of the high points in their all-America adventure, a meeting with President Eisenhower ("That smile! He smiles with his heart.") Then, on to Dobbs Ferry, to meet with the other students —to sort out and exchange their impressions before sailing for home.

American hospitality had overwhelmed them; American boastfulness (" 'You're now in the greatest little town in the U.S.A.'—we heard that a thousand times") had not. Family ties weren't close enough; but community ties were marvelous. Classless society was good; but segregation was not. Everything—politics, education, industry, culture —received a thorough airing, and the visitors reached this one important conclusion: they liked most of what they had seen. But what they didn't like, they could now, at least, understand.

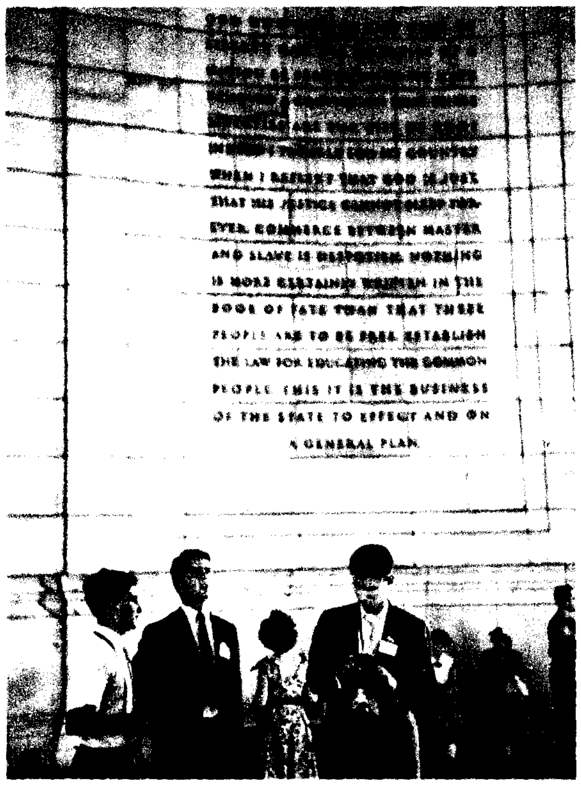
Even as they talked, the new AFS batch of teenagers—453 of them (including eight from Japan) —was beginning to trickle into New York. And now, living in homes throughout the country, the new students will learn, also, to understand and respect our different way of life. At the end of their year they, too, will go home to tell their families and friends what they have learned; and America will have cultivated a new and flourishing crop of good-will ambassadors at the grass-roots level. ▲▲▲



At White House, Ike greets four busloads of students, furnishing trip's big moment

L
INTERNATIONAL
LIONS

In Romney, West Va., at Lions Club picnic, Mayor and Mrs. David Shear (center) join Heidi Kaposi, Maria Papayanni of Greece, Belgian Marcel Fontaine in hearty cornfest


WHEN I REFLECT THAT GOD IS JUST
THAT HIS JUSTICE CANNOT SLEEP FOR-
EVER. COMMERCE BETWEEN MASTER
AND SLAVE IS DESPOTISM. NOTHING
IS MORE CERTAINLY WRITTEN IN THE
BOOK OF FATE THAN THAT THESE
PEOPLE ARE TO BE FREE. ESTABLISH
THE LAW FOR EDUCATING THE COMMON
PEOPLE. THIS IT IS THE BUSINESS
OF THE STATE TO EFFECT AND ON
A GENERAL PLAN.

At Jefferson Memorial and other Washington landmarks, sight-seeing interest reached peak

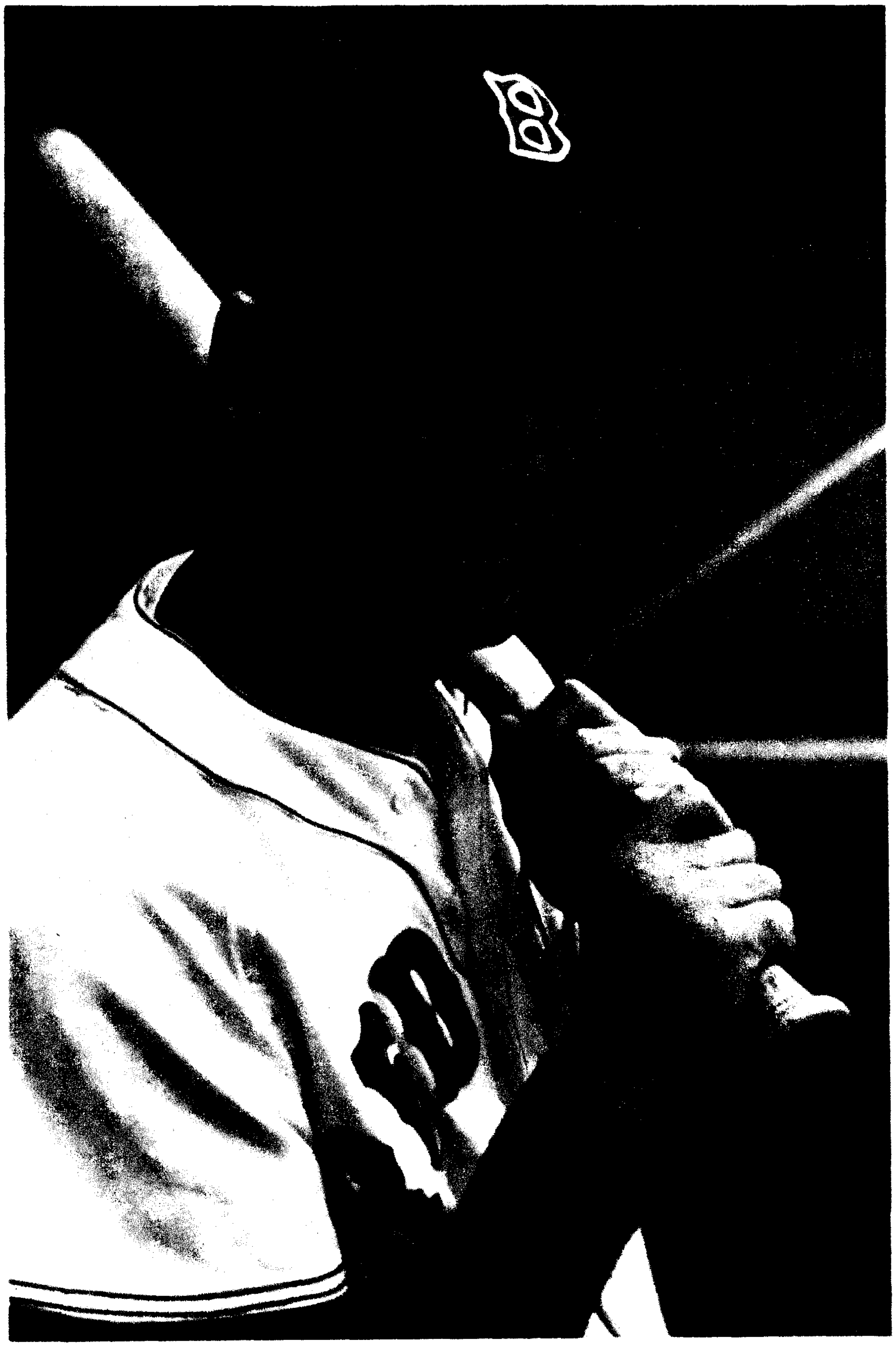
At Knoxville Country Club, Carolyn Arwood and Patti Batchelor (l. and r.) host the students

Trip over, Mariano Revenga, waves souvenir—part of highway ad—he's taking home to Spain

TOM MEANY SAYS:

Williams Will Be Back

Ted had it all figured out. This year would be his last. But he's an unusual man and the season produced some surprising developments. Now Collier's expert is betting he'll return



Ted Williams has played 11 seasons with the Boston Red Sox and has lost almost five more to military duty. Yet at 35, he still rates as baseball's greatest hitter and drawing card

TED WILLIAMS will be back pounding American League pitchers next year. I'd bet on it. The Red Sox slugger was sincere when he said last spring that 1954 would be his final season, but much has happened since. His reasons for quitting haven't stood up. And there are some new and solid reasons for sticking around that he couldn't have foreseen—specifically, a broken collarbone, a hassel with pneumonia and an abrupt sag in the Boston youth movement. Far from discouraging the thirty-five-year-old outfielder, this string of developments has had quite an impact on him; so much so that there are many who believe now that Williams is a cinch to change his mind.

How come? Well, Ted is a complex personality. A proud and sensitive man, uncommunicative and solitary—at least in the past—he is certain to have been affected by the unexpected events of 1954. And the deduction that he'll be back in '55 seems inescapable when you add up all the random facts about Williams-the-star and Williams-the-man-few-people-know. Let's consider them.

With practically no dissenters, Williams is acclaimed as the greatest hitting artist of his generation. Like all true artists, he is a perfectionist with an inordinate pride in his skills. Ted planned retirement because he had no intention of growing old in harness, however gracefully. His decision was based on three major assumptions: one was that he would be able to bow out in a blaze of glory, another that he couldn't keep up his pace for another season and a third that he would be no longer needed by—or helpful to—the Boston team. These assumptions are now no more valid than a Confederate three-dollar bill.

Williams broke his collarbone in his first five minutes of his spring training and then, just when he started to roll again, was laid up with pneumonia. In all he lost about one quarter of the season, a situation galling to a person like Ted, who likes things to be nicely rounded out, with no loose ends. Even the excellent record he made in the limited time he played didn't compensate for the feeling of incompleteness. My guess is that by midseason Ted already was planning, consciously or otherwise, for 1955.

Williams, despite his injury and illness, has discovered that he is wearing better than his pitching opponents. Stan Musial, the Cardinal slugger who is Ted's National League counterpart, declares, "Ted will hit .350 when he's forty years old," and Bob Feller, the Cleveland strike-out king, says, "Williams is the greatest natural hitter I've ever seen. He'll still be able to hit at fifty."

Off what Williams accomplished in the part-time season just ended, there is no reason to doubt he can remain baseball's number one drawing card for at least another season—or that he can be of inestimable help to the only partly jelled young Red Sox. And the decisive consideration in Ted's plans for 1955 is likely to be his great loyalty to the team—or at least to Tom Yawkey, Boston owner.

There rarely has been a more cordial owner-player relationship than exists between Williams and Yawkey. From the start, Ted was able to write his own ticket with Tom, and there's been no contract haggling between them of the kind that marked some of Joe DiMaggio's seasons with the Yankees. There have been hints that Yawkey may be tiring of the nonpennant-winning seasons at

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

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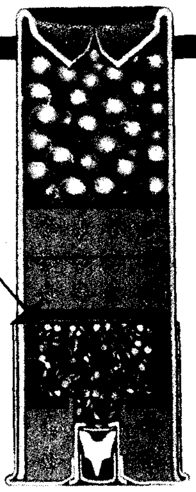

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ARMS AND AMMUNITION DIVISION
OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

Fenway Park (there have been 21 in his 22 years there). If Yawkey should leave Boston, it is a cinch that Williams would quit, too. It also is possible that Yawkey will quit the game if Ted does.

Yawkey disdains to bring pressure on Williams. He shuns phone calls and interviews when he suspects Ted's threatened retirement may be the subject. In fact, nobody in the front office is pressing the slugger, the theory being that he might react adversely if he suspected somebody of trying to call his hand for him. However, there are more ways of killing a cat than feeding it truffles with cyanide sauce. When manager Lou Boudreau moved Williams up to number two spot in the batting order, it was with the unconcealed hope that he might obtain the 400 official at bats necessary to win the 1954 batting championship.

Stengel's Opinion of the Rule

Casey Stengel, manager of the Yankees, whose own outfielder, Irv Noren, was battling for the batting title, publicly declared that if the 400-official-at-bats rule deprived Williams of the championship, then it was a joke rule.

"The rule was put in the books to prevent a 'cheese champion.' If it deprives Ted of the title it's a bad rule," Stengel said. "Everybody knows Williams wouldn't be a 'cheese champion.' In fact, everybody knows he's the best hitter in the American League."

In his curtailed season, Williams didn't figure as a contender for the batting championship because of the respect with which pitchers regarded him. For the ninth time, he received over 100 bases on balls—and walks, of course, do not count as times at bat.

Williams could find plenty to do if he left baseball. He has a fishing-tackle business in Florida which is booming; he has had an offer to make a movie of his life, and there has been talk of a filmed TV series which would show Ted fishing in all the famed angling resorts.

It's an attractive financial picture. But the $100,000 Williams gets from the Red Sox has no ifs, ands or buts attached. All he has to do to get it is to show up. And, as trainer Jack Fadden, one of those who believe Ted will be back, points out, it figures out to $649 per game for a 154-game schedule. The fact that Williams is separated from his wife may make a guaranteed income more alluring than a prospective one.

Williams himself, as usual, has been keeping his own counsel about the future, ever since he announced his retirement plans. But it seems significant that no one, including the tall outfielder, appears to be taking the spring announcement as the last word. When asked about quitting, Ted told a reporter, "I would have forgotten it if you people didn't keep reminding me of it." Red Sox general manager Joe Cronin and Boudreau are hopeful that Ted will return; but neither has pressed him for a decision, knowing that in the end Williams will make up his own mind.

Corky Cronin, son of Red Sox general manager, and other youngsters find Ted a warm person. But he rarely socializes with other players

that sound like he's going to quit?"

New shotgun arrives and Williams briefly enters hunting-and-fishing dream world. Sox equipment manager John Orlando is close friend

Paul Schreiber, Red Sox batting-practice pitcher, sees more of Williams than anybody else on the squad, since Ted is forever taking batting practice and the two room together on the road. Paul deliberated at great length before answering a question as to whether Williams would be back. His eventual reply made Williams himself sound like a chatterbox.

"I'll tell you," said Paul seriously. "Your guess is as good as mine."

Bill Dickey, Yankee coach, is one rival with whom Williams always exchanges a few words. When he was asked whether he thought Ted would quit, Dickey gave a noncommittal, yet revealing, answer: "I don't think he knows himself."

But No One Says He Can't Hit

Williams, a free soul who wears no man's collar and not even his own necktie, has been a controversial figure and a loner since he first joined the Sox as a string-bean kid in the spring of 1938. Neither the years nor two hitches as a Marine flier in World War II and Korea have dimmed the controversy. In his time, Ted has been called practically everything—except a poor hitter. Neither his worst enemies nor severest critics can fault Williams at the dish.

But there are some indications that a mellowing process is in progress, on both sides. Williams solicitously phoned Bill McGowan at his home in Silver Spring, Maryland, right after the American League umpire had to retire for the season because of ill health.

And another significant incident: a Red Sox fan, John C. Decas, strolled onto the playing field at Fenway Park to say hello to Ted during the Yankee series in August, when Williams' bat helped put a severe crimp in the New York hopes of a sixth straight pennant. Decas and Williams actually had an amiable conversation about fishing whereas, Ted's critics insist, in earlier years Decas might have been taking his life in his hands had he made a similar approach. Ted warned the fan that he was risking a fine, and Ted was right. Decas was nicked $10 for "disturbing a public assembly." (If Williams should quit, it might be stretching a point to call future games at Fenway "public assemblies.")

Finding somebody who really knows Williams is as hard as finding somebody who actually talked to Abner Doubleday. Away from the park, Ted keeps to himself, avoiding even his teammates. He rarely rides on the team bus with the players and is seen in hotel lobbies, where ballplayers traditionally socialize, only on his way to or from the elevator.

Yet, contrary to the general opinion that Williams eats sports writers for breakfast, Ted numbers some reporters as his friends, if not his intimates—Arthur Daley, sports columnist of The New York Times, among them. But even Daley had no luck in sounding out Williams on his plans.

Those who know Williams best are a few people not actively engaged in playing the game: Schreiber, Johnny Orlando, the Red Sox equipment manager, and Fred Corcoran, Williams' personal business manager, who also is promotional director of the Professional Golfers Association. Orlando, in particular, sees a great deal of Ted at Fenway Park and during spring training.

Of them all, only Orlando is positive that Williams will return. Schreiber thinks it is a guessing contest and passes; Corcoran cautiously says, "I think the chances of Ted playing next year are a little better than 50-50."

Guest writing a column for Gerry Hern in the Boston Post, Corcoran declared that he hoped Williams wouldn't make the same mistake Byron Nelson did in golf and quit too young. "Williams is thirty-five years old and is younger than many men thirty years old because he never allowed himself to get out of shape," wrote Fred. "He doesn't have to worry about slipping physically for some years to come. Because he never has been far out of shape, he doesn't have to punish himself to get back into shape. It's that punishment which ages athletes."

Corcoran also pointed out he has no selfish interest in Ted remaining in baseball, since he manages only his nonbaseball business. "Actually," explained Fred, "I'd probably make more money with Williams out of baseball,

FRANCIS WALLACE, veteran sportswriter whose original football PREVIEW appears exclusively in COLLIER'S Magazine, forecasts the country's top ten Football teams: MISSISSIPPI, MARYLAND, NOTRE DAME, TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, U.C.L.A., ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, MICHIGAN STATE, OHIO STATE.

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2. "Cravenette" to shed showers.
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4. A face-flattering bound brim.
5. A luxury satin lining.
6. In more colors than the October woods.
7. Forecast $10. Other Mallory hats to $40.

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Ted contends he hasn't had a satisfactory season since 1949

but I wouldn't want that. Ted belongs in baseball and that's where I want him to stay."

Orlando claims he has a bet with Ted: if Williams sticks to his announced intention of quitting, Johnny is to buy him a new Cadillac; if Ted comes back, he is to buy Orlando one. Although Yawkey's generosity to his hired hands is legendary, it's doubtful that there's anything more substantial to the wager than clubhouse conversation. Williams, if he loses, quite easily could buy Orlando a Cadillac, but if Ted wins he may have to settle for a kiddy car from Johnny.

It also was rumored that Eddie Waitkus of the Baltimore Orioles offered to bet Williams $1,000 that he wouldn't quit and that Ted refused to bet.

More Straws in the Wind

"I've ordered a new batch of bats for him," says Orlando, "and he told me to get him a couple of more pairs of baseball shoes. Does that sound like he's going to quit? Besides, he wouldn't stick his old pal with the price of a new car."

The relationship between Williams and Orlando is revealing. Johnny gets inside Ted's personal iron curtain more frequently than anyone else. The old saw about no man being a hero to his valet doesn't hold here. Williams is certainly a hero to Orlando, and Orlando serves, by his own choice, as Williams' valet. He has been keeping scrapbooks on Ted since the outfielder first joined the club as a kid of nineteen. The latest volume in the series is a king-sized number that looks large enough to contain the fiscal record of U.S. Steel and General Motors combined.

Still, Williams was no immediate ball of fire when he began his first season as a Red Sox regular in 1939. Finding the American League pitchers considerably less accommodating than those of the American Association, he began to brood. Orlando, however, never lost faith in him.

It was in this situation that the automobile was first introduced as a key ingredient in the Williams-Orlando relationship. One afternoon in May, Johnny found Ted moping in the shower, staring into space, unaware of the water streaming down on him. "Snap out of it," Johnny admonished. "You'll murder these pitchers. I'll bet you hit 30 home runs, bat in over 125 runs and hit .330!"

Ted looked at Orlando and said, "If I do all that, I'll give you my automobile when the season is over."

After the season, Williams cheerfully tried to make good on the offer: he had hit 31 homers, batted in 145 runs and hit .327. Johnny declined the car with thanks. It was enough for him that his idol had made good.

Despite the superb record he has run up since then, Williams contends that his batting skills haven't had a thorough test since 1949. He said as much not long ago to Jack Murphy, sports editor of the San Diego Union, published in Ted's home town. Suppose, Murphy asked Williams, that he played another season; at thirty-six could he equal his peak year of 1941 when he hit .406?

"I don't say I could hit .400 again," Williams answered, "but I'll tell you this: I could hit better than I ever have before. I haven't had an uninterrupted season since '49. That year I hit .343 and led the league in homers with 43, and in 1950 I was red hot until I broke my left elbow in the All-Star game in Comiskey Park. That was the worst thing that ever happened to me.

"My elbow bothered me so much the next year that I was hitting under .250 in July. Then, with warm weather, I hit about .400 the last two months to raise my average to .318.

"In 1952, I went back to the Marines and didn't return until last season was nearly over. Then this year, there was the broken collarbone and, after that, pneumonia.

"See what I mean? With all those things happening, how can you call it a fair test? I just don't know what I could do. I haven't had a chance to find out."

COLLIER'S "She said she does" ROBERT WEBER

It was midsummer this year before Williams felt normal. "Up until then, I couldn't swish properly," said Ted, illustrating what he meant by pulling a bat viciously through the air. "I hit a couple of balls against the Yankees in Boston in late June which would have been home runs if I had been able to swish the bat. Instead, they were just fly balls."

There were times, though, when Williams was swishing just fine. When the Red Sox played an exhibition game with the Giants at New York's Polo Grounds, there was a pregame home-run hitting contest. Ted hit five into the seats in five tries. Of the other seven players competing, none hit more than three. His performance had the entire Giant squad standing on the dugout steps, gaping.

DRUGS
AL'S BARBER SHOP
RAY'S BARBER SHOP

COLLIER'S "Next!" JOHN F. ALBANO

Williams' talents are appreciated by all of baseball. Frank Lane, the voluble and volatile general manager of the White Sox, has even written a personal letter to Ted, pleading with him not to quit. After making it plain he thought Williams could play two or three more seasons, Lane went on:

". . . You mean a lot more to baseball than possibly you appreciate. . . . Quitting at the end of this season you remove from the baseball picture a fellow who is an idol to youngsters in a far greater measure than you can possibly imagine."

One reason for Williams' batting prowess is the extreme keenness of his perceptive senses. When he took his physical for World War II, naval medical authorities examining his eyes commented that they encountered depth perception such as his in only six out of every 10,000 men.

Williams' confidence in his sight and the quickness of his reactions is revealed by the fact that he alone of the Red Sox squad did not wear a protective helmet while batting this year.

"After Ted came back from Korea in 1953 and took his first batting practice, he told me he thought home plate was a little out of line," Joe Cronin recalls. "I told him he was crazy; to prove it I had a guy come out with a transit. Darned if home plate wasn't a fraction of an inch out of alignment!"

A Test of Louisville Sluggers

A few years ago the Red Sox visited the Hillerich & Bradsby factory in Louisville where the Louisville Slugger bats are manufactured. Williams was shown a rack containing ten of his 31-inch, 35-ounce models. Ted hefted the bats and remarked that the third one from the right seemed heavier than the others.

John Hillerich, president of the company, insisted that the bats were precision made, all exactly alike. The bats were weighed and the third from the right was heavier than the others—by less than an ounce.

Williams is even expert at guessing attendance. On a day when there may be five or six thousand school kids in the stands, he can estimate the number of kids and the number of paid admissions within a couple of hundred.

Ted's ears are as keen as his sight. Just as he can spot one face in a crowd of 25,000, so can he pick out one boo among 25,000 cheers.

"I think that he's radar-equipped," Red Sox outfielder Jim Piersall once cracked.

Williams may not have radar but he's got everything else. It would be a pity if baseball were prematurely deprived of his talents. In 30 years of covering the game, I've seen a lot of players come and go—good, bad and indifferent. Ted Williams is one of the greatest I've ever seen and I'd like to see more of him.

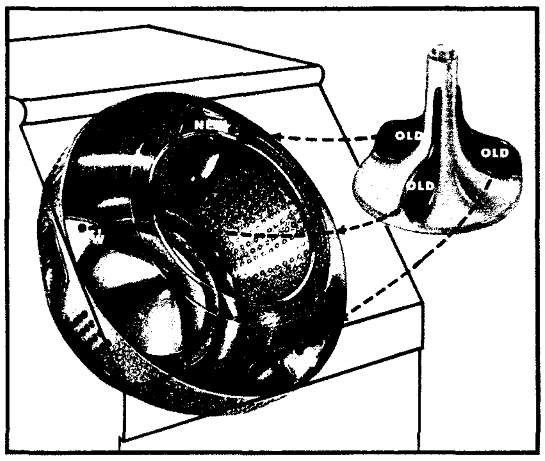
For Williams, 1955 could mean a full season, a fat batting average and perhaps the chance to spark the young Red Sox to an American League pennant. It's an attractive package deal and it's my guess that Ted will jump at the chance to sponsor it. ▲▲▲

NEW WASHING PRINCIPLE which Westinghouse Engineers term the "New Way To Wash" is explained to TV Star Betty Furness, of Westinghouse STUDIO ONE, at a preview of the new Laundromat automatic washer. The vanes have been taken from the old-fashioned, center-post agitator and have been built into the Laundromat washbasket. Then, as the tub revolves, clothes are flushed in hot, soapy water, then lifted, turned and tumbled—50 times a minute for cleaner, better washes.

NEW WAY TO WASH CLOTHES CLEANER DEVELOPED BY WESTINGHOUSE ENGINEERS

New LAUNDROMAT® Ends Need for Old-Fashioned Agitator

Westinghouse unveils its new de luxe Laundromat and Dryer together with a brand-new washing principle which Westinghouse Engineers predict will make present agitator methods old-fashioned.



This new principle utilizes an advanced method of agitation for thorough cleaning; tumbling for gentleness, and lift-away action for rinsing. The new, fresh-water rinsing action drains water and dirt away from clothes, and equals 1500 hand rinses.

Designed to safely and thoroughly wash anything washable, including all the new miracle fabrics, the new Laundromat is being displayed and demonstrated in stores everywhere.

100% UNIFORM WASHING. Vanes are built right into Laundromat's washbasket (*illustration* left) eliminating the clumsy old-fashioned, center-post agitator that gave harsh, violent action at the center, and lazy ineffective action at the outside of the tub. Clothes are flushed, lifted, turned, tumbled —50 times a minute for completely uniform washing and rinsing.

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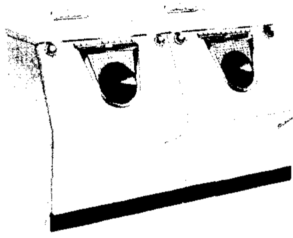
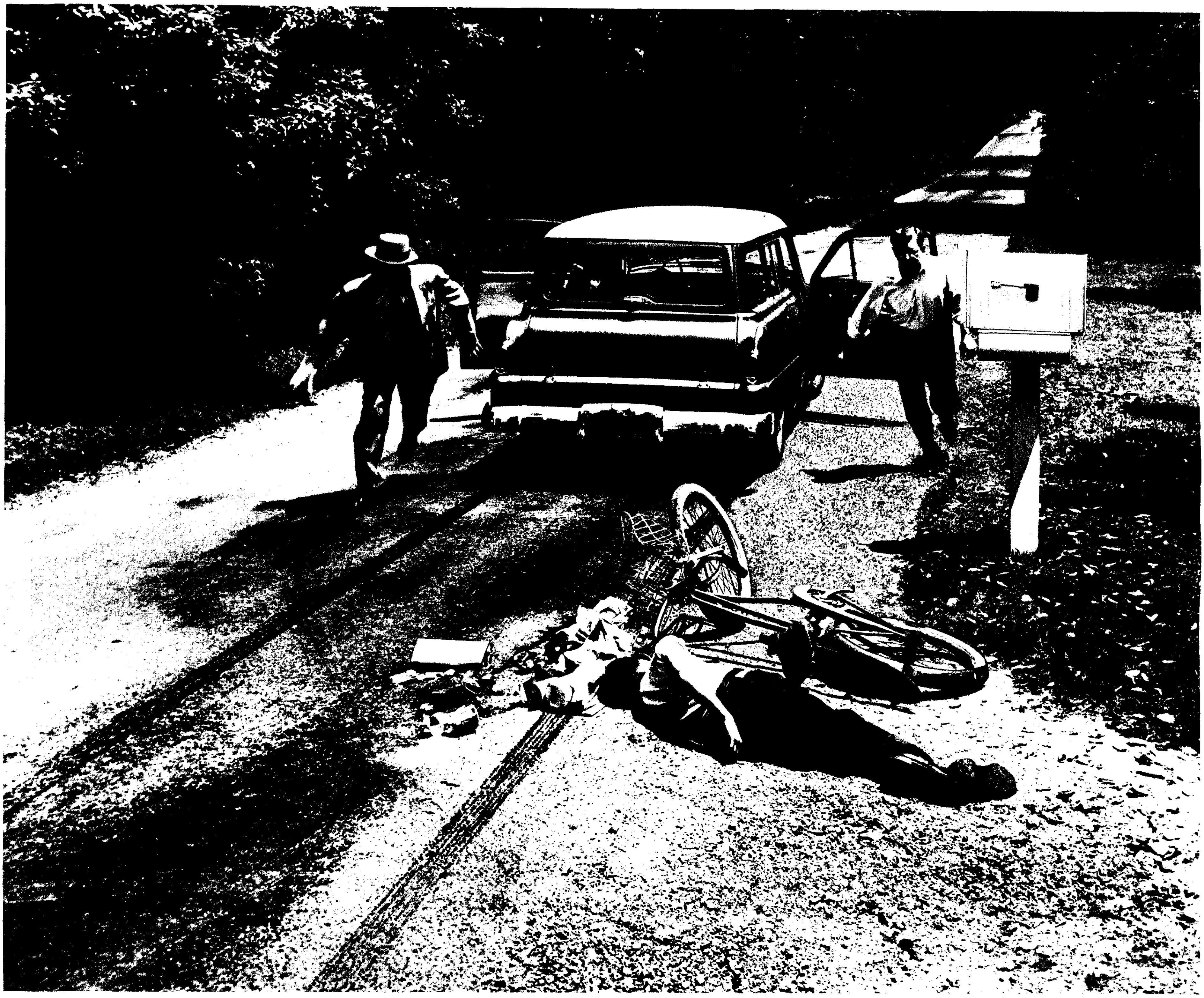


FREE! Handsome Salt and Pepper Set. Plastic miniatures of famous Westinghouse Laundry Twins that are demonstrated by Betty Furness on Westinghouse STUDIO ONE and The BEST of BROADWAY. A Salt and Pepper Set is yours free for seeing a demonstration of Laundromat New Way To Wash at your Westinghouse dealer's!

OWN THE NEW LAUNDROMAT FOR AS LITTLE AS $3.15 A WEEK

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

"OUT WITH THE OLD, IN WITH THE NEW...the Laundromat New Way To Wash!" says Betty Furness. "But get proof . . . see for yourself that the new Laundromat does get clothes cleaner. See an actual demonstration at your dealer's! Too, you'll want to see the Laundromat's matching twin—the Westinghouse Electric Dryer—*with its new way to dry clothes by patented* direct air flow system that dries faster, at less cost . . . and cuts ironing time in half!"



How Concrete Highways Save Lives

IT HAPPENED so fast! A row of high shrubs hid the driveway. The boy was on the road in front of you before you knew it. Your brakes worked fine. Your new tires had "skid-proof" treads. But the pavement didn't cooperate with your tires or your brakes.

Had the pavement been concrete it might have been different. Concrete *does* cooperate with your tires and your brakes. Its gritty surface texture provides much better traction for your tires, enables them to grip the pavement quickly *and to hold!* In emergencies you can stop fast on concrete even if the pavement is wet.

A concrete road is a *light-colored* and *rigid* pavement. The other most commonly-built pavement is *dark-colored* and *flexible.* Anyone who has had to stop fast, especially on a wet road, knows there is a difference between the skid resistance of a concrete road and dark, flexible pavement. That difference can be measured.

One example is the study made by a nationally-recognized authority on traffic engineering. He measured the coefficient of friction (a factor indicating relative skid resistance) on 19 representative concrete and dark, flexible roads in California, Wyoming, Kansas and Missouri.

The average of the measurements made at 40 miles per hour on both types of pavement under dry and wet conditions is revealing. When concrete roads were wet they retained more than three-fourths of their dry skid resistance. But when dark, flexible pavements were wet they lost nearly one-half of their dry skid resistance.

Another safety feature of concrete important to all motorists is its light color. Separate studies made by a prominent illuminating engineer and the Illuminating Engineering Society show that concrete reflects up to four times more light than dark pavement. You can really appreciate that at night. *Did you ever pass from light-colored concrete to a dark pavement at night and wonder what happened to your lights?*

When you drive on concrete you can see the road better. You can see people, animals, curves and obstacles sooner. Consequently you have

more time to slow down or to stop. *Remember, if you can't see you can't be safe!*

Yes, concrete highways save lives. This fact is proved wherever accident records can be correlated with the type of pavement.

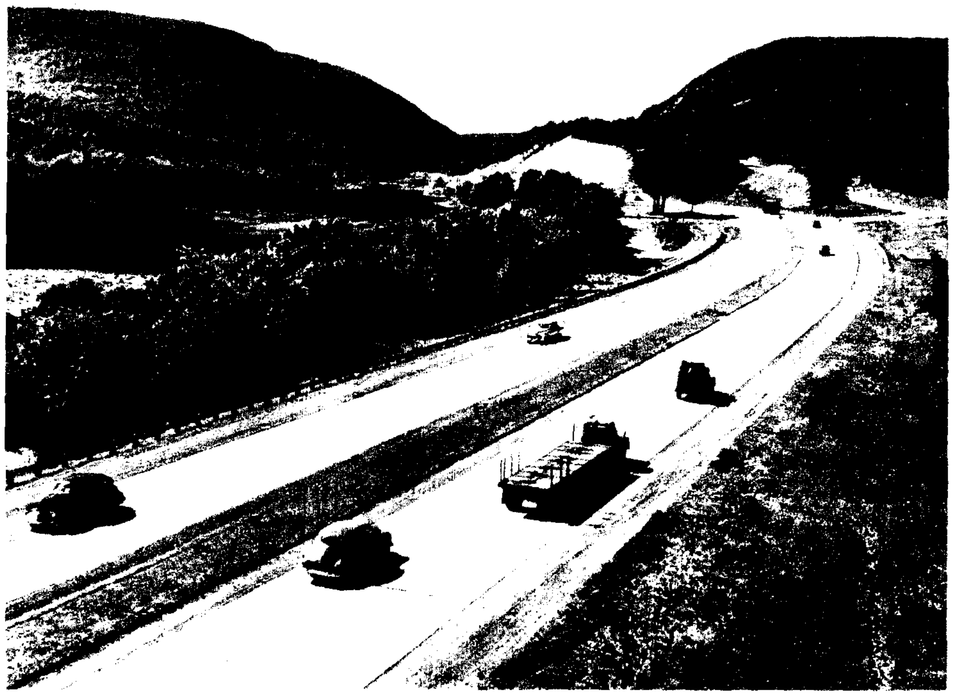
Take a 1952 analysis based on more than 3½ billion miles of travel on Washington's rural primary and secondary roads. Concrete accounted for only 23% of the mileage, yet it carried 48% of the traffic. Despite this greater traffic density on concrete roads (and hence more possibility of an accident), they were much safer. Records of the State Patrol showed that for equal traffic there were 1.44 times more accidents, 1.39 times more injuries and 1.65 times more deaths on dark, flexible pavement than on concrete.

The biggest road building program in history is under way. They're your roads. You pay for them with gas taxes, license fees and tolls.

Get the most for your money

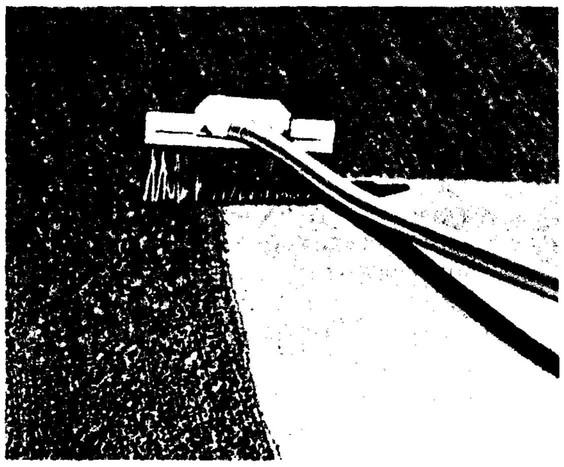
When your money is invested in concrete pavement you not only get the safest roads but the most roads for your money. Concrete usually costs less to build than other pavements designed for the same traffic, yet it lasts twice as long as the nearest competitive type and costs far less to maintain. Low first cost + low maintenance cost ÷ long life = *low annual cost.*

So talk it over with neighbors and at civic, social and service clubs. Campaign for a sound state highway plan. If such a plan exists, support it. Urge your governor and state highway department to pave main roads with concrete. For more information write for a free booklet, "*Save Lives, Save Dollars with Concrete.*" It is distributed only in the United States and Canada.



With its broad curves, low grades, wide shoulders, long sight distances, separation of opposing streams of traffic and its concrete pavement, this section of U. S. 611 in western New Jersey is an example of a safe, modern road.

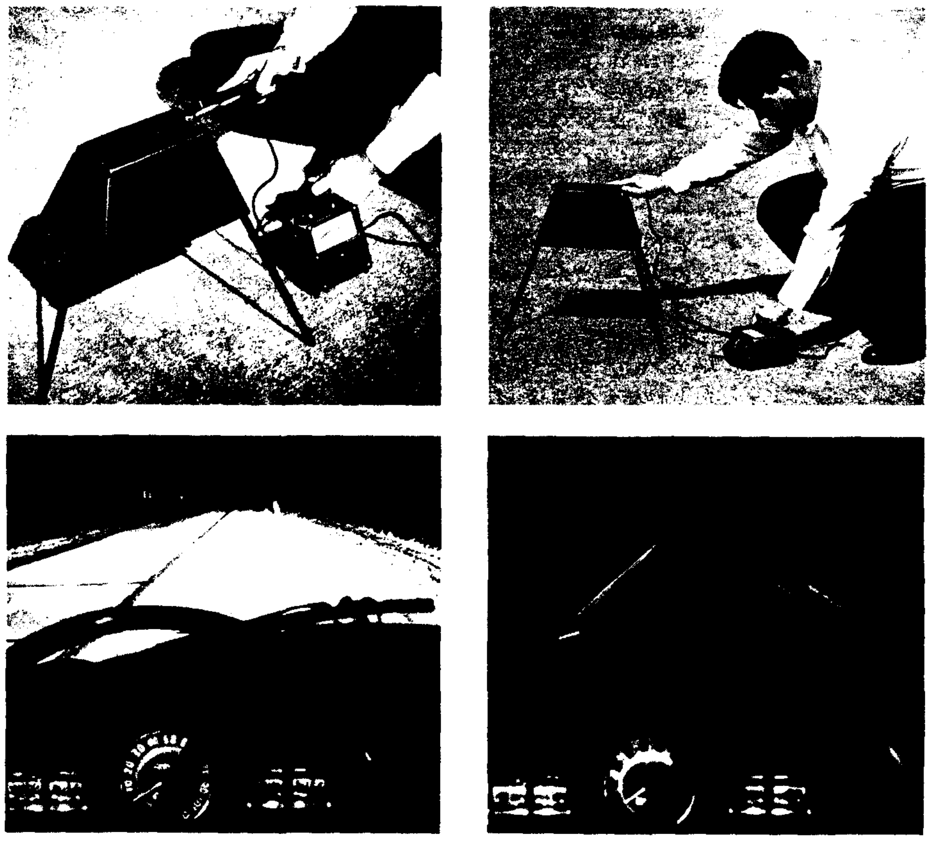
How concrete gets its gritty, skid-resistant surface



The workman above is finishing a concrete pavement by brushing it with a broom. Notice in the closeup at the right how this treatment produces the skid-resistant, tire-gripping, life-saving gritty texture of concrete highways. A similar gritty surface texture can be achieved in other ways.

A concrete pavement is a rigid slab. For that reason it stays free from such driving hazards as ruts, chuckholes, washboard ripples and raveled edges that usually develop on dark, flexible types of pavement.

How the light reflectance of pavements is measured



Upper photos show how engineers use precise light-measuring instruments to determine the exact amount of light reflected from pavements. Such measurements disclose that light-colored concrete reflects up to four times more light than dark-colored pavement. Lower photos illustrate what this means at night. The same light which gives you good visibility on a concrete road (left) is absorbed on a dark pavement (right).

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THE NEGRO

By ALAN PATON

WHEN I was invited by Collier's to come to America, and to write on The Negro in America Today, I came with eagerness. There is hardly a person this side of the iron curtain—or, for all I know, the other side—who would not jump at the chance to visit this exciting country, with its great cities and buildings and bridges, its astonishing material accomplishments, its wealth and resources, that waken in everyone who sees them the most varied emotions, sometimes of envy, but almost always of wonder.

But this material wealth and accomplishment is not the only cause of wonder. There is hardly a country in the world whose people are not found here. America has made most of them into Americans, with a loyalty to their new country which no other can surpass. Most of them came to seek some kind of freedom, from poverty, from persecution, from tyranny—from slow or sudden death. Millions have testified that they found what they had sought.

Still, not all came to be free. The Negro came to be a slave, and to trouble the conscience of America forever till he was free. In 1863 he was emancipated, but not made free. His history has been a history of hope and despair, of acceptance and rejection, of justice and terror, a story so noble and tragic that it is one of the greatest of the epics of mankind.

Through this history is said to run a golden thread. Americans, anxious to justify their country, tell the world that the Negro grows freer and freer, and that the walls of segregation are at last tumbling down. Is this true? Is the Negro at last being taken into the American nation, as an American amongst Americans? Is he beginning to enjoy every right and to share every duty that Americans enjoy and share? Is this happening at such a pace that the end is no longer in doubt?

Those are the questions I asked myself . . .

My Land, and Yours

WHEN I ARRIVED in the United States, the American nation was awaiting an important ruling from the Supreme Court, to decide whether or not white and Negro children would continue to go to separate schools in many states, whether or not Negro children were thus denied "the equal protection of the laws" which is guaranteed to every citizen by the U.S. Constitution.

In my country, South Africa, nonwhite people outnumber whites by more than three to one. There is a traditional policy of racial segregation, in schools, restaurants, hotels, transport, residential areas. Our present National party government under Dr. Daniel F. Malan is determined to make this segregation pattern more complete; the business of government for the last six years has been almost wholly concerned with legislation to establish segregation more securely.

We in South Africa knew about the Supreme Court decision that America was waiting for.

Most of the white people in South Africa hoped America's segregation would stay, because they were for it, too, and wanted the strongest nation in the world to be their ally. It is dangerous to be too alone in this present world.

Some of the white people hoped that segregation would go, because they were against it, and wanted America to be against it too, not only because that would be right and just, but because it was sense; it would make for peace—not only for country, not only for the world, but in a man's mind.

And the black people who knew about it were watching too, to see if justice was still alive, to see if Western democracy held any hope at all, or if a black man should look elsewhere.

But they all wanted one thing together, and that was to have America on their side.

Trying to find out what was happening to America's Negroes, I traveled to Washington, and to the Deep South, to the West Coast and, finally, to the industrial cities of the North. I did not see everything; that would have been impossible—but I hope I saw nothing that was not there.

The Capital

I FIRST WENT to Washington, which I last saw eight years ago. It was the time of the cherry blossoms, but I had seen cherry blossoms before. What I had not seen before was Negro school children in a big Washington hotel; they could not have stayed there eight years ago. The children were part of a school group from Middletown, Ohio. I watched how easily and happily they shared the life and jokes of their group, and a teacher told me with the greatest possible emphasis that no discrimination whatsoever was permitted in the school in Middletown.

I buttonholed one of the dark-coated and stripe-trousered officials of the hotel. "I come from South Africa," I said, "and it is a new experience to me to

Airy, modern cafeteria in Southern high school symbolized for author (right rear) Negroes' advance, even before court ruling

A sensitive, perceptive novelist, who has brought a rare understanding to the problems of colored peoples in his own South Africa, offers a sharp new insight into U.S. race relations

IN AMERICA TODAY

The future? "Full of hope," said the Negro official. "It

see Negro children in an hotel."

I could see that he did not know how to interpret my remark. "They are with a school group," he said. "Single individuals would not be encouraged."

He excused himself with a little bow; some other business demanded his attention. If he did not know how to interpret my remark, neither did I know how to interpret his, for I saw an individual in the hotel before I left who may not have been single, but certainly was a Negro.

I visited St. Anthony, a Catholic grade school in Washington. There are 30 colored children there out of a roll of 676, the first having been admitted about six years ago. A little white boy in the school, Brian Clendenin, explained to me that the soul was important, not the color. The Catholics in Washington mean to stamp out discrimination; they were not waiting for a Supreme Court decision.

My own church, the Episcopal, had planned to open its two Cathedral secondary schools to Negro children in 1958, though I have no doubt that, in view of recent events, this date will be advanced. An elementary Episcopal school, Beauvoir, was opened to Negro children in September, 1953. All my Episcopalian friends felt that the church could have been more courageous.

One of the canons of the Washington Cathedral (Episcopal) is a Negro, the Reverend John M. Burgess. He is chaplain to the great Negro school, Howard University, and after Communion I went to breakfast with him and Mrs. Burgess and Howard students from Trinidad, Tobago and Africa. All the students had spent several years in Washington and were unanimous in saying that it had changed considerably in that time.

"This is a wonderful country," said the student from Tobago, "but things still happen that shake one's confidence. Two friends and I were walking back to Howard after seeing our dance partners home. It was after midnight, and there were a hundred people in the street, all white except ourselves. Yet it was to us the police had to speak: 'Come here, boys; where are you going; where do you come from?' They were friendly at once when we said we came from Howard, but it was disturbing to be singled out like that."

This fear of the police, or resentment against them, or perhaps only uncertainty about them, I found among Negroes all over America, deepening from North to South, decreasing to East and West.

Five years ago, Dr. Ralph J. Bunche declined the post of Assistant Secretary of State partly because he would not subject his family to the humiliations of Washington. But now restaurants, hotels and theaters no longer practice humiliations, although I was told that some hotels can be "unencouraging." (I was informed all over America that edicts from the top are not always heard at the bottom, but that the acoustics are improving.)

I had the honor of meeting Mr. J. Ernest Wilkins, Assistant Secretary of Labor. He is the first Negro to hold sub-Cabinet rank, though a somewhat similar appointment was made as far back as 1911. I congratulated him on his appointment.

"It is more an honor to my race than to me," he said. "But it is also important to the United States. It will help us in our tasks abroad."

"Will it be 43 years before another such appointment is made?" I asked him.

"I am certain it will not," he said.

"What is the future of the Negro in America?"

"It is full of hope," he said. "It has never been so full of hope."

This was the first time that I had ever been in the office of a high member of government who happened to be a colored man. Now white people are often charged with behaving toward Negroes with exaggerated politeness and deference. Yet I record that I behaved toward Mr. Wilkins with great respect, and I do not think it was so much that he was a Negro as that I was a white man to whom this particular opportunity had always been denied.

Not everything in Washington is wonderful. I was taken to see the slums; I was not much shocked, having seen those of my own country, but I noted that Washingtonians were very much ashamed of them. The influx of Negroes into American cities always causes problems, of overcrowding, slums and white resentment against the inevitable expansion of Negroes into the suburbs. Washington has been guilty of every kind of housing discrimination, but segregation has been virtually ended in public housing, at least. Presidents Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower, mindful of America's responsibility in the world, jealous for her Constitution, and desirous that her Capital City should be beyond reproach, have lent their powerful support to policies of nondiscrimination.

While in Washington I met United States Senator John C. Stennis, of Mississippi, and talked to him about the pending Supreme Court decision. He was completely opposed to school integration. If it were ordered, he said, he was sure that white and Negro leaders would meet and work out an agreement amongst themselves for self-imposed segregation. Where agreement could not be reached, private schools would be opened for white children, and the public schools for Negro children would undoubtedly get less money.

"But, Senator, I hear that more and more Negroes are voting in Mississippi."

"They will have a very difficult assignment," he said. This remark he would not explain further to me. But he told me that relations between whites and Negroes were good, and were disturbed only by "agitators from the North," amongst whom he mentioned specifically the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

"If our Negroes were left alone," said the senator, "they would be happier in their own schools. The NAACP overlooks the fact that the advance of the Negro must come about by his own efforts."

We looked at the picture gallery of great Americans on the senator's office wall, and discussed them, and arranged them in order of greatness; but it was an artificial occupation, because the long, gaunt man was not there. All the time, I was thinking, "Lincoln isn't here"; and all the time the senator knew I was thinking it.

Before I left Washington, I met a white South African-born American, Dr. O. L. Harvey, working in the Department of Labor of which Mr. Wilkins is Assistant Secretary.

"What's this I hear," I asked sternly, "about your working for a Negro chief?"

"I don't actually work for him," he said. "Come and see where I work."

Dr. Harvey is the chief of the Research and Statistics Branch, Bureau of Apprenticeship, and he took me to the office of the Machine Tabulation Unit, headed by a young colored man, Mr. Jesse Davis. In Mr. Davis' unit are four colored women, one white man and four white women. We sat and talked, all of us, but I wanted to talk about America, and they about South Africa and Kenya, so we did not get very far.

"Would you go back to South Africa?" I asked Dr. Harvey.

"I'd like to go back and see it again," he said wistfully, "but I couldn't live there any more."

His brother is Mr. Richard N. Harvey, of the city council of Johannesburg, who has fought unwearyingly for housing for nonwhite people, against a weight of indifference that would have broken the heart of most.

It has to be segregated housing, of course, for that is the law . . .

The Deep South

I WAS EXCITED by the thought of a journey to the Deep South. I had not seen it in the spring before. But away there in South Africa, one hears about the Southern spring, one sees pictures of it, of wonderful roads all but lost under the live oaks and their moss, of sight-seers gliding in boats among the flowering shrubs and trees.

The author (r.) and A. C. Redd of the

And then I came from a Deep South too, of another continent, and akin in more ways than one. We sang Way Down Upon the Swanee River and many another Southern song when we were young. I won't say all my friends knew as much as I about America's South, for I was a reading boy. I knew that Atlanta was the capital of Georgia, and that alligators lived in the swamps of Florida but were mild creatures compared with crocodiles; I knew that the War between the States was the Southern name for the Civil War; and I knew that many people thought that Charleston was the loveliest city in all America, and that 'most everybody said, "Yes, sir," and was charming and courteous beyond belief.

And I knew that the South was once the home of slavery, but that now all men were free. And I knew—or I'd heard—that these same white gentlemen who could be charming and courteous beyond belief were hard and terrible when they went riding abroad in their hoods; that Negroes sang sad songs of earth and stirring songs of heaven, till the terror riding abroad struck silent all their singing.

I knew it was a sad country, but not so sad as

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER AND BERN KEATING

has never been so full of hope”

NAACP (l.) with farmer William Ragin, who helped start historic segregation court fight

my own, because of a Constitution that shone in the sky like a constellation; that courtesy and cruelty and singing and terror had gotten all mixed up; and that the symbol of terror was, of all symbols on God's earth, the cross.

The Big Change . . .

THE SOUTH is beyond question a different place from what it was when I last visited it. One gets a vivid impression that the Deep South, the Deep South of the grossest inequality, the worst discrimination, of murder and violence, is slowly retreating. Its theories of white supremacy and segregation are slowly being forced into the Gulf of Mexico, where they will be drowned, thus holding water for the first time. World opinion, the Constitution and the courts, the determination of Negroes to be Americans, the conviction in the conscience of America that Negroes should be Americans—all these are forcing the white supremacy advocates of the Deep South back on their heels.

The so-called white primaries are gone, outlawed by the Supreme Court. The poll tax as a requirement for voting remains only in five states. The number of Southern Negro voters has risen, from 250,000 in 1940 to 1,250,000 in 1952. Negroes hope there will be 3,000,000 in 1956.

In May, 1953, two Negroes were elected to the Democratic Party Executive Committee in Atlanta. At the same time, Dr. Rufus E. Clement, Negro president of Atlanta University, was elected to the Atlanta Board of Education; he must have had the support of many white voters. Negroes have been elected to the city councils of Nashville, Richmond and five North Carolina cities.

The growing strength of the Negro vote could mean the end of the one-party system in the South. It will be given to any politician who pledges himself to end discrimination. Inevitably it means that the segregation practices of the Deep South are going to come under incessant attack, but the weapon will no longer be merely moral, nor even merely legal; it will now be political.

I remember a conversation with Mr. A. T. Walden, one of the leading Negro lawyers of Atlanta.

“Our campaign to get Negroes to register as voters in Georgia,” he said, “was the main factor in getting half a million white people to do the same. We tell ourselves that because of us the people of Georgia are taking more interest in democratic government.”

It can safely be assumed that these 500,000 voters did not register out of concern for the Negro,

From children to governors . . . writer Paton saw them all

Gov. Byrnes wants segregation—but the signs are clear

yet I could see that Mr. Walden was not making a cynical or joking observation. Such a belief in democracy would be hard to parallel in the entire United States. It appeared to contain no racial consciousness whatsoever.

When I was last in the South there were no Negroes in "white" state universities. Now there are more than two thousand. As I write they are still excluded in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi and South Carolina.

Despite segregation, the Negro in the South has enjoyed one benefit, even though belatedly. In 1896 the Supreme Court of the United States, in the famous transportation case of Plessy vs. Ferguson, ruled that segregation was not unconstitutional, provided the facilities were equal. This "separate but equal" doctrine took firm root in the Southern mind, but produced few blooms until the forties and fifties, when several magnificent Negro schools were built and white and colored teachers' salaries equalized in many parts of the South. It is easy to believe that the plant bloomed at last only because people began to hint that it was barren, and should be cut down and thrown into the fire.

I visited one of these new Negro schools, the J. W. Ligon High School, in Raleigh, North Carolina. My visit was short, but I have been a teacher nearly all my life, and if this was not a first-class school, I was deceived. The principal was Dr. W. H. Watson, who, I was told later, was the highest-paid principal in the city.

We discussed the pending Supreme Court decision, which Dr. Watson predicted would bring school segregation to an end.

"The changes won't be so drastic as many people fear," he said. "What is there to be afraid of? Isn't this a fine school? Our teachers are trained every bit as well as white teachers. Whether they are teaching white children or Negro children, they will give their best. I am very hopeful about the future."

Dr. Watson said one more thing to me: "We teach our children to obey the laws of the state where they live, but to change them if they can."

I was struck, from end to end of the United States, by the quality of her leading Negro educators. America has done an extraordinary thing in finding such teachers among its Negroes—much more extraordinary than she often knows. If this accomplishment were better understood by the white South, the white Southerners would be less anxious about the future of the schools—and if they had taken the second half of the doctrine of separate-but-equal more seriously, they would be less anxious still, today.

Their anxiety is real. I met a white woman in South Carolina who has three children and lives in a rural area where Negroes outnumber whites by nine to one. "Not even to be nice could I say that there is no difference between the Negro children and my own," she said. "The rate of illegitimacy is high around here, and the habits of cleanliness and courtesy are very different from ours. I want the Negroes to have what is right, but I am anxious to do the best for my own."

There is only one way to alleviate such anxiety, and that is by a revolution in Southern education, which is by and large the poorest in the nation. Perhaps the federal government will assist financially; certainly the parents, the teachers, the children, the legislators and the officials should bring all their gifts and resources to the common task. Such a co-operative effort, with its evidence on every side of resolve and mutual good will, would do much to ease the more painful revolution that must come about; nothing overcomes anxiety more than creative work.

It may prove to be the whole South, and not only its Negro children, that will be emancipated.

Some Negro teachers are apprehensive lest they lose their jobs as a result of integration. They are afraid that even if the schools are integrated, the teachers will not be, and that Negro teachers will be two-for-a-penny. There does not seem much likelihood of this. There may be individual cases of hardship, but in general the South needs many more teachers, not fewer.

In fact, some Southern whites have a contrary fear: that there will soon be no white teachers at all.

In Oklahoma City I met Mrs. Warren Fisher, who was Ada Lois Sipuel before her marriage. She applied for admission to Law School of the University of Oklahoma in 1946. Violent statements were made, and blood (it was predicted) would flow in the streets.

On the day of her application she was accompanied to the university by Mr. Roscoe Dunjee, editor of the Black Dispatch, a short, calm man, with, I should think, the heart of a lion. They were both apprehensive, especially when they saw the crowd awaiting them. But white girls surged round them, and some of them embraced Ada Sipuel, calling out, "We're coming with you."

With Lieut. Melvin Scott of famous 82d Airborne Division at Fort Bragg. Author says, "It was unforgettable to walk with the lieutenant, and to see him saluted by white soldiers . . ."

"My application was rejected, but the NAACP fought the case to the Supreme Court and at last I got there in June, 1949," she says. "The students gave me a tremendous reception. I had to sit behind a board marked 'Colored,' but the white men students had it down in a matter of minutes. In the cafeteria there was also a section for 'Colored,' but that too was done away with in the end."

But the battle was not yet fully won. Ada Sipuel commuted between Norman and Oklahoma City, but in 1953, another Negro girl, Jessie Ann Thomas, applied to *live* at the university, in the quadrangle which, by regulation, is the residence for freshmen. The enrollment clerk tried to get her to take a room in the prefabs intended for married couples. "You know how everything is," the enrollment clerk said.

Mr. Dunjee counseled her to refuse, and Jessie was taken to the quadrangle and given a room in Sanger House on the first floor. But her white classmates on the second floor would not have it; they said, "We want her up here with us."

The next semester, Jessie became president of Sanger House. . . .

Just as the Negro is being emancipated, so is the young white Southerner. There are stories of it from every side. Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, president of Howard University, recorded that at one Southern university, 135 white students went down to the train to meet the first Negro student. They would not let him carry a thing. It was white supremacy at its best.

Governor Byrnes

I HAD THE PRIVILEGE of an interview with Governor James Francis Byrnes of South Carolina. I have a great respect for governors, especially one who had been a Justice of the Supreme Court, Director of War Mobilization and Secretary of State. The governor is seventy-five years of age, but does not look it.

Governor Byrnes justified segregation to me on the ground of "natural orders." Nature, he said, had her categories, and individuals from the one were not found in the other. In the shoals of blackfish one never encountered a . . . . . (here I lost the word, but I hope that it might have been a whiting). He said that this talk of "conflict in the soul of the South" was nonsense. It was the Negro of mixed blood who was the unhappy man—who, because he belonged to no order, fought unceasingly for the removal of any differentiation whatsoever. And the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was his instrument.

I asked the governor about the U.S. Army posts in the South, where no segregation was permitted. How could such practice be tolerated by a state whose own practices were diametrically opposed? He replied that if these were the policies of the Army, there was nothing more to be said; but the Army would be expected to respect the segregation policies of the state when it went off the post.

In this reply one sees clearly the final yielding of the South: the state will not ultimately oppose the United States.

This yielding was even more clearly indicated by the answer to a second question. What about segregation in the colleges? The governor replied that ordinary school education was compulsory, and therefore the schools would have to follow the segregation policies of the state. But because college education was a matter of choice, the state should not so interfere; the colleges should do as they wished about segregation.

Such a position is totally different from that in South Africa. In America the opinion of the nation,

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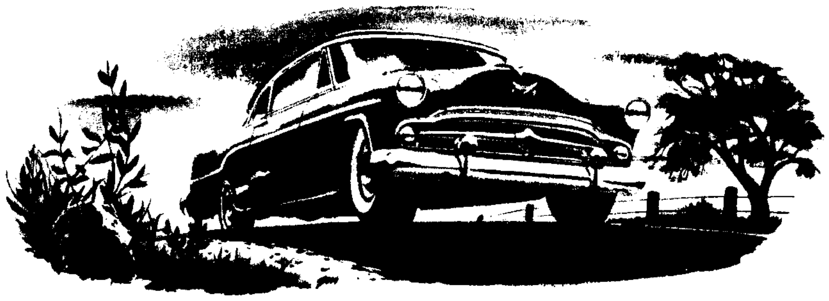

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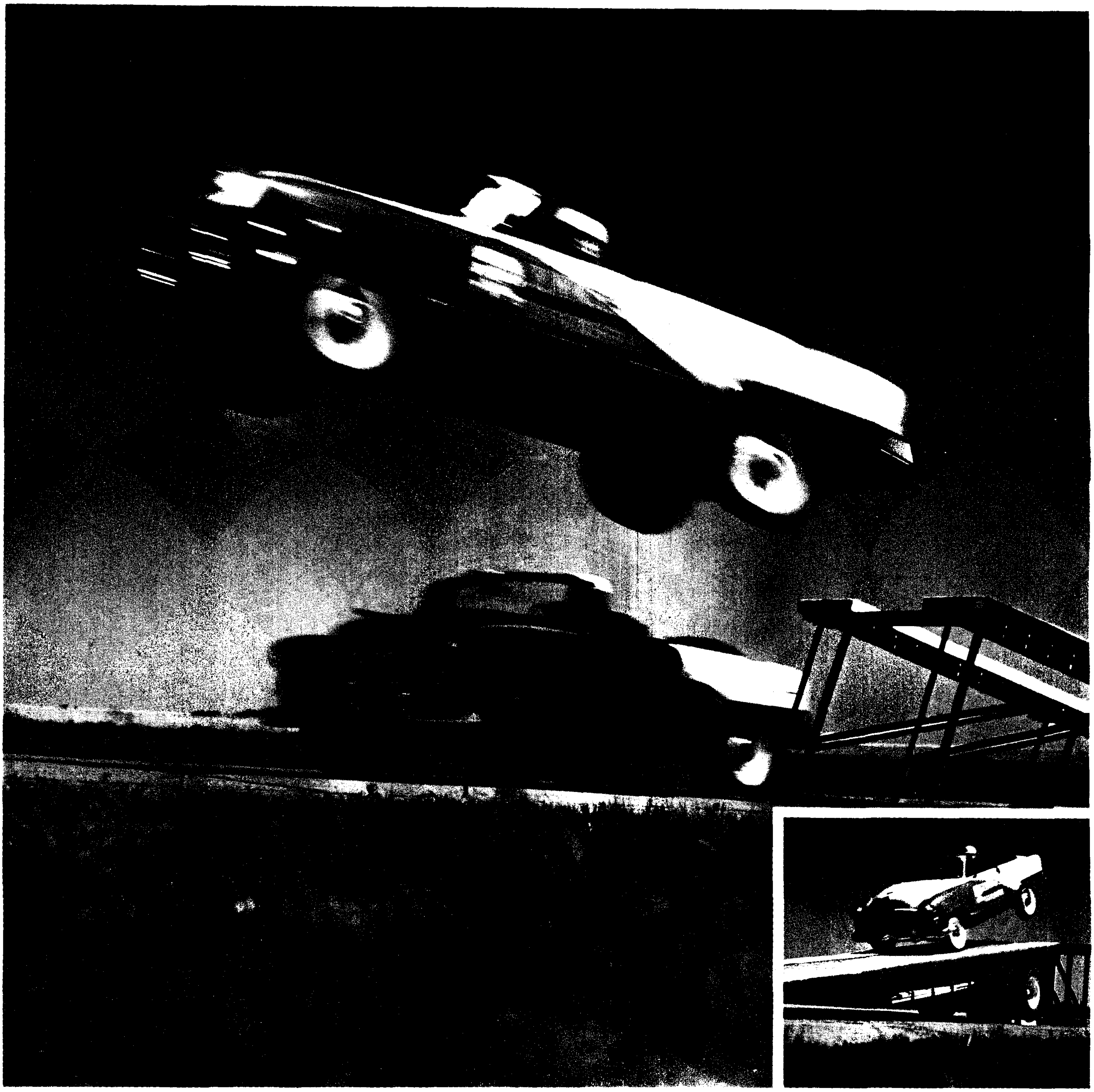

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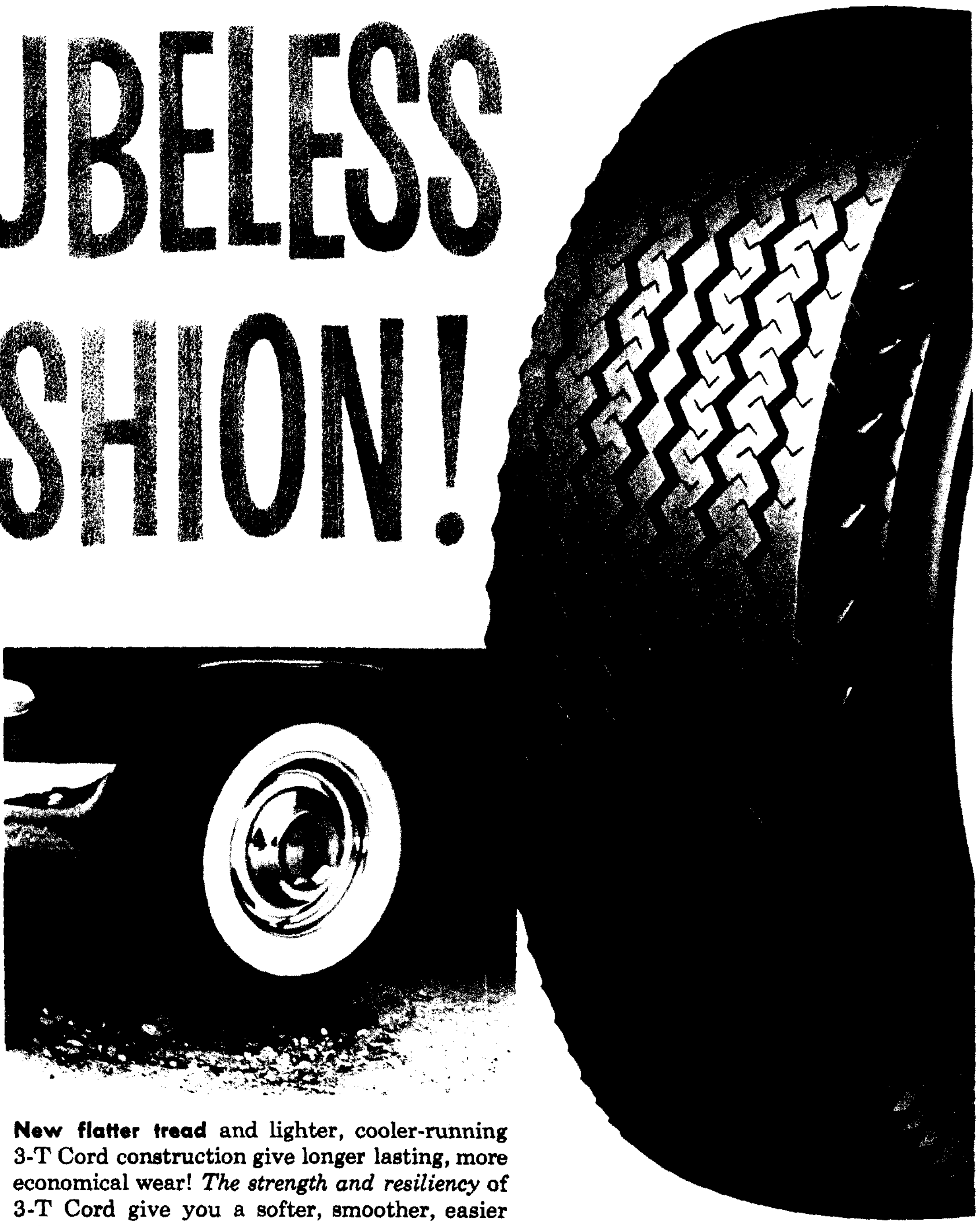

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William Ragin is a small man, but a fighter. His enemy: segregation

formed by conscience and Constitution, moves inexorably away from segregation. In South Africa the opinion of the nation (at least, the enfranchised part of the nation), formed by fear and prejudice and a desperate kind of justice, moves fatefully toward more and more segregation. There the central government is bringing pressure to bear on the universities to cease admitting nonwhite students. There the army, controlled by the central government, could not depart by one inch from the national policies, even if it would. The conclusion is inescapable that the American South will in the end have to retreat from a position which is intolerable to the nation, and intolerable to its truest self.

And if Governor Byrnes does not know this, and does not realize its inevitability, then I do not understand anything about any man.

I asked the governor if the practice of segregation would not impair America's prestige in the world, and endanger world peace. Why, he said, any Negro diplomat who came to South Carolina would find better Negro hotels there than any in his own country, while an Indian diplomat would be free to go where he wished.

On March 25, 1954, the governor addressed the South Carolina Education Association. His closing words were: "We must earnestly pray that Almighty God will give to those who lead us the wisdom to know what is right and the courage to do the right."

It is impossible to mock at such words. The very use of them shows that the user knows that he and his state are caught up in a conflict of right and wrong. I have no doubt that Governor Byrnes would declare himself to be on the side of the angels—were he not afraid that the angels might be on the side of the Negroes. Perhaps that seems impossible to him, at this time, at his age, after all he has said. Still, he has counseled all the people of South Carolina to keep cool and calm, and has not said a word about the militia.

But you, Mr. Indian Diplomat visiting South Carolina: while entering the hotel of your choice it might be wise to keep your turban on your head.

Clarendon County

I VISITED School District No. 22, Clarendon County, South Carolina, and talked to William Ragin, of Route 2, Box 4, Summerton. He bought his farm in 1942, one hundred acres at $100 per acre. Today he owns everything on it, and owes no man anything. William Ragin is a small, spare man, with a way of smiling as though he knows of some pleasant thing private to himself.

Mr. Ragin was one of the small band of NAACP members who started the court case that culminated in the Supreme Court decision outlawing school segregation. They went from house to house asking the parents of more than 1,000 Negro children to sign a petition claiming their children were denied the equal protection of the laws. Most of the people were afraid to sign, but eventually 25 did. Of these, some dropped out "when the steam got up." They were told they would lose their land or their jobs or suffer in other ways, if they kept their names on the petition. (The moving spirit of the group, the Reverend Mr. Joseph A. De Laine, by way of foretaste, lost his house; it burned or was burned to the ground—which, no one discovered. The fire engine came out, but finding that the house was beyond the city limits, it turned back again.)

COLLIER'S "Dear, do we have any aspirin?" VIRGIL PARTCH

The first court hearing was in Charleston, in 1951. Over the proceedings hung a grim weight of white disapproval, but the petitioners held on. They lost this first battle, but it was at this time that Judge J. Waties Waring presented a dissenting opinion in which he said that if segregation was wrong then the place to stop it was in the first grade and not in graduate colleges; segregation was per se inequality.

Mr. Ragin followed the case right up to Washington, but it was a different Washington from what he had once known. "I made it my business to eat in one of those places that I couldn't eat in before."

A small clean-looking boy rode up.

"That's the boy in the case," said Mr. Ragin. "That's Glenn."

I asked the boy if he knew anything about the case, but he shook his head.

"He was only six when it started," explained Mr. Ragin, "but he knows they built a new piece on the school."

"And your white neighbors, Mr. Ragin?"

"Well, some don't speak to me, and some speak as though nothing had happened, and one or two told me privately that they hoped we'd win.

"My father taught me to have no hate in me for anybody," he said. "But he said I was an American and I had to stand up for my rights."

He smiled reminiscently.

"He used to say to me, be a man, my son, because no one else can be a man for you. . . ."

I went to see Glenn Ragin's school. It is one of the better colored schools of South Carolina, and it has this new piece Mr. Ragin spoke of. The state is spending more and more money on public schools; the cost goes up by leaps and bounds.

In 1944 South Carolina schools cost $16,000,000.

In 1949 they cost $34,000,000.

In 1954 they will cost $65,000,000.

In justice, it must be said that most of this increase is going to Negro schools. Governor Byrnes, speaking to the South Carolina Education Association last March, stated that Negro schools had been given two thirds of a sum of $94,000,000 allocated for use over a period of years as part of a far-reaching building program; that meant an expenditure of $106 for each white pupil and $271 for each Negro pupil. "We are forced to do in a few years what our fathers and grandfathers should have done in the past seventy-five years," the governor said.

I was able to visit one of the Negro schools in Clarendon County that had not yet benefited from the new dispensation. It was moving enough to see its forlorn state, its broken windows, its pathetic equipment, its sagging foundations. But more moving to me was the sight of the Stars and Stripes and under it these words:

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Strange people, the colored people, who through such scorn and rejection have clung so fiercely to the ideal of America. Strange country, that, careless of liberty and justice and indivisibility, yet raises a William Ragin to restore them to her, and gives to a small, spare man the heart to fight for justice, and defeats him in place after place, so that he may have a victory in Washington.

Governor Talmadge

WHAT WILL happen in the South if the schools are integrated? I asked that question, but everyone else was asking it too. Some asked it with anxiety, yet not with the deep and desperate anxiety with which white people would ask it in South Africa.

While everyone was asking this anxious question, many responsible leaders were announcing their intention of obeying the decision whatever it might be. The most disturbing reaction came from Governor Herman Talmadge of Georgia.

Governor Talmadge is a forceful and self-assured man, with a loud voice and determined manner. He told me that desegregation would not be accepted by the South, and if it were enforced could lead to war between the states; Georgia would make every sacrifice to resist it, even to the extent of giving up its public schools. She would have private and segregated schools where each parent could choose the kind of school he wanted, Negro as well as white; there would be freedom of choice.

I asked him if the passage of time, and the pressure of America and the world, were not bringing segregation to an end.

"No, sir," he said emphatically. "Not in the South."

The governor made no intellectual defense of segregation; it was simply the Southern way of life. It is a tragedy for Georgia and America that he is unable to use his dynamic gifts to help guide them through the difficult times that lie ahead.

As for Georgia herself, with her motto, "Wisdom, Justice and Moderation," she may soon have to join in the perennial American task of narrowing the gap between her great ideals and her present practices.

While I was in Atlanta the governor flew to New York, and one of his fellow passengers to Washington was the Negro educator, Dr. Rufus Clement of Atlanta University. The two men knew each other, and had sat on the same platform, but no greetings of any kind were exchanged between them on the plane, after the custom of some in the South. Dr. Clement was therefore not a little surprised to see the governor that afternoon on television, telling the nation that the South was making its own way in race relations, and pointing out that Atlanta had even elected a Negro (Dr. Clement) to the City Board of Education.

That is where the idea of segregation holds on most tenaciously—in the minds of those who do not know that Negroes are their fellow passengers.

Going to Church

I WANTED to go to a "white" church in Atlanta, and I wanted to go with my host, President Benjamin E. Mays of Morehouse, a Negro men's college of liberal arts. For a white Christian to go to a "white" church with a Negro Christian in Atlanta poses certain problems. There were discussions and telephone conversations; it was debated whether we should give notice or not, and to what church we should go.

"I don't want an incident," said Dr. Mays. "One of our students went to a white church to see what would happen, and sat near the middle of the church. Soon after, he was asked to go to the gallery or to leave, but he de-

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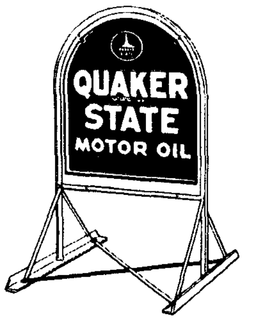

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clined to do either. Another man then approached him, showed a police badge, and repeated the suggestion. Because it was a policeman, the young man followed him but would not stay in the church. As he walked away the policeman said, 'Why did you do such a thing?' 'I'm a Christian,' said the boy, 'and wanted to see if I could worship in a white Christian church.' 'Will you come and sit in front with me?' asked the policeman."

So they returned, and sat together in the front part of the church. After the service several people shook hands with the young man, and expressed their pleasure at having seen him there.

So ended happily this strange and fumbling experiment in Christian race relations.

We set out for All Saints' Episcopal Church, Atlanta, white. Outside the door Dr. Mays gave me a last word. "If I'm asked to move, what do we do, move or leave?"

"Leave," I said.

It was a wonderful service. It was Palm Sunday. The church was full and the congregation reverent. The rector spoke of Abraham Lincoln as one who had saved a nation, though himself he could not save. The choir sang, Were You There when They Crucified My Lord?

Outside, people came and said how glad they were to see us at their church. Then up came others who knew Dr. Mays. Then he introduced me, and still others came up. In the end we had a kind of court in the street.

Dr. Mays told me it was for him an encouraging and reassuring experience, but he wanted me to remember that there was only one Negro there, that he was making a special visit, was known to a good many members of the congregation, and was accompanied by a white person.

It is significant that one should receive such encouragement and reassurance from so small an event.

The whole picture of the Christian Church in America, in relation to problems of race and color, is not easy to give. I went to church regularly wherever I could during my trip, through the South to the West, and back to the East. I must record that rarely was I reminded that race and color are the touchstones of Christian morality in our century.

It is not long since the Catholic Archbishop of San Antonio ordered segregation to cease in the parochial schools. Some time before, the Archbishop of St. Louis had taken similar action. I saw Catholic integrated schools in Washington, D.C. Early this year Bishop Floyd L. Begin of Cleveland denounced the local councils of the Knights of Columbus who had excluded Negro membership. Catholic schools in Richmond, Virginia, announced plans for integration without waiting for the Supreme Court decision. The Bishop of Raleigh over a year ago ordered the end of segregation in the churches of his diocese in North Carolina.

It seems to me that of all the great churches of America, it is the Catholic Church that in the last few years has shown the greatest willingness to be more obedient to the will of God than she had been. The Bishop of Raleigh said some powerful words: "The virus of prejudice will not die out of itself: it has to be killed by being exposed to the light of Faith."

Now, the Catholic Church has advantages over other churches in these matters; its government is hierarchical, and its discipline therefore greater. One cannot leave the Catholic Church and set up another. Although there can be (and are) separate Negro parishes, there cannot be a Negro Catholic Church.

But there are separate Negro Methodist and Negro Baptist churches, and they and other Negro denominations claim most Negro Christians. Even the small number of Negro Protestants in predominantly white denominations, numbering about 600,000, worship for the most part in separate congregations. The number of white and Negro Protestant Christians who worship together is negligible. It is right to remember that the segregated housing patterns of America make integration in church life difficult; but segregated churches also play their part in maintaining segregated housing, by themselves consenting to a practice that they know to be un-Christian.

The Quakers have a noble record in regard to race relations. A color bar in a Quaker meeting would be unthinkable, and almost every Quaker school and college is open to all. Yet there are at least three exceptions—in Maryland, in Washington, D.C., and in North Carolina.

The Colored Churches

THE WHOLE church situation is further complicated by the fact that the Negro, who has fought so hard to enter the Army, the college, the school, the bus, the restaurant, the theater, shows no desire to enter the predominantly white church. He has made his own church. In his own church he is the preacher, the bishop, the church officer. He can be humble, but he can sit where he likes.

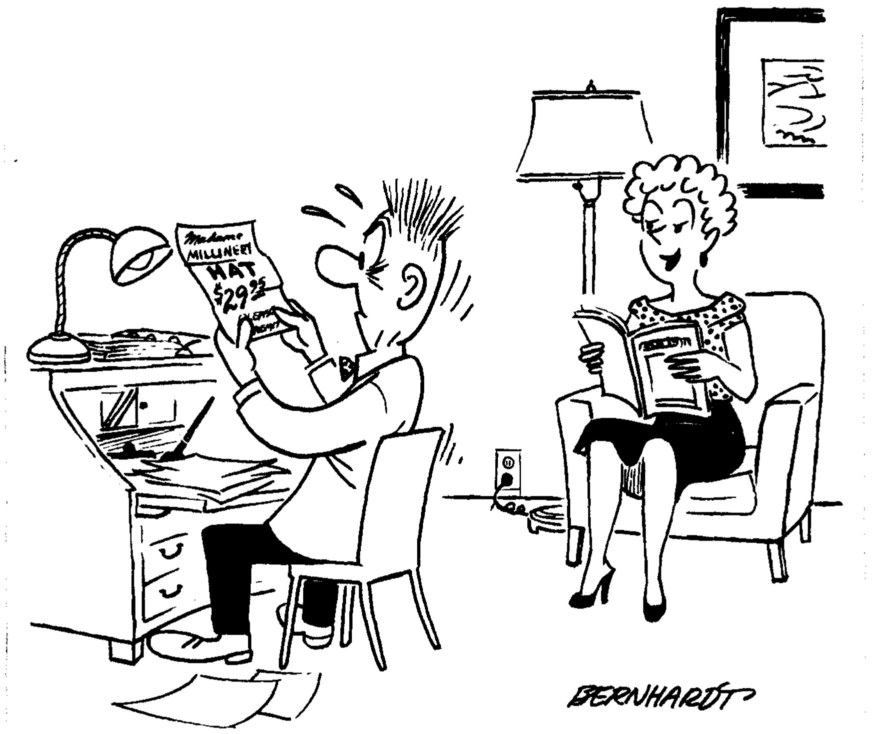
But he has not done only that. He has, under the hand of God and the whip of adversity, produced a religion of fervor and simplicity, with a pride that he is God's son, and a humility that he is God's creature. Who better than the Negro or the sinner could cry out in the words of the great agonized supplications of the Psalms? Who better than the Negro and the saint could understand the Cross?

The Negro churches face great changes as the Negro leaves the valley of adversity. His spiritual strength and depth were given in suffering; what will become of them in prosperity? As he feels himself more and more accepted by America, will he give the fervor and simplicity of his faith as gifts to the whole Christian Church, or will he lose them by possessing them? This grave question no one can answer but himself.

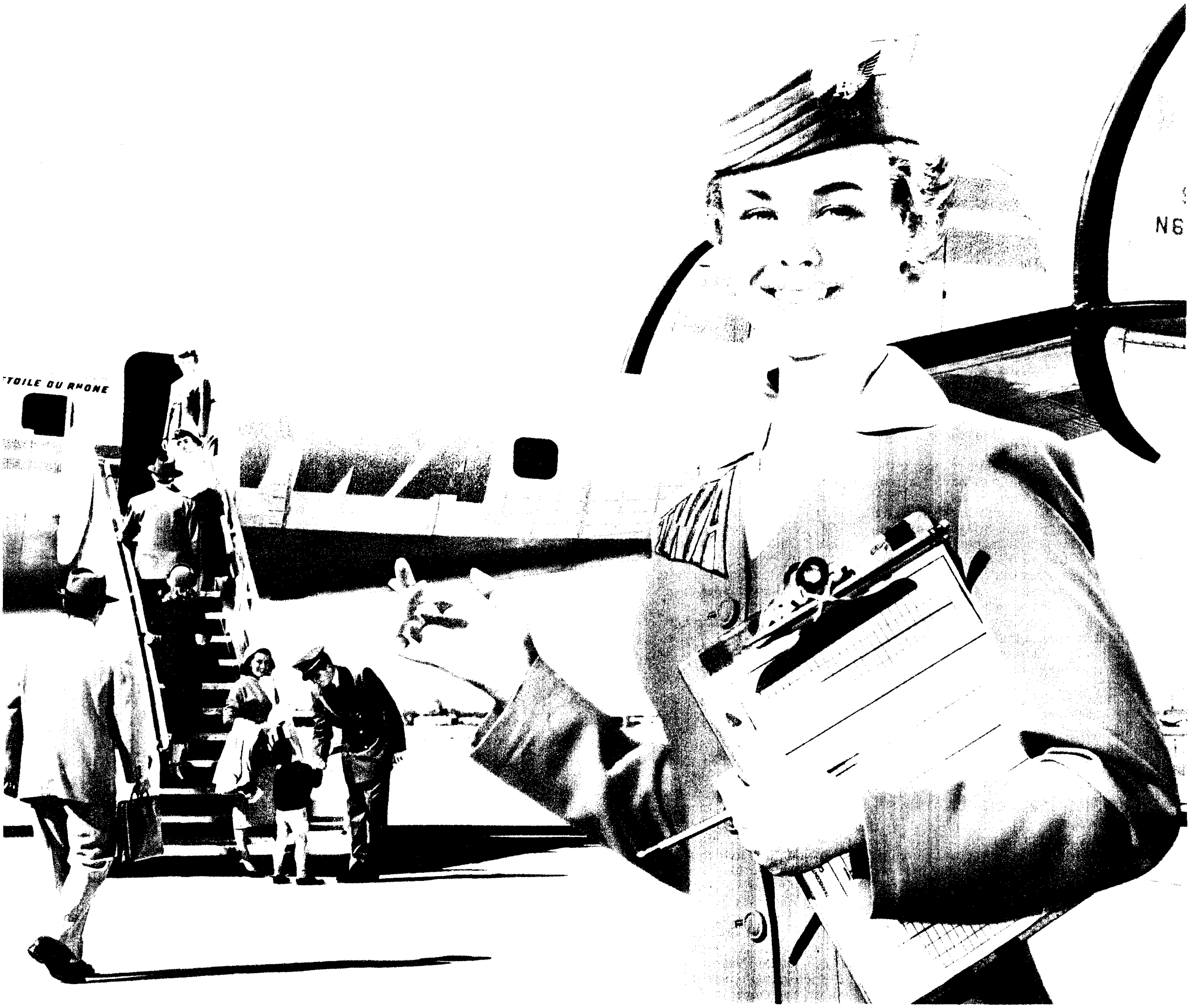
He has a fear too that by amalgamation he may lose his pomp and his office, and all that he has built up. Yet integration will not always take place by amalgamation; much of it will take place by gradual diffusion. As Christians cease thinking in categories of race, they will go more and more to their neighborhood churches, irrespective of what kind of congregation it is. Nevertheless there are times when the virus has to be *killed;* one does not wait for it to die.

American Christians, white and Negro, do not feel enough the scandal of the racially divided church. Still, on May 11, 1954, the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church voted to remove the word "Colored" from its name, this being "in harmony with Christian principles" and "in keeping with the spirit of the times." Dr. Channing Tobias, that wise elder statesman, was one of those who brought about this change. I met him on a previous visit to America, and wish to record that the white South African conceived for the American Negro the affection of a son.

Dr. Tobias has a clear, honest and charitable mind, and can utter severe judgments without feeling rancor or arousing it. He urged me to remember that the Negro churches were born of a double rejection: they were rejected



COLLIER'S "You finally noticed my new hat!" GLENN R. BERNHARDT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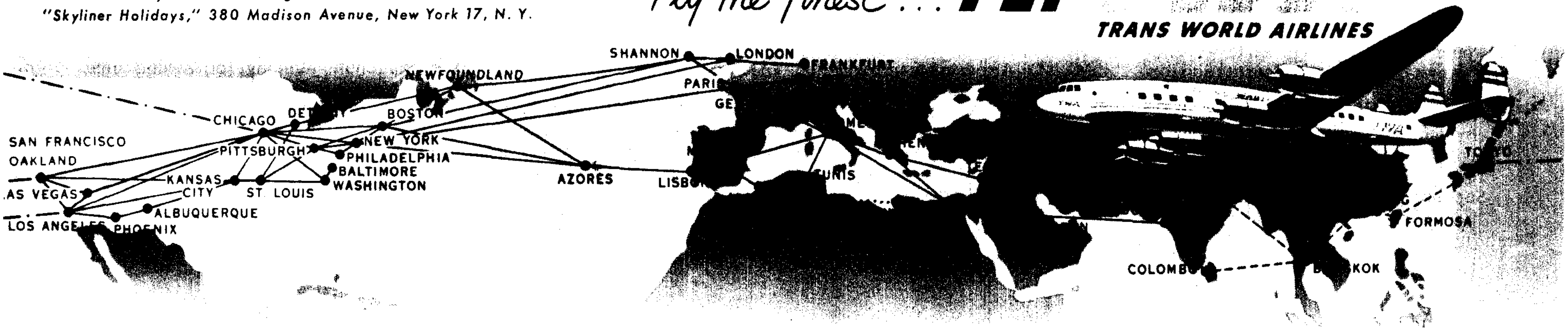
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TWA

Once, a Negro soldier was above all a Negro. Today he's first a man

by the white churches, and in their turn they rejected a Christianity that seemed so false to the teachings of its Lord.

"You need have had no fear of going to a Negro church with Bennie Mays," he said, and smiled at me. "In Atlanta the Negro is freer than the white man. He can walk down the street and raise his hat to anyone he wishes."

He told me a good story about the change in the name of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church.

"The Reverend L. S. White of our church in New York was at one time in Texas," he said, "and was angered at the separate drinking fountains marked 'white' and 'colored.' But his wife said to him, *'Look at the name of your own church.'* "

No Christian can but rejoice in the way that the churches have received the Supreme Court decision, nor can one doubt that many Christians have played their parts in bringing us to this point. But I must mention the words of Dr. Roswell P. Barnes, associate general secretary of the National Council of Churches:

"It is challenging and humbling to the churches to see the judicial arm of the state require that the community in its public educational system abolish segregation, while many churches still retain it."

The National Council, like the World Council of Churches, knows no barrier of race or color. It is in the congregations that the battle has yet to be won.

Politics and Morality

I WAS lucky to meet Pastor M. E. Perry of the (white) Baptist Church in Greenville, Mississippi, and to hear his views. Mr. Perry agreed that 11:00 A.M. on Sunday morning was the most segregated hour in America, but he thought it good that it should be so, because of the real differences between Negroes and white people. "The best Negroes want to become the best Negroes that ever lived, not to become whites; no advantage whatever will come to them out of integrated schools. God ordained the races; people who rise from nationalities have remained truer to themselves than others."

Mr. Perry reminded me that before the building of the Tower of Babel, the whole earth was of one language and of one speech. "And the Lord said, '. . . let us go down and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.' "

God did not approve of intermarriage, he was sure. He had made quite a study of the South African scene, and he approved the policies of its government. Mississippi was too casual in its segregation practices, and it would be better for all concerned if there were a stricter separation of the races. He thought that the whole movement for desegregation of the schools was inspired by politics, not by morality. It would be better if each state were to interpret the American Constitution for itself.

Mr. Perry is a member of the Southern Baptist Church. Nine thousand of his fellow Southern Baptists met in convention at St. Louis shortly after the Supreme Court decision was announced and roared their thanks for it, only about 50 members dissenting. So Mr. Perry's views are no longer representative of his church. They are the confused views of a state which maintains prohibition of the sale of liquor while you can buy it openly from any bootlegger. Nice conventions are observed, for the liquor must not be exposed to the vulgar gaze, thus compelling some unfortunate officer of the law to enforce it and arrest a fellow drinker. On Sundays even nicer conventions are observed, and liquor is sold through a side window out of deference for the day. Hardly in such an amiable state would they die to the last man to ensure white survival.

I met a white sharecropper in Greenville, a humble, aristocratic-looking man.

"I've suffered all my life through having no education," he told me, "but my children are going to have it, no matter what kind of school."

"My children won't go to any mixed school," said the plantation owner. "We'll have private schools."

But he did not offer private schooling to the sharecropper also. The intense racial solidarity of the white South African is missing here.

Equality in Uniform . . .

THE ENDING of segregation in the schools would be the greatest moral event in America since the passage of the three great post-Civil War Amendments, which abolished slavery, established the citizenship of Negroes and provided them, legally, with equal voting rights. The only comparable event would be President Truman's Executive Order No. 9981, of July 26, 1948, in which he declared equality of treatment and opportunity in the armed services. On July 21, 1951, the Army revealed that integration of fighting units was being achieved in Korea. At the end of 1952 there was no all-Negro unit left in the Air Force. Today 98 per cent of the Negroes in the Army are in integrated units. It was declared that by September 1, 1955, segregation would disappear from every post school.

At one time a Negro soldier was first a Negro, and only after that a soldier. But there were tales of his death and heroism; some enjoyed the experience of his companionship and his unselfishness. The fact of his willingness to die for America so wounded the conscience of his country that his inferiority became unendurable. It was a thing no longer to be borne when an inferior man died a superior death. Furthermore, many high officers, questioning whether segregated units could fight for America with all their heart, thought integration would mean a better fighting force.

I thought I had better see this integration for myself.

. . . The Army

I AM NO Army man. I was too young for the First War, and too "important" for the Second, being principal of a Negro reformatory. I am as terrified by a soldier's martiality as he is by my intellectuality. When I was principal of the Diepkloof Reformatory in Johannesburg in 1935, they sent me three newly discharged soldiers, still in uniform, to be tested for employment. The three came into my office, and rang down their iron heels on the stone floor, making the whole building and me shake and tremble. As they saluted me, I cowered in my chair. It was long after that I found out they were as terrified as I.

COLLIER'S "Are you sure we're both going to the same dance!" TOM ZIB

I am a man of peace (though not a pacifist; I remember with deep pride my brother, who was the first South African soldier killed in battle, at El Wak in Kenya, on December 16, 1940). When I see ships and planes and guns, I want to go to the admirals and the generals and to the nations that stand behind them, and ask, "How is your morality?" Therefore, when I went to Fort Bragg I did not really see martial preparations, but only Negroes.

My guides were Major Maurice Fowler and Lieutenant Melvin Scott of the famous 82d Airborne Division. In the light of what I saw, I apologize for mentioning that the major was white and the lieutenant colored. At some times I was walking with the major, at others with the lieutenant. It was unforgettable to walk with the lieutenant, and to see him saluted by white soldiers. It did something to me, so that for a time I could ask no questions, while strange emotions of wonder, pride and humility possessed me.

The lieutenant came from Los Angeles, from a city where he said he felt he was free. He had joined a segregated Army in 1948, and had been sent to a post in Kentucky. It was a painful experience for him. He had heard what it might be like, but he was unprepared for the reality. He left the Army, though he had chosen it for his career.

But he came back to it again in 1951. This time it was different. It was "wonderful." I asked him about the towns close to Army posts, about Columbia, South Carolina, where all the Negro soldiers on a bus had been arrested because one Negro man took a vacant seat next to a white woman. I asked him about the neighboring town of Fayetteville.

"I don't go there much," he said. "What can a colored man do there at nights? All the things I would want to do are reserved for whites."

"Does Fort Bragg help you not to worry about Fayetteville?" I asked.

"You've got to worry about such things," he said. He shrugged his shoulders. "I tolerate it," he said.

We visited the games, the physical training, the living quarters, the kitchen, the cafeteria. The physical-training instructor was a Negro soldier. I watched the men practice simulated parachute jumping for a long time. They came out of the door ready to jump, every possible kind of American. I could hardly take my eyes off the spectacle.

There I met Lieutenant James R. Webb, chaplain, Baptist, Negro, born

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in Pendleton, South Carolina, and his white assistant, a corporal. The chaplain has a special time for devotions at noon each day; mostly white men come to it, and most of them are Baptists from the South. They come to a Negro chaplain for counsel, encouragement and instruction; they put themselves into his hands for spiritual ministration, confident of his sincerity and authority; yet many of them had believed that segregation was pleasing in the eyes of God.

"It wasn't easy at first," said Chaplain Webb, "but seemingly overnight there was a complete change. The fellows began bringing me their problems. I began to marry them, bury their dead and was invited to celebrate with them on special occasions."

Later, I received letters from a number of these men. Corporal Donald A. Fottrell wrote to me: "I have lived in the South all my life and . . . have never associated with Negroes. After 16 months in the Army I have learned more about people of other races and have learned to understand their ways and their reasons for doing things that have always been contrary to my way of thinking. I feel that mixing the colors in the armed forces will eventually prove to be a big step in creating more harmony between the races."

Corporal Ralph C. Workman wrote: "I believe that the armed forces have proved without a doubt that all people can get along together if only given the chance."

The Army took these steps with trepidation, but the change has caused a minimum of incident. As I stood there talking to Chaplain Webb and watching the parachute practice, I reflected on the amazing scene around me, with its amazing implications—that it was the Army with its tanks and guns and bombs that had struck this particular fetter from men's minds and advanced the cause of the Lord of Peace.

I parted from the two lieutenants with warmth on both sides, and took a final tour with the major round the housing developments of Fort Bragg. The major was from the North, and looked on these changes with a kindly eye; his wife was from the South, and had played her first game of bridge with Negro women, and liked it. There might have been all kinds of concealed resistances in the people around me, all kinds of last-ditch stands, like the man I met who had gotten used to having his children go to school with Negro children, and having a Negro family in the house next door, but wouldn't care for a Negro to sell him cereal over television.

But however that may be, this is a massive change, and fills me with wonder.

Nonsoldier that I am, I bring up my arm and hand in most unsoldierlike salute.

. . . The Navy

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, is a city of history, old houses and famous gardens; but it is also a city important to our story. For here Federal Judge J. Waties Waring, Charleston-born and -bred, descendant of slave owners, ruled in 1947 that Negroes must not be excluded from voting in the "white" Democratic primaries. In 1948 he said that any person who tried to circumvent his ruling would be jailed. He and his wife were ostracized by the white people of Charleston, but the Negroes looked upon them with new respect. For the first time in his life the judge had Negro friends. They came into his house and ate at his board. It was just as well, for no one else did. Collier's of April 29, 1950, called him "the lonesomest man in town."

"It's not exactly a new family upstairs. . . . They're the people who used to live in the apartment below us"

COLLIER'S KIRK

For Judge Waring and his wife this was the crossing of a great divide. They identified themselves completely with the cause of full citizenship for the Negro in America. For the judge in particular it was a hard fight; he was nearly seventy years of age, but he did not rest till he had thrown the last prejudice out of his heart and mind and soul.

Among those colored people who gathered round the Warings in Charleston were Dr. A. T. and Mrs. Ruby Cornwell. Dr. Cornwell is a dentist, a gray-haired, quiet, friendly man. By virtue of his title, he is excluded from the great Southern battle of Mr. and Mrs., but his wife wages it unceasingly. She will not buy in a shop where they withhold her title, nor where they do not allow colored women to try on a dress. She was one of those who brought the local repertory show of Porgy and Bess to an untimely end, because there was to be segregation in seating. Yet she does not see herself as a crusader. She is of gentle rather than aggressive nature; but with discrimination, segregation and second-class citizenship she will have nothing to do.

Through the kindness of the Warings, I found myself the guest of these two people.

Immediately on arrival, Mrs. Cornwell asked me what I should like to do; I said, visit the Navy Base, and see the shipyard, where I heard segregation had been banished.

Accordingly, her friend, Mrs. J. I. Hoffman, and I and Mrs. Cornwell, seated in that order in the front seat of the car, set out for the shipyard. Mrs. Cornwell has since recorded in a letter: "He was quite sensitive to the amount of attention we were receiving—more so than I was, I think." I am glad Mrs. Cornwell has written this, for it enables me to say that though I had no instrument to measure our various sensitivities, I was fully aware that all three existed. All three of us were doing not only what we had never done before, but what may never have been done before in Charleston. Of all the cars that were streaming into the shipyard, ours was the only one that halted some distance away from the gate. I am sure that ours was the only one in which there was a discussion as to the right procedures to adopt. Certainly ours was the only one in which it was said, "That's the part I don't like, talking to the police. Mr. Paton, you had better talk to the police." Ours was the only one containing an apprehensive South African.

It was a young white Marine who met us at the gate. If he lifted an eyebrow, it was not discernible. I told him I was a South African, anxious to see the shipyard with my friends. He said he would communicate with the police.

It is not easy to record these things. One can easily trespass against good taste, but worse, against the rules of friendship, and I do not wish to do it. Therefore let me first record myself. I sat there like an apprehensive adventurer, ready to take a blow more manfully than a rebuff. And there were my two friends, anxious and willing to exercise their privileges as U.S. citizens, anxious to gratify my wish, anxious lest their country might disappoint or hurt both them and me. But their country did neither. It sent out a policeman to accompany us, he and Mrs. Hoffman in front, Mrs. Cornwell and I behind. But of the problems of integration in the shipyard he knew nothing. I asked him if we could see the public information officer. He took me to a telephone, and eventually I was talking to Lieutenant Commander Marvin F. Studebaker, who said he would show us around himself.

The two ladies suggested that they would stay in the car, so that I could have the tour to myself. I told the commander this, and that my two friends were colored ladies. He would have none of it. He went over to the car, shook hands and introduced himself, put us all in his own vehicle, and took us around the shipyard. He told us the story of the cafeteria, which was ordered to be desegregated, and took us there. Most of its white clientele had now deserted, preferring to buy their food at desegregated snack bars, and take it away.

There are thousands of workers at the shipyard, both white and Negro, working together on equal terms, but prevented from eating together by Southern taboo. At the risk of betraying my sensitivity, I record that our visit aroused the most lively interest amongst the workers in the yard. I saw surprise, amusement, conversations. As for us, our flutterings ceased under the shelter of the commander's wing. As for him, he bestrode this narrow world like a colossus; I took him to be a symbol of the reconstructed United States. Therefore I dared not question him as to his innermost thoughts.

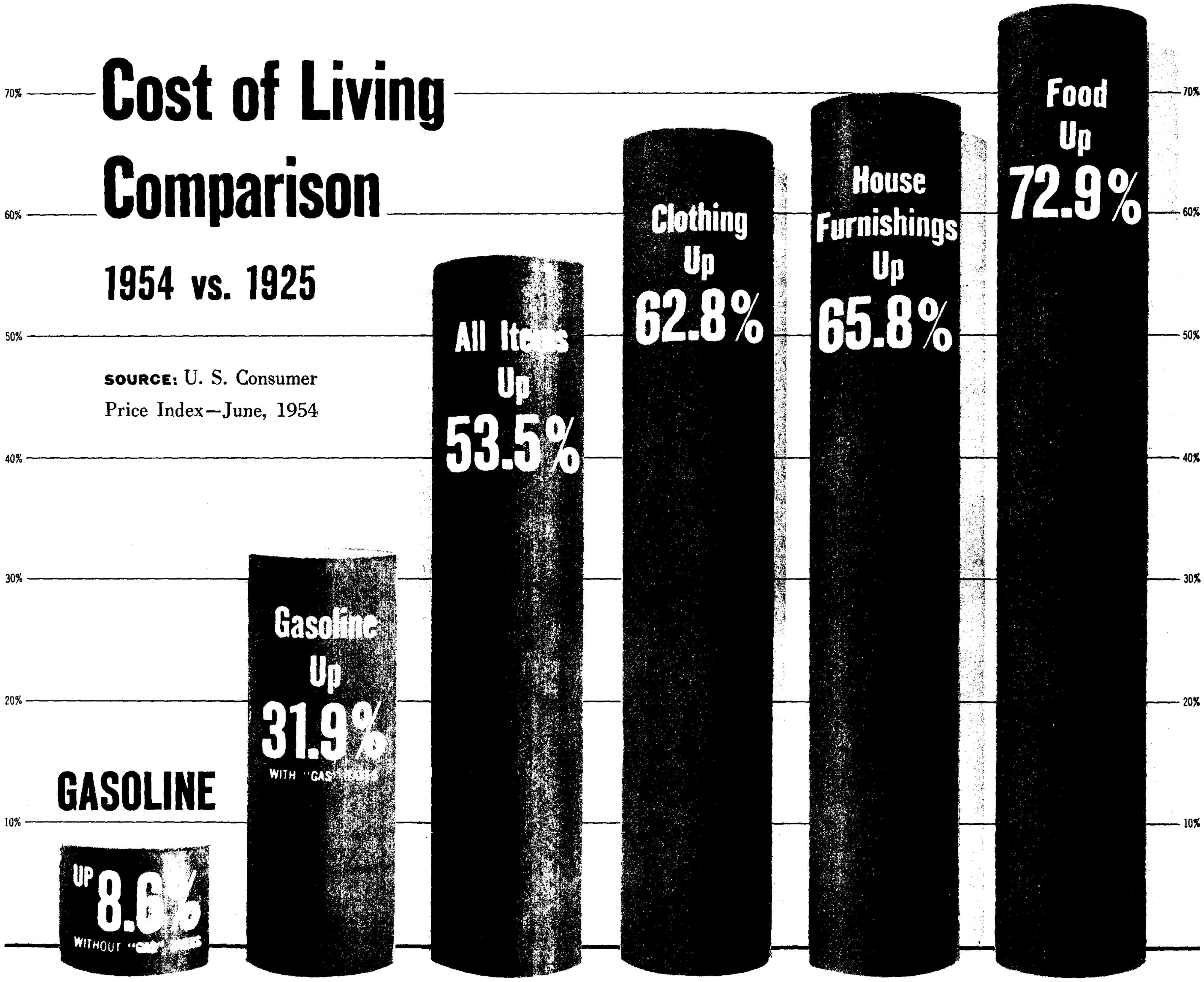
We parted from him affectionately. As we drove away, my South African eyes could hardly miss another sight. A Negro Marine was now in charge of the gate.

Homes and Jobs

THE INTEGRATION of the armed services, and of workers in dockyards, and of facilities for those workers, was a tremendous victory in the war against segregation. The decision to integrate the schools, implementing the Supreme Court ruling, would be yet greater. It would mean far more than that white Americans are going to be decent, and let the Negro into the schools; it would be a recognition that the children of slavery are to be brought into the nation, finally and forever, and that everything that belongs to the nation will belong to them.

If that is the true implication, then one must recognize that integration in the schools could be nullified by residential segregation and discrimination in employment. Every fighter against segregation knows that these are the two great battles that remain to be won. How does America stand in respect of these? The remainder of my trip around the United States, to the West Coast and to Chicago, Detroit and New York, was devoted mainly to finding the answer to that question.

Mr. Paton's second article, dealing with job and housing discrimination, will appear in the Oct. 29 issue. For more on Mr. Paton himself, turn back to Collier's Credits, page 20



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The army for hire is the Garde Républicaine of Paris, an official force of 3,000 men which guards the residence of the president of France. You can hire infantry, wearing the same colorful epaulets, blue tunics and red-plumed shakos used on presidential duty, or, if you feel more showy and want to pay a little extra, you can have dismounted cavalry, with drawn sabers, glistening white breeches, polished helmets and black tunics with loops of brilliant gold cord.

Suppose you're having a party or are sponsoring a sports event or a musical evening for which you want to hire a unit of the Garde Républicaine. All you need do is invite a guest to whom the soldiers can render ceremonial military honors—a present or former cabinet minister, a general officer of the French armed forces or of a nation friendly to France, or perhaps a visiting foreign dignitary. You make up your guest list, including the name of the high personage, and send it to the commandant of the 1st Military Region of Paris. He will pass it on, with your request, to the commander of the Garde Républicaine. If the request seems legitimate, and he has no conflicting commitments, you'll get your detachment. You can have up to a full company, if nothing else is doing and if you can afford it.

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—SEYMOUR FREIDIN AND WILLIAM RICHARDSON

Trio of *gardes* prepare for profitable parade. Their outfit and forerunner date back to 1221

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TED CASTLE

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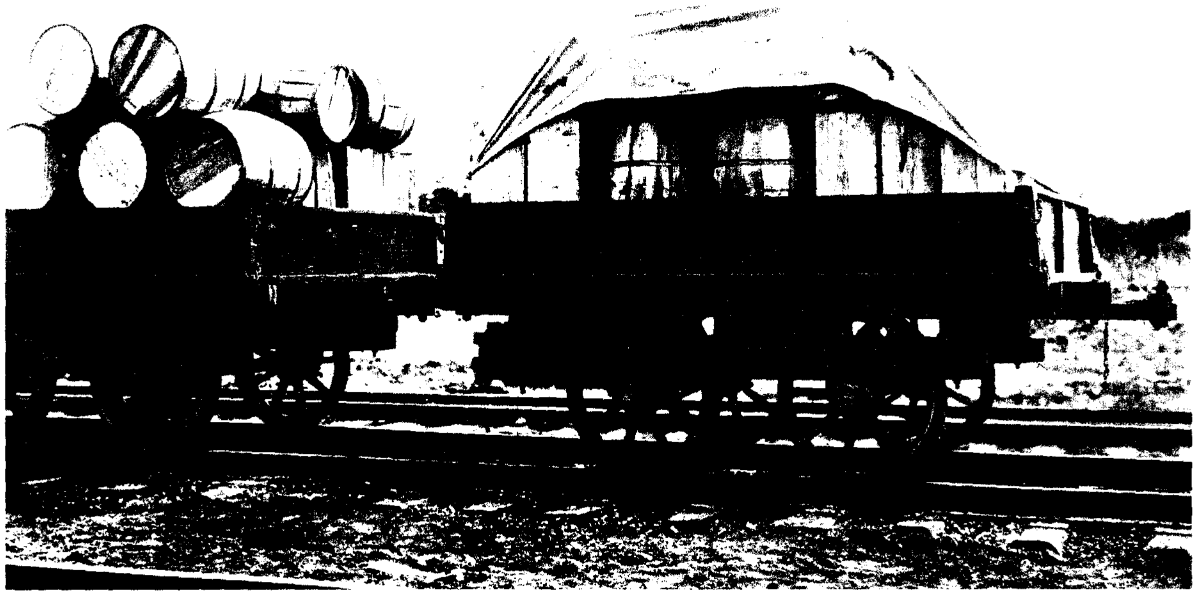

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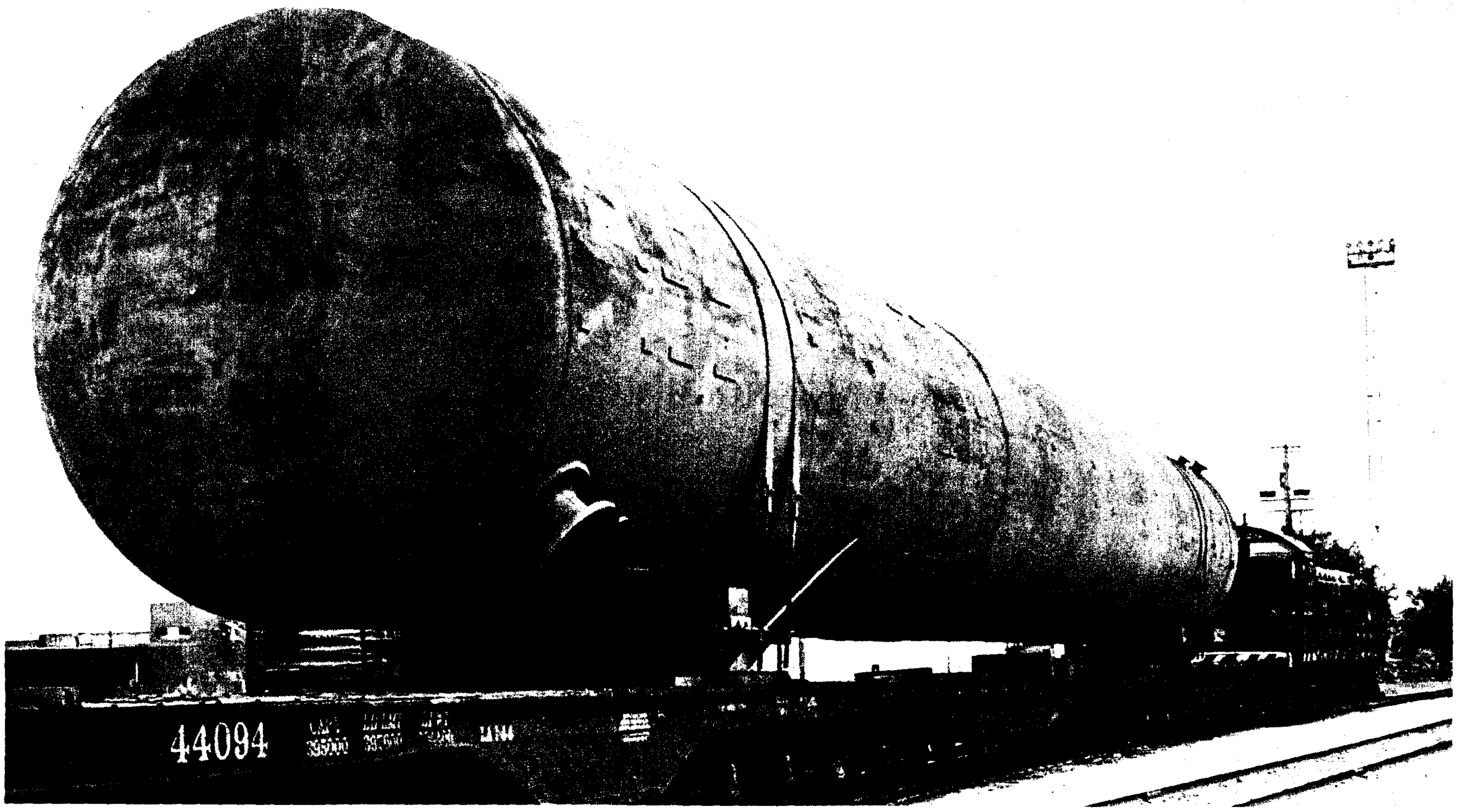
This has been achieved by the railroads — in the best American tradition—by their own efforts and with their own money. Just since World War II, they have spent more than 9 billion dollars for new locomotives and cars, for new signals and better terminals, for all manner of improvements in plant and facilities.

It is this kind of investment — and the faith in the future from which it springs — that enables the railroads to keep abreast of their job of hauling more goods more miles than all other forms of transportation put together, and to do it at a lower average charge than any other form of general transportation.

Spanning three modern flat cars, this 340,000-pound oil tank traveled 1,000 miles from the manufacturing plant to the refinery site.



ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS • **WASHINGTON 6, D. C.**

Murder in Paradise

By WARD HOLM TANZER

AIRPLANE EVANS was halfway to the lagoon when he heard the ringing of the telephone in his house back under the coconut trees. The voice of his half-caste wife came to him faintly as she answered: " 'Allo? *Oui.* One moment, Inspector." Then she called to Airplane, "Darling!"

Airplane, a wiry young man with rather large ears, stopped and squinted ahead through the palms. The lagoon shimmered in the morning sun. Today he would be able to spear enough fish to get him twenty-five francs at the Papeete market—a much more pleasant way to earn money than working for Inspector Casteau, but less remunerative. He rested his spear against a tree and went back to the house.

The Inspector of Colonial Police was brief: "A thirty-two foot ketch out of San Francisco arrived in Papeete this morning with a man missing. Washed overboard three days ago. I want a discreet investigation made of the owner of the boat, Elias Shedder, and of the other passenger, Louise Hugg."

Airplane said, "How much?" From experience, he knew that it was easier to extract the details of a case from the Inspector than a good fee; but he also knew of the Inspector's dislike of questioning Americans, who were apt to prove stubborn and difficult if subjected to French police investigation.

The Inspector said, "I will give you half the fine I laid upon the drunken American sailor last week."

Airplane scoffed. "Two hundred francs!"

"Plus a little *pourboire* of fifty francs if you should prove murder."

Airplane tried not to show his surprise as he said, "Make it a hundred."

"Seventy-five."

"Okay. What was the missing man's name?"

"J. C. Allbright. About fifty years old and rather rich. Supposedly, he was to visit a friend in Tahiti."

"Who?"

"That is for you—"

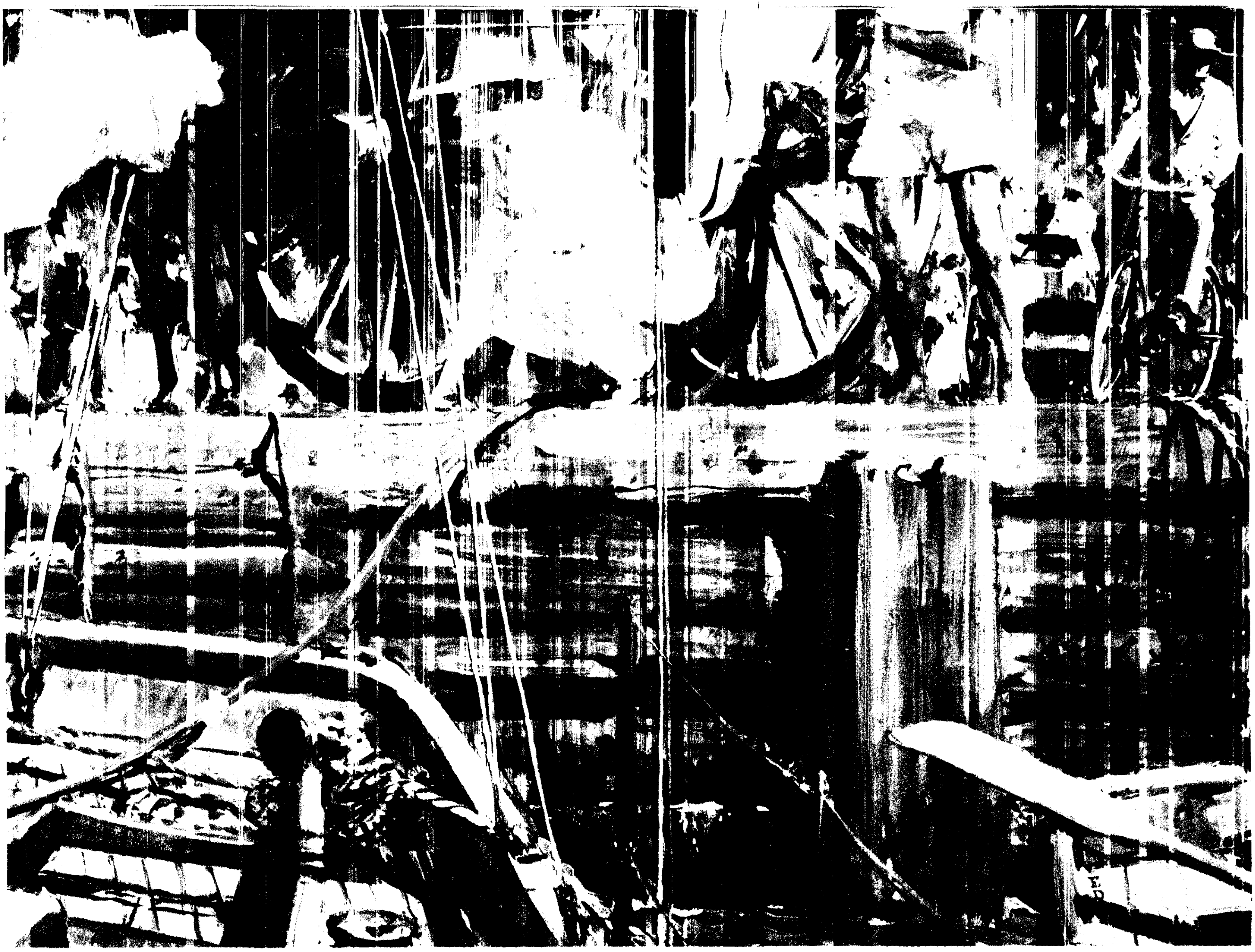
"All right, all right. Have you anything on Shedder and the woman?"

"Louise Hugg was a nurse, Shedder a merchant seaman."

"Where's the ketch moored?"

"At the copra cutter's quay. She is named Adventure." . . .

In the noisy clutter of the waterfront, the Adventure struck a somber note. She had a black hull, her decks were cleared, and no admiring ring



Evans, crouching down, noticed that Shedder kept his hand pressed against his rear pocket. Was something valuable there—the victim's cash?

There were two men and a woman alone on a ketch in the middle of the Pacific. Then one man was gone—no witnesses, no clues, no body. Was this the perfect crime?

of Tahitians had formed on the esplanade. As Airplane looked at the salt-encrusted rigging and the tiny companionway leading below to the cabin, he remembered the Inspector's request that he prove murder. Then he noticed that the ketch seemed readied to put about and leave Tahiti soon. Airplane leaned his bicycle against a Poinciana tree, crossed the quay, and shouted, "Ahoy!" Without waiting for the usual greeting from aboard, he gave the stern hawser a tug and leaped on deck.

The stubby craft rocked slightly under the impact of Airplane's one hundred and thirty pounds. The hatch cover squeaked open. The head and sunburned shoulders of a heavily-muscled man in his thirties appeared in the companionway.

"Welcome to Tahiti," said Airplane.

The man hesitated a moment. He had tiny blue eyes and a heavy growth of beard. A bottle of beer was clutched in one hand; in the other, a half-eaten sandwich.

"What do you want?" he said, hoisting himself up onto the deck.

"My name's Evans," said Airplane, extending his hand.

The man shifted his beer bottle to his left hand. "Shedder," he said.

Airplane looked up at the frowning face and said, "I work for the French police. They want details about the disappearance of your passenger."

"I made a deposition this morning at headquarters."

"They want more."

Shedder looked Airplane up and down. "Identification?"

Airplane showed him his special police badge.

Shedder said, "A lousy job for an American, snooping for foreigners."

"It's a living," Airplane said. "When was it that Allbright disappeared and where were you?"

Shedder nodded his head in the direction of the open sea. "Three days ago. Saturday. About ten at night. The old boy was standing his trick at the tiller, and a squall bore down. We were off the Paumotus. Lou and I were asleep—"

"Lou?"

Shedder gestured toward the cabin. "We were asleep. The motion of the boat woke me up, and before I could get on deck, the waves came, three of them. Washed away my hatch coaming, a section of my port rail—and old Allbright. By the time I got topside, the boat was hoving to like a

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

CLEO F. CRAIG
President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with the Bell System as an *equipment man* in St. Louis in 1913.

ALLERTON F. BROOKS
President of The Southern New England Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as *engineer's assistant* in New Haven in 1911.

EDWIN M. CLARK
President of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as an *installer* in New York in 1923.

SANFORD B. COUSINS
President of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *traffic student* in New York in 1920.

Up from the Ranks

These are the presidents of the companies in the Bell System. They all started in the ranks.

Seventeen years ago the Bell System first published an advertisement like this. But there is a big difference today. Every one of the faces is new.

All of these presidents, like those before them, have had wide telephone experience—an average of 34 years in the Bell System and 18 years in upper management positions.

The Bell System is an up-from-the-ranks business and it aims to keep the opportunity for advancement open to all.

This has been true of the telephone business for many years and it is nowhere better illustrated than in the careers of the men who serve as presidents of Bell System companies.

WILLIAM A. HUGHES
President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *groundman* in Kansas City, Mo., in 1917.

WILLIAM V. KAHLER
President of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as an *engineering assistant* in New York in 1922.

WALTER K. KOCH
President of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co. Started with the Bell System as a *traffic student* in Denver in 1923.

KEITH S. McHUGH
President of the New York Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in New York in 1919.

JAMES B. MORRISON
President of The Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Companies. Started with Bell System as *engineering assistant* in Washington in 1925.

CLIFTON W. PHALEN
President of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *lineman* in Syracuse in 1928.

WILFRED D. GILLEN
President of The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in Philadelphia in 1923.

JOHN A. GREENE
President of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *contract clerk* in Chicago in 1914.

HARRY S. HANNA
President of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as an *engineer* in Cleveland in 1922.

JOE E. HARRELL
President of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in Atlanta in 1913.

PRESIDENTS OF BELL SYSTEM COMPANIES AND THEIR FIRST JOBS

Name	Company	Date	Place of Start	First Pay	First Job
Cleo F. Craig	Amer. Tel. & Tel. Co.	1913	St. Louis	$15 a week	Equipment Man
Allerton F. Brooks	Southern New England Tel. Co.	1911	NewHaven,Conn.	$12 a week	Engineer's Assistant
Edwin M. Clark	Southwestern Bell Tel. Co.	1923	New York	$30 a week	Installer
Sanford B. Cousins	Northwestern Bell Tel. Co.	1920	New York	$30 a week	Traffic Student
Wilfred D. Gillen	Bell Tel. Co. of Penna.	1923	Philadelphia	$27 a week	Clerk
John A. Greene	Ohio Bell Tel. Co.	1914	Chicago	$50 a month	Contract Clerk
Harry S. Hanna	Indiana Bell Tel. Co.	1922	Cleveland	$57 a week	Engineer
Joe E. Harrell	New England Tel. & Tel. Co.	1913	Atlanta	$14 a week	Clerk
William A. Hughes	New Jersey Bell Tel. Co.	1917	Kansas City, Mo.	$60 a month	Groundman
William V. Kahler	Illinois Bell Tel. Co.	1922	New York	$25 a week	Engineering Assistant
Frederick R. Kappel	Western Electric Co.	1924	Minneapolis	$25 a week	Groundman
Dr. Mervin J. Kelly	Bell Telephone Laboratories	1918	New York	$40 a week	Physicist
Walter K. Koch	Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.	1923	Denver	$100 a month	Traffic Student
Keith S. McHugh	New York Tel. Co.	1919	New York	$35 a week	Clerk
James B. Morrison	Chesapeake & Potomac Tel. Companies	1925	Washington, D.C.	$27 a week	Engineering Assistant
Clifton W. Phalen	Michigan Bell Tel. Co.	1928	Syracuse, N.Y.	$30 a week	Lineman
Mark R. Sullivan	Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.	1912	San Francisco	$50 a month	Clerk
Fred J. Turner	Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.	1907	Atlanta	$18 a month	Clerk
Charles E. Wampler	Wisconsin Telephone Co.	1929	Chicago	$130 a month	Traffic Student

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL
President of the Western Electric Co. Started with the Bell System as a *groundman* in Minneapolis in 1924.

DR. MERVIN J. KELLY
President of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Started with the Bell System as a *physicist* in New York in 1918.

MARK R. SULLIVAN
President of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with Bell System as a *clerk* in San Francisco in 1912.

FRED J. TURNER
President of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Co. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in Atlanta in 1907.

CHARLES E. WAMPLER
President of the Wisconsin Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as a *traffic student* in Chicago in 1929.

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BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BOB LANDRY

Crosby, Kaye burlesque girls' act in new Irving Berlin film

TWO MISTERS PLAY SISTERS

THE boy-imitates-girl pantomime act is as familiar as the pie-throwing gag and as old as show business itself. But in the hands of a pair of experts like Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye, it's still a yak-provoking routine. Teamed up in movies for the first time, Bing and Danny will be seen in Paramount's forthcoming White Christmas, a new Irving Berlin musical built around the hit song Bing introduced in a 1942 film called Holiday Inn. Playing a pair of Broadway producers, the boys worked the pantomime with a song-and-dance number called Sisters, done by co-stars Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen earlier in the show. With their trousers rolled up, wearing jeweled headpieces and swishing huge plumed fans, Bing and Danny mouthed the lyrics to the recorded sound of the girls' voices: "Lord help the mister who comes between me and my sister, and Lord help the sister who comes between me and my man."* Trying to outwriggle each other, they kept adding their own bits of business. Bing shook his hips vigorously, Danny peeked out coyly from behind the feather fan. Before the burlesque of the Sisters number was finished the entire set was convulsed and the boys, adding a strong dose of ad lib, had milked an old gag dry for the biggest laugh in the whole show.

"Those two," commented a grinning cameraman, "if they started dousing each other with Seltzer water, I bet someone would ask who wrote their great material." ▲▲▲

**Copyright 1953, Irving Berlin*

drunk on a skating rink, and I had my hands full. When the weather quieted we tacked back, spent all the next day looking around for the old gent but . . ." Shedder stopped and then asked, "Got a smoke?"

Airplane gave him one. When he had lighted Shedder's cigarette, he said, "Do you know who Allbright was going to visit in Tahiti?"

"No."

"Where are Allbright's effects?"

"The police have them."

Airplane shrugged. He said, "May I talk to Miss Hugg?"

"About what?"

AIRPLANE wished desperately that he knew. He had so little to start on. Pushing a man overboard on the high seas was murder in its easiest form. And it was the hardest to prove: no corpse, no weapon, no witnesses.

On the other hand, Shedder might have been telling the truth. Both the port rail and the hatch coaming obviously had been damaged by heavy seas. Airplane said, "I have to get Miss Hugg's statement for my report."

With a grunt of annoyance, Shedder flung his empty beer bottle against the hull of the cutter moored alongside the Adventure. The bottle shattered. Shedder called below ill-humoredly, "A gumshoe wants to yak with you, Lou. Come on up."

There was a rustle below. The hatch cover squeaked. A head appeared, and Airplane was looking at Louise Hugg. "Hi, sonny," she said.

Louise Hugg was stolid and fat. She wore a nurse's white uniform without insignia. Her frizzy gray hair was cut short and it glinted with blue tones in the tropic sun. She was unlike any other woman Airplane had encountered in his seven years of knocking about the South Pacific and the sight of her roused his sense of curiosity. This woman had not come to Tahiti for fun. He knew now that he had to gain access below and investigate the cabin. He stepped forward.

Crossing her arms over her big bosom, she blocked his way and said, "Sorry, kid, we're pretty much in a mess below; we're not receivin'." A faint Southern drawl softened the natural harshness of her voice.

Airplane stepped toward the cockpit. "Move it, sister," he said.

For a long moment only the creaking of a forestay broke the silence. Shedder said, "Let him in, Lou. No good stirring up trouble in a foreign port."

Louise Hugg retreated slowly into the gloom of the cabin.

Airplane's first impression of the cabin of the Adventure was one of squalid disorder. None of the three bunks was made. The portholes were grimy. The remains of several meals sat on the greasy shelf abutting the galley. A little pepper mill, fallen on its side, rolled back and forth with the slight movement of the ketch.

Airplane's second impression of his surroundings was one of cheapness of equipment. An ordinary hurricane lamp swung from the overhead. An orange crate served as an auxiliary shelf. The plug to the fresh-water tank forward was a makeshift of inferior lead. Except for the cluttered condiments on the shelf, four cases of canned soup seemed to complete their stores. It was as though the couple had stretched their last dollar fitting out and supplying the ketch when they had left San Francisco. Did they expect to acquire money somehow in Tahiti to resupply them for their return trip?

Airplane said, "How long did you take to get here from the States?"

Louise said, "Eighty-one days."

Airplane asked, "What did you come here for?"

"Pleasure," she said and gazed at a spot one foot above Airplane's head. As if to cover the absurdity of her answer, she added, "The disappearance of old Allbright kind of cast a gloom over the cruise."

"I bet," Airplane said, picking up the rolling pepper mill. "How did you happen to hook up with him?"

Louise lighted a cigarette, took a puff, and handed it to Shedder, who had followed Airplane down. "Allbright read a newspaper story about us leavin' for Tahiti," she said.

"He chipped in on supplies?" Airplane asked and she nodded. "Do you know who he was going to visit here in Papeete?"

"No." Eighty-one days at sea, Airplane thought, yet their passenger had not mentioned his prospective host's name.

"You better know him," said Airplane, turning the pepper mill upside down, "because he's gunning for you."

"MacKenzie?" Shedder said. His tiny eyes looked frightenedly around the cabin.

Airplane had what he wanted. It had been too easy. But he had overstepped. Shedder now had the look of a man who wanted to run—fast. And he probably would. Shedder had to stock up with food and fuel for the auxiliary and fresh water, but with a woman like Louise helping, he might accomplish the tasks in a few hours.

Airplane knew he didn't have much time. He turned, brushing the pepper mill into his pants pocket. "See you," he said.

THE bells in the Papeete cathedral were striking one o'clock as Airplane cycled down the road from old Allan MacKenzie's house. MacKenzie, a retired ichthyologist, had not been able to give any worth-while information about Allbright's visit to Tahiti; the only fact of any possible interest that Airplane had got was an anecdote. Once, on a field trip to the Caribbean, Allbright had listed on his shirttail the serial numbers of all the bills he was carrying, because he had thought he was going to be robbed.

Airplane crossed the sun-baked market square to Ah Choy's World-Wide Merchandise Emporium. The big store, which provisioned most of the yachts and cutters in French Oceania, was shuttered for the siesta. Airplane entered anyway.

The cavernous interior, jammed to the rafters with supplies, was deserted. But from the back storeroom came the clicking sound of an abacus. That would be Ah Choy, Jr., Airplane knew. He started down the cluttered aisle, stopping once to admire mournfully a pair of slippers he wanted to buy his wife, Reri.

Ah Choy, Jr., looked up as Airplane entered the storeroom. "Hello, kid," he said.

"Hi, Junior. Let me use your telephone."

Inspector Casteau, wakened from his siesta, answered Airplane's call grumpily. Yes, he would have the deceased Allbright's linen examined for a list of bill serial numbers. "Have you discovered anything useful?" he asked.

"A pepper mill with some salt in it."

"For that I increase your fee by fifty per cent," said Casteau sarcastically.

"Very funny," Airplane said. "In

OLD CROW ALMANAC

FALL
1954

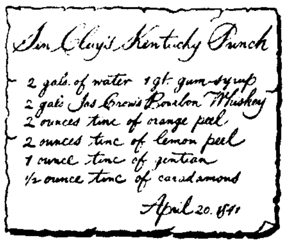
Being a collection of epigrams, witticisms and information of general use and interest.

Published to inform and delight whiskey fanciers among farmers and city-folk alike.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ *SUNSHINE GALORE... JACK FROST AT THE DOOR* ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Sen. Henry Clay's Punch Recipe For Congenial Gatherings

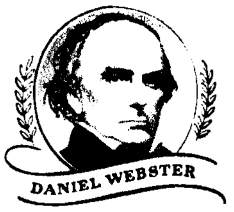
WHAT HENRY CLAY didn't know about politicking you could put on the tail of a coonskin cap. He knew well how to win folks over to his camp and he won them over best when they could partake of some of his famous Kentucky hospitality. This included a special punch he conjured up himself, which went as follows:



Sen Clay's Kentucky Punch

2 gals. of water 1 qt. gum-syrup
2 gals Jas Crow's Bourbon Whiskey
2 ounces tinc of orange peel
2 ounces tinc of lemon peel
1 ounce tinc of gentian
½ ounce tinc of caradamond

April 20. 1841



Daniel Webster Said It First

OLD DANIEL WEBSTER thought quicker and spoke up louder and clearer than most of the other talking men of his day, so he got to be the first one to say a lot of famous things. For instance, he was first to say: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." He also was the first famous American to call James Crow's bourbon "the finest in the world" and all the other prominent citizens who were thinking just that kicked themselves real hard for not saying it before Mr. Webster did.

☛ A WARNING

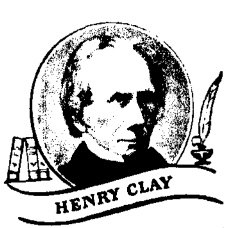
to Counterfeiters and Name Stealers of the 1890's

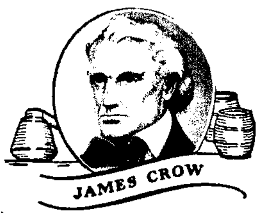
"The courts have issued more than 1800 writs and cease and desists against would-be imitators of the Old Crow name and label. YOU WILL NOT SUCCEED EITHER. Also, no matter how genuine your label looks, you cannot imitate Old Crow's quality, and if the law doesn't find you out, the public will." ☚

Time to Blanket the Petunia Bed

Or, average dates when first killing frost arrives in your city

Helena, Mont.	Sept. 29	Omaha, Neb.	Oct. 15	Richmond, Va.	Nov. 2
Concord, N. H.	Oct. 3	Toledo, Ohio	Oct. 18	Raleigh, N. C.	Nov. 5
Duluth, Minn.	Oct. 5	Chicago, Ill.	Oct. 19	Tucson, Ariz.	Nov. 9
Denver, Col.	Oct. 10	Santa Fe. N.M.	Oct. 19	Macon, Ga.	Nov. 14
Spokane, Wash.	Oct. 13	Boston, Mass.	Oct. 26	Portland, Ore.	Nov. 21
Albany, N. Y.	Oct. 15	Harrisburg, Pa.	Oct. 28	Del Rio, Tex.	Nov. 27
Detroit, Mich.	Oct. 15	Evansville, Ind.	Oct. 29	Oakland, Cal.	Dec. 29





MILDER LOWER-PRICED BOTTLING OF OLD CROW

SETS HISTORIC RECORD!

Introduction of lighter, 86 Proof bottling as a companion to the world-famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond produces greatest demand in history for "the greatest name in bourbon"!

Rarely has any whiskey achieved such tremendous success in so short a time as has 86 Proof Old Crow! Today, more millions than ever insist on Old Crow—86 Proof and 100 Proof—and enjoy the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass!

NOW—TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS!

86 PROOF
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Celebrated Old Crow—lighter, milder, lower in price than the 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
The most famous of bonded bourbons available as usual.

86 PROOF
OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

How You Can Uncover History — And Make It Pay

IF YOU would like to experience the thrill of uncovering history, and be paid for it besides, then you'll want to join the public search for historical information about Old Crow, today. Look through old newspapers and letters, books, family histories. If you should find anything about Old Crow's history there or *anywhere*, write immediately to the Old Crow Historical Bureau, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. You will be well paid for any acceptable information.

WHAT MARK TWAIN SAID ABOUT WHISKEY;

and what he didn't say about the weather!

MARK TWAIN never said, "Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it."

Man named Charles Dudley Warner, of Massachusetts, did. But here's something that Mark Twain *did* say.

Seems like Mr. Twain paid a visit to the Old Crow Distillery, ordered twenty-five barrels for his favorite tavern in Elmira, New York, and, on returning, would frequently ask the bartender, "Lou, which barrel are we using now?"

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KY.

The Moon and Time for Good Whiskey-Making

—● ☽ ○ ☾—

IN THE old Kentucky frontier days everyone went around saying:

> *"Mix your mash in the*
> *moon's first quarter,*
> *And your whiskey will taste*
> *just like it oughter."*

Of course, if there was a spell of cloudy weather that hid the moon's first quarter no whiskey got made that month. Which was probably a good thing, because most distillations in those days were fit to fill neither cup nor watering trough.

To all of this moon-made uncertainty, James Crow put an end in 1835 when he brought pure science to the art of whiskey-making, and established Kentucky whiskey as the finest made.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.
—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

GENERAL MORGAN

Famous Confederate General's Letter

GEN. JOHN HUNT MORGAN, in time of peace a southern gentleman, in time of war leader of Morgan's Raiders, once wrote a friend: "Let me know how I can get some Old Crow whiskey to you. The return mail will carry you a demijohn . . ."

(John Hunt Morgan to Dr. Henry Fox. Lexington, Ky., 2 Jul. '58.)

A TOAST

Here's to the three great American birds!

May you always have one on your table, one in your pocket and one in your glass—the turkey, the eagle, and Old Crow!

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

FEARLESS FOSDICK ®
by AL CAPP
DON'T DUNK ME IN THE GULP!!- BOILING ALCOHOL, ANYFACE!!
CACKLE!! WHY NOT, FOSDICK?
BECAUSE-- URGLE!! BLURP!! GURGLE!!
HOW'S THAT, AGAIN?
Copr. 1954 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
-BECAUSE ALCOHOL DRIES MY HAIR-MAKES IT HARD TO COMB!! SO I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!! IT'S NON-ALCOHOLIC!!
KEEPS HAIR NEAT- BUT NOT-UGH!-GREASY!! GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!!
THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL- MY NAME IS-URGLE!! BLURP!! GURGLE!!
LOOK YOUR BEST WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. KEEPS HAIR NEAT- BUT NOT-UGH!!-GREASY. NON-ALCOHOLIC. RELIEVES DRYNESS. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF!
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

the meantime you'd better hold the Adventure in port. They may try to slip out."

"I have no legal means of holding them. Their papers are in perfect order," Casteau said. And then he added, "If you fail to find any evidence that will detain Shedder, I will pay your expenses for one day only. No fee."

Airplane wanted to say, "I quit," but the thought of Reri's pretty shoes made him hang up instead.

Ah Choy, Jr., waved one hand at the telephone. "Parts of that conversation, perhaps, were for my benefit?"

"Perhaps," Airplane said. "Look, Junior, do me a favor."

"Certainly," Ah Choy, Jr., said. "Take the shoes you were admiring for your wife. Your credit is always good."

"Be serious. Tell me who's provisioning the Adventure."

Ah Choy, Jr., was generally considered to be less shrewd than the crafty old Ah Choy, Sr., who had preceded him. But the son looked smart now. He said, "Why should I tell you?"

"I'll protect you, if you co-operate."

Ah Choy toyed with his abacus. "Why should I need protection?"

"Because this morning Shedder was drinking a bottle of your brand of beer," Airplane explained.

Ah Choy smiled. "Always the eye for detail."

"And he had already smoked the cigarettes you had advanced him."

"Advanced?"

"He's broke."

"How do you know?"

Airplane shrugged. "I have a certain perceptiveness about the state of insolubility." Then he said, "What's Shedder got aboard that boat? Opium?"

Ah Choy said softly, "I wish it were." Then he asked, "What guarantee of safety can you give me if I co-operate?"

"None. But you ought to grab at anything. You may be mixed up in a murder."

AH CHOY sat quiet for a moment, then he said, "This is what I get for mixing sentiment with business." From his desk he took a letter written in Chinese on a letterhead of The Chinese Benevolent Society, located in Chinatown, San Francisco. "This came three months ago," he said. "It says that a nurse named Louise Hugg has offered to transport illegally to the Chinese community in Tahiti ten kilograms of standard U.S.P.C. penicillin that she has in her possession. She has always wanted to take a sailing trip to the South Seas, it says, and she feels that this means of financing her trip, though illegal, is justified on humanitarian grounds." Ah Choy unlocked a compartment in his desk and removed a rectangular cardboard box.

"Why is it humanitarian?" Airplane asked.

"Because penicillin is hard to get out of the United States and is desperately needed in Tahiti." He opened the lid of the box and revealed eleven rows of small white tablets. A twelfth row was missing. "Louise Hugg and Shedder brought this in this morning as soon as they landed. Rouget, the chemist, tested twelve and said they were standard stuff. They're stamped with a reliable company's seal." He closed the lid. "Hugg and Shedder are bringing the rest as soon as it's dark."

"How much do they want?"

"Twenty-three thousand dollars," he said. "According to the Society, it's a very fair price, gives the woman just about enough profit to finance a trip in a small boat to Tahiti."

Airplane closed his hand around the pepper mill in his pocket. "How much do you make out of the deal?"

"Three per cent."

"Are you lying?"

"No," Ah Choy said and looked squarely at Airplane. "The hospital will end up with most of it."

Airplane said, "Do you think you can get Shedder and Louise Hugg up here to the store before sundown?"

"Why?" Ah Choy asked.

"I want to search the ketch."

Ah Choy looked frightened.

"How are you going to pay them?" Airplane asked.

"Dollars," Ah Choy said and pointed to a safe under the desk.

"Whose are they?"

"The Benevolent Society's."

"Don't. Give them a letter of credit on your Suva bank. Tell them the cash didn't arrive."

"They'll get suspicious. Besides, they're broke. They're hungry."

"Give them food then," Airplane said. "But that's all."

"How are they going to buy fuel? And Teoro isn't going to cart water over to them for nothing."

"Do as I say and you'll get out of this," Airplane said. "There's been a murder. Remember?"

"Maybe there's been a murder," Ah Choy corrected.

"Will you get them over here?"

Ah Choy nodded. "I'll send my boy as soon as he gets back." It was almost three o'clock.

"Make it pronto," Airplane said. "And don't forget: *no cash!*" . . .

Airplane spent the next hour over a grenadine in a *glacé* parlor, pondering, and came up with precisely the same disconnected pattern of thought he had sat down with an hour before.

There was no reason for Shedder and Louise Hugg to kill Allbright. They needed money, yes, but they were due to receive twenty-three thousand dollars from Ah Choy as soon as they delivered the three cases of penicillin in Tahiti. Had Allbright discovered the contraband aboard? So what? No serious charge would ever be filed against Shedder and Hugg, once the charitable nature of the smuggling had been established. They would not kill Allbright on that score. Had the pair stolen the penicillin? That was possible. But Allbright would have had to pry that secret out of them. No, he had stumbled across something—something that Airplane hoped to discover as soon as the couple left the ketch.

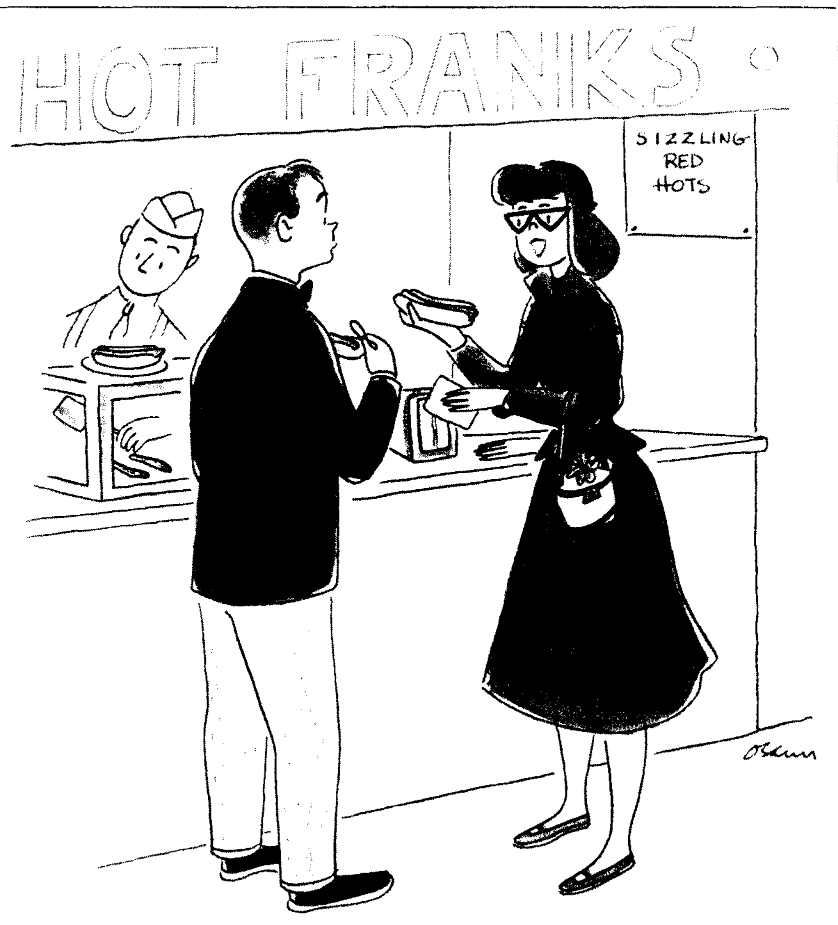
AIRPLANE finished his drink and squinted across the esplanade at the Adventure. Why did he think there was a *something?* Simply because Louise Hugg, who obviously hated the sea, was not the type to spend eighty-one dreary days aboard a cramped little ketch for a mere three thousand dollars, or whatever the legitimate profit on the penicillin might be. Airplane rested his whole case upon this inconsistency—plus, of course, the obvious incongruity of the pepper mill. He got out the little wooden grinder and examined it once more. It was not much evidence on which to build a case, and it was scarcely excuse enough to search a boat.

Airplane looked over at the Adventure again. Teoro, the Tahitian who supplied fresh water to cutters and yachts, had driven his pony and water cart alongside and was calling to those aboard.

Airplane paid for his grenadine.

After a moment both Shedder and Louise Hugg appeared, he with his shirt on, she with her purse in hand and a

TIZZY



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red baseball cap jammed over her blue-white curls. Apparently Ah Choy's summons had reached them. As Airplane paused before the window of a curio shop, he heard Shedder order Teoro to guard the ketch in their absence and let no one aboard. Then Shedder took the hose Teoro had thrown to him, went down the companionway and apparently engaged the nozzle with the tank intake. Teoro grasped the antiquated handle on his cart and began to pump. The man and woman stood motionless in the sunset for a moment, as though debating the wisdom of going ashore. With a nod from Shedder, they finally scrambled up onto the dock.

AIRPLANE noticed that Shedder kept his hand pressed against his rear pocket. There was something valuable there. Allbright's cash? Airplane noticed then that Louise Hugg held her purse carefully. The object Shedder protected was not money. It was heavy; it made his limp white ducks sag.

Airplane waited until the pair had started off. Swiftly he ran up to Teoro, calling a greeting. The Tahitian's dark face broke into a grin.

"Did they say when they would be back?" Airplane asked, kneeling behind the cart.

"Few minutes," Teoro answered.

"*Have they paid you?*"

"*Non.*" Teoro pointed down the quay to the petrol station. "They promise they leave money with fuel station when they fill up gasoline tank."

"When?"

"Later tonight. Fuel station stay open special for them." Teoro's face assumed a worried expression. "Shedder bad man. Have gun."

Airplane jumped aboard. "Give me the high sign if they show up, will you?"

Teoro nodded. With an uneasy glance over his shoulder, he began to pump.

Airplane slid back the hatch cover. The cabin was already an inky hole of darkness. Quickly, Airplane lighted the kerosene lamp and closed the curtains over the grimy portholes facing the town. Then he closed the hatch cover as tightly as the water hose would permit. Only the gurgle of water and the steady thump of Teoro's pump broke the silence.

The cabin was still disorderly and filthy. Airplane put the pepper mill back amid the dirty dishes on the galley table. The door to the storeroom forward was now secured with a small, cheap padlock. Airplane opened his wallet, got out one of Reri's hairpins and a small fingernail file. A few moments later the door was open.

The four cases of canned soup were stacked inside. Airplane untied the lanyard that bound the nearest box. The flaps opened on a layer of shiny soup cans. Airplane lifted out some of the cans, and found a cardboard box similar to the one he had seen at Ah Choy's. He opened it. One hundred and forty-four small white tablets, each bearing an imprint, lay in neat rows. Airplane touched one with his tongue. It tasted as much of cardboard as of *anything else—perhaps a little like* soda with a faint trace of sweetening. He heard the cathedral chimes. It was a quarter of six.

Airplane looked back at the slit in the hatch. Quick tropic night had fallen. Teoro's vision would be limited. For a moment Airplane listened to the monotonous thump of the pump, and then he attacked the knot on a second case.

At last the knot was untied. In this carton, the second layer was again cardboard boxes, identical in appearance to those in the first. He ripped open the cellophane fastening of the top box, and then hesitated.

The sound of Teoro's pump had suddenly stopped. Was the Tahitian coming aboard to check the tank?

Airplane started to get up, and then turned back instead to the cardboard box. Lifting the lid, he tasted a tablet, and then another one. Ripping open a second box, he repeated the process.

It would be better not to let Teoro see him rifling the stock. Quickly he emptied the contents of both boxes into his hands and shoved the case back into position with his foot. In the act of transferring the pills to his handkerchief, he dropped three, which rolled across the deck and came to rest in a damning triangle of evidence close to the companionway.

Clutching his handkerchief, Airplane snapped the lock on the door. He must pick up the three pills before turning out the lamp.

THE boat heaved suddenly under the impact of someone heavy jumping down onto the deck. Airplane lost his balance; his hip brushed against the nozzle of the water hose, which slipped from the mouth of the tank. Quick *footsteps sounded on the deck.* The hatch opened and the immense bulk of Elias Shedder loomed against the sky.

Shedder was down in the cabin in one catlike jump. For a moment he stood there; then his tiny eyes turned toward Airplane, who was standing stiffly against the water tank. Shedder pulled a .38 from his pocket. "Stay where you are," he said.

He took a step to a position directly opposite the three white pills on the deck. He turned his head and said quietly over his shoulder, "It's him."

Louise Hugg leaned over the companionway. "Did he get anything?"

Shedder said, "I don't know. Did you take care of the Kanaka at the water cart?"

"For a while," she said and descended the ladder to the cabin. To Airplane, she said, holding out her hand, "Give 'em to me."

"Give you what?"

"Whatever you've got in your hand behind you."

"Suppose I haven't got anything?" At the moment Airplane wished he hadn't. Shedder was training the gun nervously at Airplane's chest. Even more ominous was the look of violent desperation he saw upon the face of Louise Hugg.

She said, "Turn around."

Instinctively, Airplane pressed back against the water tank. Through the opening, which now was biting into his backside, water slopped and ran down his legs.

"Turn around!"

There was still a chance. Even if he destroyed the evidence, his word about his find would carry weight with Casteau. He had to get out of here alive. He hoped Louise Hugg's sharp eyes would not spot the pills on the deck.

Without changing position, Airplane slipped his handkerchief and its bulging contents of pills into the tank. Still leaning against the tank, he held out both hands for Shedder and Louise Hugg to examine.

But the woman was not looking at him. She was staring at the triangle of white pills at her feet.

It happened quickly. She mumbled a command to Shedder, opened her

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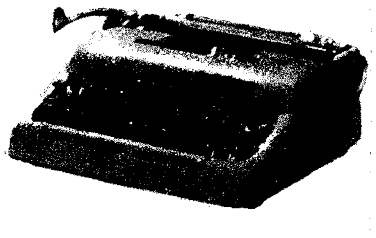

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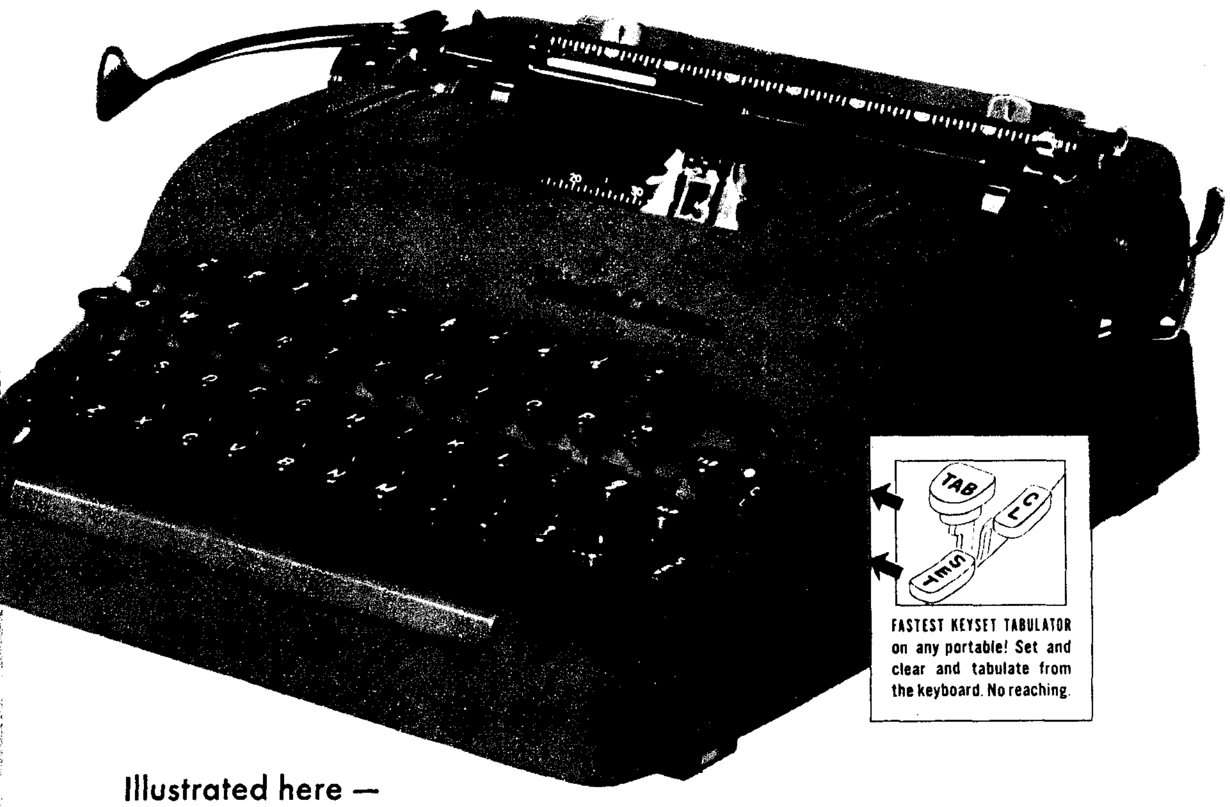

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purse, and pulled out a piece of cotton. "You see this?" she said to Airplane. The butt of Shedder's gun came down on his head. . . .

AIRPLANE opened his eyes and looked up at the rafters of Ah Choy's storeroom. His head hurt unmercifully. He felt sick. A face swam into view from the foot of the cot, huge blue eyes set in a gentle brown face.

The swift glow of pleasure that Airplane felt on seeing his wife faded quickly as the two other figures in the room came into focus. Over by the safe, its door ajar, sat Ah Choy, his head in his hands. Inspector Casteau was standing beside the four soup cartons, which Airplane had last seen aboard the ketch. As Airplane sat up and looked about, Casteau said, "Next time consult the police before ruining a case," and headed for the door.

"Wait!" Airplane jumped up. He tottered, overcome with quick nausea, and steadied himself against the cases. "What happened?"

Casteau turned and said in a deadly soft voice, "After knocking out you and the water vendor, your friends gagged you and placed you both on the next cutter with ether pads tied to your noses. Need I say more?"

Airplane glanced at the clock on Ah Choy's desk. That had happened five hours ago.

"Very quietly," the Inspector went on, "Shedder took the ketch to the fuel station for gasoline, while Miss Louise Hugg, very quietly, transported these cases by taxi here to Ah Choy's." He paused and regarded the young merchant, who was staring fixedly at the yawning safe door.

"How did Shedder pay for his fuel?" Airplane asked.

Casteau smiled unpleasantly. "You were very clever. By advising Ah Choy to refuse payment in cash, you forced Shedder to pay for his fuel with one of Allbright's bills."

"Have you got it?"

"At the station. It checks with one of the numbers listed in ink on a handkerchief of the deceased."

"So they killed him."

Casteau made an elaborate bow, and said, "Murder, yes. Your analysis was quite correct." And then he shrieked, *"But you let them escape! The woman and the man are now twenty miles out at sea!"* He shook his fist at Airplane. "Bungler! *Imbécile!*"

"Which way are they headed?"

"How do I know? They are beyond my jurisdiction. They are beyond anybody's. With plenty of money and three thousand miles of open sea—"

Airplane interrupted: "Have you alerted all the constabulary on the outlying islands?"

"By radio, yes. And I have offered five thousand francs to each and every person instrumental in effecting their return." The Inspector took fifteen francs from his wallet. "This," he said venomously to Airplane, "is your total remuneration."

"Thank you," Airplane said. "And you better add five thousand more."

Casteau stared at Airplane's face, as if seeking symptoms of madness. Then, without a word, he stalked out.

Ah Choy got up. "If you will excuse me, I'll retire. I hope the cot will be comfortable."

Reri explained, "The *Docteur*, he order you not move, darling."

"I don't want to go home," Airplane said. "How much do you stand to lose, Ah Choy?"

"Over fifteen thousand dollars. Almost three-quarters of the shipment was plain salt pressed into tablet form."

"Did Louise Hugg force the cash out of you?" Airplane asked.

"And a signed receipt of satisfactory shipment—at the point of a gun." Ah Choy rubbed the back of his head. "As I finished signing, she gave me a tap with the gun and buried me under some hemp bales with an ether pad. Very quick, very efficient woman." He tried to smile. "Good night."

DAWN showed in the window of Ah Choy's storeroom when the telephone rang. "Answer it, sweetie," Airplane said, stirring sleepily. "I think it's Casteau, trying to welsh. Tell him I'll see him about nine."

Reri spoke softly into the telephone for a moment, listened a long time, and returned to bed. She said, "The Adventure, she put in at Itimotu. Island gendarme catch people, tie to coconut tree, hold until Tahiti police come, get."

Airplane stretched happily. "What are we going to do with five thousand francs?"

"Casteau, he say only twenty-five hundred."

"We'll get four thousand. How'd you like a new pair of shoes?"

She smiled, and then whispered, "What you do, darling, make yacht turn around, go into Itimotu island?"

"Long story."

"Tell."

"They had run out of regular shaker salt and were grinding something as a substitute in a pepper mill. Once when I was based with the Navy in New Guinea we used ground-up salt tablets for the same reason. I wasn't suspicious at first. Then I began to wonder why people bound for Tahiti should bring along salt tablets, which are usually needed only in the hot tropics like Guinea. When Ah Choy showed me the sample of the good penicillin, it looked so much like salt tablets I figured maybe Louise Hugg had made a switch. Any laboratory could have stamped them out for her at a very low cost. I think Allbright discovered this fraud when they ran out of salt at sea and they decided to use a few of their phony penicillin tablets."

"You're so smart, darling."

"Dumb, really. I didn't have to get a sample of their salt tablets. All I had to do was stand at the fuel station and nab Shedder when he passed one of Allbright's bills."

"But Shedder would hit you on head, run away in boat alla same."

"Maybe. And then he wouldn't have had to come back to Itimotu."

"Why do they come back?" Reri asked.

"They didn't have any drinking water. And Chile was a month away."

"But Teoro, he filled tank, you say. Was water no good?"

"Yes, but it didn't stay that way. Either Shedder or Hugg apparently took a drink soon after leaving Tahiti and found it was salty. I dropped a handkerchief full of their own salt tablets into their water supply."

"That pretty new handkerchief I make the embroidery on?"

"Yes, I'm sorry. But I was under pressure," Airplane said. "So were they. Otherwise they would have tested their water before pushing off."

"I see. And you planned it, all this clever business of salt?"

"Not exactly."

"Yes, my darling."

"Not really."

"That," she said, "Casteau shall never know." —WARD HOLM TANZER

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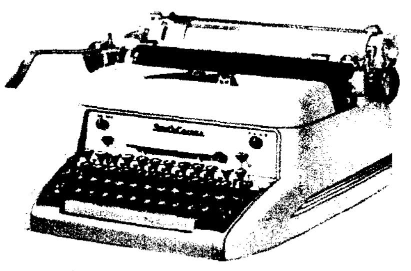

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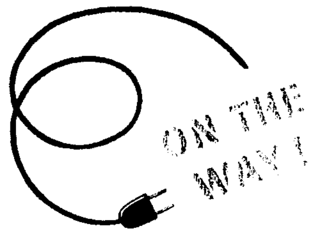

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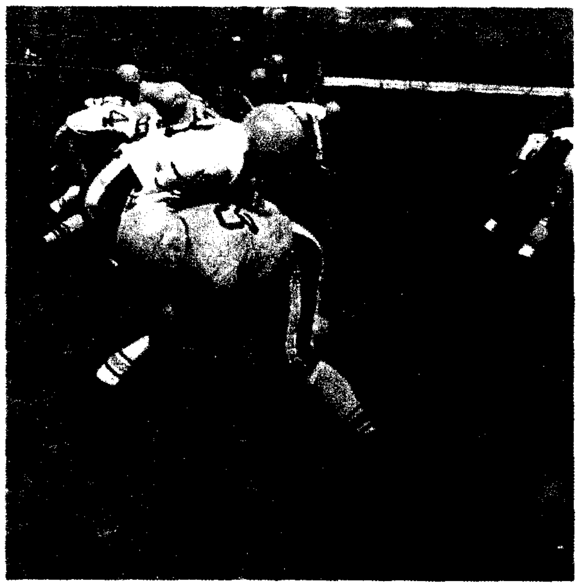

His pile-driving tackle forces fumble in a scrimmage. Team is nicknamed Broncos

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROLAND PATTERSON

JR.”

Father and son: Bronko, Sr., still does some pro wrestling and also runs old family farm

Big Bronk is a football legend. Now his son looks like a chip off the old blocker

MANY veteran observers consider Bronko Nagurski the greatest football player of all time. His bone-crushing play in the Minnesota line from 1927 through 1929 drew grunts from opponents, gasps from the spectators and made him an All-America tackle. Switching to the backfield during nine seasons with the professional Chicago Bears, Bronko ground out so many yards carrying so many opposing players on his back that he became the yardstick against whom all other fullbacks still are measured. Asked once what kind of defense could stop the six-foot-two, 230-pound Nagurski, Steve Owen, then of the rival New York Giants, spoke for everyone who ever faced the Bronk when he replied: “Shoot him before he leaves the dressing room.”

This autumn, a freckle-faced, wavy-haired young giant is actively engaged in adding new chapters to the Nagurski legend. He’s Bronko Nagurski, Jr., forty-five-year-old Bronko, Sr.’s, oldest son and a tremendous tackle at Falls High School in International Falls, Minnesota, where the family makes its home. Only sixteen years old and a senior, young Bronko already stands six feet tall and weighs 210 pounds, a full 20 pounds more than his dad at the same age. Last season, as a very young junior, the boy battled his way past players three and four years older than himself to make his conference All-Star team. This year, he’s also a top prospect for All-State honors.

Frank Larson, the youngster’s high-school coach and a two-time All-America end himself at Minnesota 20 years ago, sees a lot of the father in the son. “The boy’s not as fast as old Bronk was,” says Larson, “but he’s got the same terrific power and sense of position. College? Right now he’s leaning to either Minnesota or Notre Dame. Wherever he goes, I don’t see how he can miss.”

—HOWARD COHN

UNITED PRESS

Back in 1935, the old Bronko was almost unstoppable once he gathered momentum. Here, he drives to Bears touchdown

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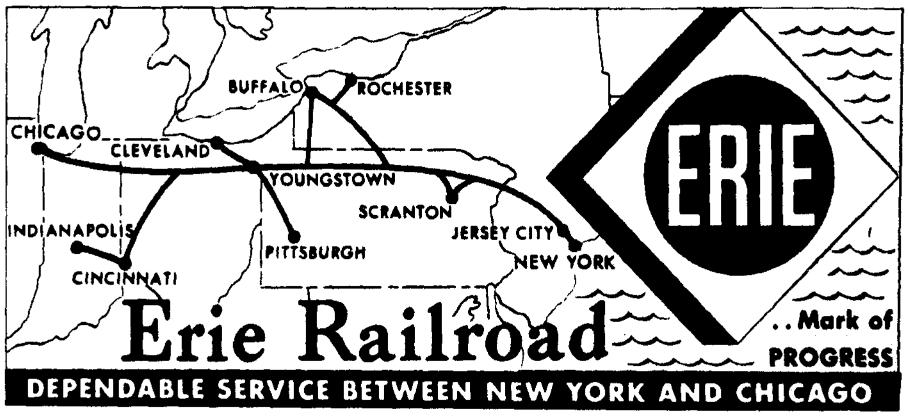

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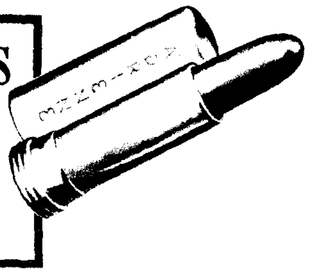

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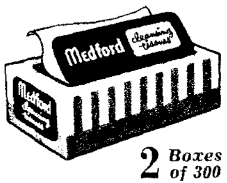

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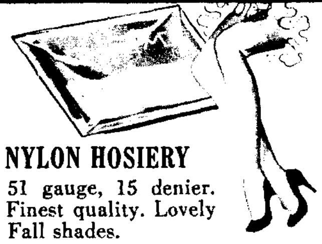

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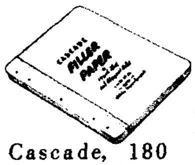

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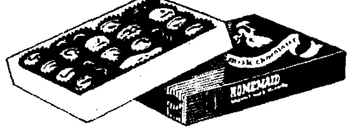
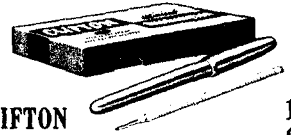
- ☐ **Cannon Wash Cloth,** 12" square, **2** for **28¢**
- ☐ **Rexall Ammoniated Toothpaste,** 3¼-oz. tube, 60¢ value.........**2** tubes, only **61¢**
- ☐ **Dental Floss,** 100-yd. vial......**2** for **76¢**
- ☐ **Zinc Oxide Ointment, 2,** 1-oz. tubes, **30¢**
- ☐ **Boric Acid Ointment, 2,** 1-oz. tubes, **32¢**
- ☐ **Camphorated Oil...2,** 4-oz. bottles, **60¢**
- ☐ **B-Complex Capsules,** 100's, **2** for **$2.60**
- ☐ **"Bag O' Pops,"** bag of 30.....**2** for **49¢**
- ☐ **Lucky Mix** hard & soft-center candies, or **Sour Balls,** liquid-filled......**2** bags **55¢**
- ☐ **Peanut Butter Kits,** 60 caramels in cellophane bag..............**2** bags, only **45¢**
- ☐ **"Mint Breeze"** candies, 4½-oz., **2** for **43¢**
- ☐ **Tiny Tot Baby Oil,** 6 oz., or Lotion, 6 oz., or Cream, 2 oz. ....**2** for **58¢**
- ☐ **Moth Fume Crystals,** pound, **2** for **80¢**
- ☐ **Air Refresher,** 5-oz. Aerosol, **2** for **$1.29**
- ☐ **Nail Polish Remover, "8480,"** 4-ounce bottle, a real saving at.........**2** for **40¢**
- ☐ **Aga-Rex** mineral oil laxative, with or without Phenolphthalein. Pt...**2** for **$1.11**
- ☐ **Rex-Seltzer,** 25 tablets.....**2** bottles **59¢**
- ☐ **Scout Flashlight Battery**.....**2** for **16¢**
- ☐ **Icicles,** 60 lead foil strands..**2** boxes **13¢**
- ☐ **$50,000 Chocolate Syrup,** for tasty treats at home. 7 ounces............**2** for **29¢**
- ☐ **Men's Irish Linen Handkerchief,** white, 18" x 18". Stock up now at......**2** for **51¢**



HOMEMAID CHOCOLATES

Milk or dark. Nuts, creams, chews, nougats. Delicious!

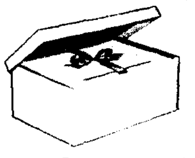
2 Lb. Box, $1.89 Value Only $1.39



CLIFTON FEVER THERMOMETERS

Oral or rectal. Sturdy, accurate, easy to read.

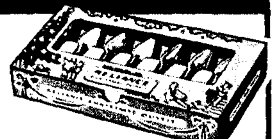
$1.35 Value Only 67¢



$2.50 Value 98¢

HANDMADE-WEAVE WRITING PAPER

Hinged cabinet with 60 white sheets, 48 envelopes. Ideal gift!



CHRISTMAS TREE LIGHTS, U. L. approved.

Multiple 7-light set, independent-burning lamps; or set of 8 Bubble Lites.

Multiple Lights $2.35 Value $1.69

Bubble Lites $2.75 Value $1.79

15" PLUSH CUDDLE BEAR

Soft, loveable. Brown and honey colored.

$2.98 Value $1.87

$2.25 Value $1.39

DEFENDER LATEX FOLDING FOUNTAIN SYRINGE

2 qt. capacity, natural rubber latex, waterproof carrying case.

Rexall Drug Products are Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Your Money Back

at REXALL Drug Stores in the United States and Canada

SALE

SALE DAYS

Wednesday . . Oct. 13
Thursday . . . Oct. 14
Friday . . . . . Oct. 15
Saturday . . . Oct. 16

Use this ad as your shopping list. Check the squares and order in advance if you wish. Your Rexall Druggist will gladly lay away your order, to be picked up any time during the sale.

Rexall PLASTIC PRO-CAP ADHESIVE TAPE

REXALL PLASTIC ADHESIVE TAPE

The new plastic tape that needs no cutter. Waterproof, flesh color, dirt-resistant, flexible. Famous Pro-Cap formula (less irritating than ordinary adhesive tape). ½″ by 5 yards.

Reg. 29¢ 2 FOR 30¢

ELITE LINEN

ELITE LINEN POUND PAPER

Fifty white sheets Reg. 85¢ 2 FOR 86¢

Matching envelopes Reg. 85¢ 2 FOR 86¢

Lavender DUSTING POWDER
Rexall
Lavender
DUSTING POWDER

LAVENDER or ADRIENNE BATH POWDER

Fine-textured; delightful fragrance **Reg. $1.50** 2 FOR $1.51

Rexall
MONACET COMPOUND A.P.C.

MONACET APC TABLETS

Bottle of 100, Reg. 79¢

Help relieve headaches, muscular aches and pains, discomforts of colds. 2 FOR 80¢

Bottle of 25, reg. 33¢. . . . . **2 for 34¢**

Rexall
Rexillana

REXILLANA COUGH SYRUP

Soothes coughs due to colds. Safe, pleasant, effective. 4-ounce bottle.

Reg. 59¢ 2 FOR 60¢

Lavender
BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM

LAVENDER MENTHOLATED SHAVE CREAM

3¼ oz. Brushless or 3½ oz. Lather

Reg. 59¢ Tube 2 FOR 60¢

VIC
VICTORIA

VICTORIA 2-HEAT HOT WATER BOTTLE

Reg. $2.89

Finned surface on one side gives you a choice of 2 different temperatures. 2 quart capacity. 2 FOR $2.90

Rexall
KLENZO
ANTISEPTIC

KLENZO ANTISEPTIC

Pint, Reg. 79¢

Ruby-red antiseptic mouthwash, gargle and breath sweetener. 2 FOR 80¢

STOCK UP AND SAVE ON THESE FAMILY REMEDIES

☐ **Alco-Rex Rubbing Alcohol** helps relieve minor muscular aches and pains. A cooling, invigorating body rub that works fast. Pint, 49¢. .**2** for **50¢**

☐ **Rexall Antacid Gas Tablets** neutralize excess stomach acidity, ease gastric distress, flatulence. Bottle of 40, 39¢, **2** for **40¢**

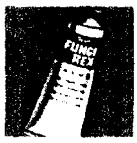
☐ **Rexall Aspirex Cough Drops** with aspirin. Quick relief. Box, 15¢. .**2** for **16¢**

Rexall
EYELO

☐ **Rexall Eyelo** eye lotion. Soothes, cools and cleanses. Reduces irritation caused by wind, dust, and bright sun. With eye cup. ½ pt., 69¢, **2** for **70¢**

☐ **Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup.** ½ pint, reg. 89¢, now. . . . .**2** for **90¢**

☐ **Rexall Cold Tablets.** Relieve symptoms, discomfort. Bottle of 30, 39¢. . . .**2** for **40¢**



☐ **Fungi-Rex** Greaseless ointment for Athlete's Foot. Gives fast, soothing relief from itching and discomfort. 1½-oz. tube, reg. 75¢. . . . .**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Rexall Corn Solvent.** Painless corn remover. ½ oz., reg. 35¢, now. . . . .**2** for **36¢**

☐ **Rexall Little Pills.** Gentle laxative. Bottle of 100, regularly 45¢. . . . .**2** for **46¢**

☐ **Rexall Petrofol** mineral oil laxative. Gentle, highly refined, tasteless, odorless, non-habit forming, relieves constipation quickly. Pint, 59¢. . . . . .**2** for **60¢**

☐ **Rexall Diuretic Pills** aid kidney function. Bottle of 60, 69¢. . . . .**2** for **70¢**

☐ **Rex-Rub** helps relieve muscular aches and pains. Stimulating, greaseless solution. 6-oz. bottle, 89¢. . . . .**2** for **90¢**

☐ **Rex-Salvine** for burns. Antiseptic salve quickly soothes minor burns, scalds. 1½-oz. tube, 57¢. . . . .**2** for **58¢**

☐ **Rexall Antihistamine** tablets for colds. Give prompt symptomatic relief from the discomfort of common colds. Bottle of 15 tablets, regularly sells for 49¢, now 2 bottles for only. . . . .**50¢**

☐ **Mucilloid Bulk Laxative Powder.** Gentle, effective, non-irritating. Provides both bulk and lubrication for relief of temporary constipation. Pound, $2.79, now. .**2** for **$2.80**

CELUREX
LAXATIVE

☐ **Rexall Celurex.** Gentle laxative provides gentle stimulation plus lubricating bulk. 65 tablets, reg. 89¢, **2** for **90¢**; 130 tablets, reg. $1.69. . .**2** for **$1.70**

☐ **Rexall Mercurochrome,** ½-ounce bottle, regularly 25¢, now. . . . .**2** for **26¢**

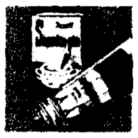
☐ **Rexall Pabizol** for relief of simple diarrhea and upset stomach due to dietary indiscretion. 4 oz., 55¢. . . . .**2** for **56¢**

☐ **Mi-31 Throat Tablets with Hexylresorcinol** relieve coughs due to colds. Pleasant tasting. 24, regularly 25¢. . . . . . .**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Rexall Eye Drops.** Soothing, cleansing lotion for irritated eyes. 1 oz., 39¢, **2** for **40¢**

☐ **Rexall Lip Aid Salve.** Soothes, helps prevent chapping. ¼-oz. tube, reg. 39¢, **2** for **40¢**

☐ **Rexall Tincture Green Soap.** Liniment of soft soap. ½ pt., reg. 69¢. . . .**2** for **70¢**



☐ **Sweet'n-ets Sprinkle** sugar substitute. All of the taste, none of the calories. Equivalent 200 teaspoons sugar in 2½-oz. shaker. reg. 98¢. . . . . . .**2** for **99¢**

☐ **Rexall Sedets** relieve cramps and headaches of functional menstrual pain. Sedative and antispasmodic. 12's, 25¢, **2** for **26¢**

☐ **Rexall Quick-Acting Plaster** relieves muscular aches and pains resulting from over-exertion. 11″ x 7″. Reg. 59¢, **2** for **60¢**

☐ **Rexall Mouthwash with Chlorophyll.** Pleasant mint flavor. Effective breath-sweetener, gargle. Efficient foaming action. Pint, 79¢. . . . . .**2** for **80¢**

Rexall
GYPSY CREAM

☐ **Gypsy Cream** for minor skin irritations. Cooling lotion gives almost immediate relief from the discomforts of sunburn or other minor skin irritations like chafing, poison ivy and oak. ½ pt., 69¢. . . . .**2** for **70¢**

Turn the page for more

1¢ SALE

Bargains

YOUR Rexall DRUG STORE

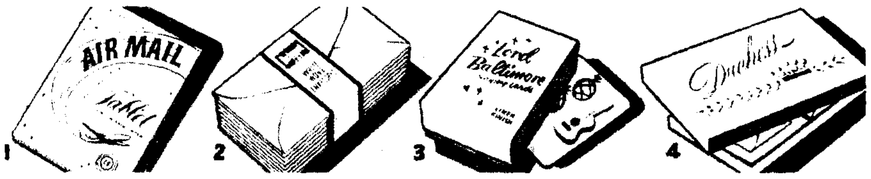
You Can Depend on Any Drug Product that Bears the Name Rexall

Get Twice as Much **1¢** *for One Penny More*

REXALL 1¢ SALE

at Rexall Drug Stores in United States & Canada

STATIONERY SAVINGS



☐ **1. Lord Baltimore Airmail Tablet.** 44 sheets quality cockle finish onion skin paper. Reg. 25¢..............**2** for **26¢**

☐ **2. Commercial Envelopes.** White, standard size. Regular 10¢ pack......**2** for **11¢**

☐ **Park Lane.** 24 large, distinctive white sheets with 2-color design; 12 plain white sheets; 24 env. $1.50 box......**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Cascade Lead Pencils,** medium. 5¢ values, a real buy at..............**2** for **6¢**

☐ **Imperial Deckle.** 36 gold-bordered white sheets, 24 envelopes, $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Town & Country.** 36 ivory vellum sheets: 24 lined env. Reg. $1.00......**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **White Vellum Notes.** 20 folded all-occasion notes, envelopes. Reg. 75¢..**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Speedlines Air Mail.** 80 white sheets; 30 env. & stickers. $1.00 box...**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Retractable Ball Pen.** Asstd. colors; uses BB refill. Reg. $1.29..........**2** for **$1.30**

☐ **Fountain Pen, Lord Baltimore.** Gold colored trim; 14K gold-plated, stainless steel point. Reg. $1.00........**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Poker and Pinochle Cards, Lord Baltimore.** Single decks. 95¢........**2** for **96¢**

☐ **3. Bridge Cards, Lord Baltimore.** Single deck; choice of designed backs; long-lasting. Reg. 95¢..............**2** for **96¢**

☐ **4. Duchess.** 24 gray vellum, hand bordered sheets, 24 env. Reg. $1.00....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Blue Chiffon.** Exquisite sheer paper, blue fabric finish. 24 printed, embossed sheets, 24 plain: 24 envelopes with white paper lining. Reg. $1.50 box........**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Royalton Writing Paper.** Distinctive white paper with faint watermark. 24 sheets, 20 env. 85¢ box................**2** for **86¢**

☐ **Nottingham.** 36 new pastel green vellum sheets; 30 env. Reg. $1.00....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Watercolor Notes.** Lovely full-color floral designs. 16 French-fold notes with envelopes. Reg. $1.00 box........**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **'Tween You-N-Me Notes.** Sophisticated "studio style" double-folded notes with brush drawing prints: 15 notes; envelopes. Reg. 60¢ box..................**2** for **61¢**

☐ **Many Thanks.** 10 copper-engraved notes and envelopes. 50¢ box.........**2** for **51¢**

☐ **Elite Linen Envelopes.** Matching ink tablet; cellophane pack, 25¢....**2** for **26¢**

MENS TOILETRIES AND SHAVING AIDS

☐ **Klenzo Lather Brush.** Fine bristle mixture blended throughout. Cased with pure badger. Set in rubber to stay. Ivory catalin handle. Reg. $2.50, now...**2** for **$2.51**

☐ **Permedge Razor Blades.** 5 double or single edge, **2**—15¢ pkgs. **16¢**; 20 double or 18 single edge, **2**—49¢ pkgs. ....**50¢**

☐ **Lavender After-Shave Lotion.** Pleasant, brisk fragrance, 4 oz., reg. $1..**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Rexall After-Shave Lotion.** 6-ounce bottle, regularly 59¢..............**2** for **60¢**

☐ **Rexall Bay Rum.** Bracing after-shave lotion. Pint, reg. 59¢...........**2** for **60¢**

☐ **Rexall Shave Cream.** 2¾-oz. regular or 2½-oz. brushless. Reg. 43¢......**2** for **44¢**

☐ **Lavender After-Shave Talc,** 3⅛ ounces, reg. 50¢......................**2** for **51¢**

☐ **Rexall Styptic Pencil,** reg. 15¢, **2** for **16¢**

Lavender
SHAVING CREAM
MENTHOLATED

☐ **Lavender Aerated Shaving Creams.** Whisker-wilting regular or mentholated cream in convenient push-button Aerosol cans. 10 oz., regularly $1.25...**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Pocket Comb and File** in neat leather case. Reg. 29¢...............**2** for **30¢**

☐ **"8480" Nail Clipper.** New, fine-quality forged steel. 49¢..............**2** for **50¢**

☐ **Military Brush.** Nylon bristles in black plastic back. $2.00...........**2** for **$2.01**

☐ **Lavender Hair Tonic.** Checks loose dandruff. 6 oz., $1.00............**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Lavender Cream Hair Tonic** with Lanolin. Non-alcoholic, so won't dry out hair. 6 oz., regularly $1.00.........**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Lavender Hair Dressing.** Four-ounce, regularly 75¢, now.............**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Lavender Hair Oil.** 6 oz., $1, **2** for **$1.01**

BUYS FOR BABIES

Stork
NURSER

☐ **Rexall Stork Nurser.** 8-oz. bottle; nipple and cap complete. Reg. 35¢....**2** for **36¢**

☐ **Rexall Cotton Balls.** 65 sterilized, absorbent balls. Reg. 35¢............**2** for **36¢**

☐ **Nylon Bottle Brush.** Reg. 25¢..**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Baby Rattles.** Plastic rattles in assorted styles and colors. Reg. 25¢ ea...**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Hall's Borated Talcum Powder.** Blend of finest talc. 1 lb. reg. 75¢......**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Nursery Castile Soap,** pure, mild, non-irritating: 3-oz. cake, reg. 19¢...**2** for **20¢**

☐ **Baby Cough Syrup,** 3 oz., 39¢..**2** for **40¢**

☐ **Rexall Aspirin, Tiny Tot.** 100 half-grain tablets. Reg. 35¢..............**2** for **36¢**

☐ **Rexall Polymulsion.** High potency vitamins A, C, D, B_1, B_2; pleasantly flavored liquid. Pint, reg. $3.59........**2** for **$3.60**

☐ **Rexall Quik-Swabs.** Cotton-tipped applicators ideal for dozens of nursery needs and general household use. 100 in package. Reg. 35¢.......................**2** for **36¢**

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

No
6
PINE OIL
DISINFECTANT

☐ **Rexall No. 6 Pine Oil Disinfectant** deodorizes, cleans, disinfects—all at once. Economical (use one gallon water to 4 tablespoons disinfectant). Non-corrosive, non-caustic when used as directed. Pint bottle, reg. $1.19............**2** for **$1.20**

☐ **Klenzo Cellulite Sponge,** extra rugged for scrubbing, dishes, etc. Choice of 4 smart colors. Reg. 35¢ each. Two sponges (packed together in 1 pliofilm bag)...**36¢**

☐ **Extension Cords** with cube taps. 3 styles, 2 prices: 2 for 60¢..............**2** for **80¢**

☐ **Elkays Wickstyle Deodorant** sweetens air in any room. 6 oz., reg. 59¢..**2** for **60¢**

☐ **Monreale Olive Oil,** finest quality, imported—for cooking, dressings, etc. 12-oz. bottle, reg. $1.19............**2** for **$1.20**

☐ **Defender Household Gloves.** Red rubber. Curved fingers for comfort; roughened surface for better grip. Small, medium or large. Reg. 79¢................**2** for **80¢**

Saccharin Tablets, 100's: ¼ gr., **2** for **36¢**; ½ gr., **2** for **46¢**. 1000's: ¼ gr., **2** for **$1.09**; ½ gr., **2** for **$1.27**; 1 gr., **2** for **$1.50**

Aspirin for Children, Orange-flavored, pleasant-tasting to children. 50 one-grain tablets, regularly 35¢, now...**2** bottles for just **36¢**

Glycerin Suppositories, Quickly relieve constipation. Sizes for adults and children. Box of 12, regularly 43¢, now ....**2** for **44¢**

BEAUTY BUYS – Stock Up Now and Save!

LANGLOIS
Lavender
COLOGNE STICK

☐ **Langlois Lavender Cologne Stick.** Distinctive fragrance. In handy, no-waste stick, 2½ oz. Reg. $1.25............**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Adrienne "Spicy Floral" Cologne Stick.** New, refreshing scent. Handy purse-size container. Reg. $1.25....**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Garden Spice Cologne Stick.** Garden fresh; subtle spicy fragrance. 2½ oz. Regularly $1.25, a buy at..........**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Adrienne Colognes.** Choice of 3 fragrances—floral, woodsy or exotic. Regularly $1.25 bottle............**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Adrienne Perfumed Bubble Bath.** Box of 20 packets—4 each of 5 lovely fragrances. Softens water. Reg. 75¢ box....**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Adrienne Floral Foam Cologne,** Aerosol. Lingering, flower-fresh fragrance. 5 oz., reg. $2.50.............**2** for **$2.51**

☐ **Adrienne Dry Skin Soap** with Lanolin. Exceptionally mild soap. Box of 4 cakes, reg. $1.39.................**2** for **$1.40**

☐ **Adrienne Rose Geranium Soap** with Lanolin. Box of 4, reg. $1.39..**2** for **$1.40**

☐ **Adrienne De Luxe Velour Powder Puff.** Large 3" size, reg. 15¢....**2** for **16¢**

Dainty
DEODORANT CREAM

☐ **Dainty Deodorant Cream.** Odorless deodorant and anti-perspirant. Won't stain. 1⅛-oz. jar, reg. 49¢...........**2** for **50¢**

☐ **Dainty Mist Deodorant.** Plastic squeeze bottle, 1½ oz., reg. 75¢.........**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Dainty Deodorant Powder.** After-bath refresher. 4-oz. can, reg. 60¢....**2** for **61¢**

☐ **Dainty Deodorant Stick.** No waste, no muss. 2½ oz. Reg. $1.00......**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Lavender Soap with Lanolin.** Especially recommended for dry skin. Four 4½-oz. cakes, reg. $1.39............**2** for **$1.40**

☐ **Lavender Cologne Deodorant.** Fresh fragrance. 4 oz. Reg. $1.00....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Lavender Deodorant Talcum** with Hexachlorophene, 3⅛ oz. Reg. 60¢..**2** for **61¢**

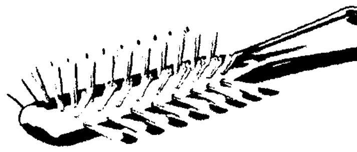
☐ **Lavender Cologne,** Light, dainty fragrance. 4-oz. bottle, reg. $1.50, **2** for **$1.51**

☐ **"8480" Emery Boards.** Strong, flexible. Reg. 15¢.....................**2** for **16¢**

☐ **"8480" Nail File.** 5", reg. 25¢..**2** for **26¢**

☐ **"8480" Tweezers.** Shiny forged steel in 3 styles. Reg. 25¢ each..........**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Shower Cap,** regularly 29¢.....**2** for **30¢**



☐ **Klenzo Hair Brushes,** half-round and professional styles, smart backs. Regularly $1 each, now..................**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Klenzo Purse-Size Hair Brush.** Glossy nylon bristles. Reg. $1.00.....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Klenzo Nylon Hand Brush.** Sturdy nylon bristles. 50¢.............**2** for **51¢**

☐ **Klenzo Nylon Bath Brush.** Extra soft nylon bristles; lustrous black plastic back and handle. Reg. $1.50.......**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Adrienne Cold Cream,** 3 oz., **Cleansing Cream,** 3¼ oz., or **Hand Cream,** 4¼ oz. Each, reg. $1................**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Adrienne Face Powder.** Choice of 4 shades in Regular or Compressed. Each, regularly $1.00..............**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Helen Cornell Hormone Cream.** Contains 10,000 International Units natural estrogenic hormones per ounce. 2-oz. jar. Reg. $1.50.................**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Helen Cornell Shampoo.** 4-oz. jar Cream Shampoo or 8-oz. bottle Liquid or Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. Reg. 98¢, **2** for **99¢**

☐ **"8480" Talcum.** Soft, fragrant, absorbent talc. 1 lb., reg. 75¢........**2** for **76¢**

Theatrical
Cold Cream

☐ **Rexall Theatrical Cleansing or Cold Cream,** favorites of theatrical profession. 1-lb. jar, reg. $1.25..........**2** for **$1.26**

☐ **Mascal's Hand Cream.** Greaseless, vanishing. 6¼-oz. jar, reg. $1, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Mascal's Hand Lotion.** Smoothing, softening. Pint, reg. $1.00......**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Ilasol Hand Lotion.** Non-sticky, fast-drying. 8-oz. bottle, reg. 89¢....**2** for **90¢**

☐ **Rexall After-Shower Talc** deodorant, antiseptic, 9 oz. Reg. $1.00....**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Sequoia Pine Bath Oil.** Softens water. 6-oz. bottle, reg. $1.00........**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Sequoia Pine Soap** with lanolin. Box of 4 cakes, reg. $1.39..........**2** for **$1.40**

☐ **Rexall Hydrogen Peroxide, USP 6%,** 20 Volume, 4-oz. bottle, reg. 21¢..**2** for **22¢**

☐ **Lavender Shampoo.** Lathers abundantly. 6-oz. bottle, reg. $1.00........**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Foam Rubber Powder Puff.** 2¾ by ½". Washable. Reg. 10¢...........**2** for **11¢**

☐ **Helen Cornell Nylon Hair Nets.** For seven different hair shades in regular and bob styles. Elasticized. Reg. 10¢, **2** for **11¢**

Rexall's Original 1¢ Sale – Four Big Days to Save . . . .

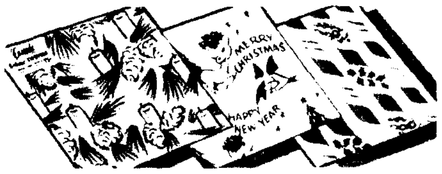
SALE DAYS

Wednesday . Oct. 13
Thursday . . Oct. 14
Friday . . . . Oct. 15
Saturday . . Oct. 16

Important Note:

Only the increased volume resulting from the 1¢ Sale enables your Rexall Druggist to offer you such quality at such tremendous savings. The items in this advertisement are regular, guaranteed Rexall products—freshly stocked for this great money-saving event.

CHRISTMAS NEEDS



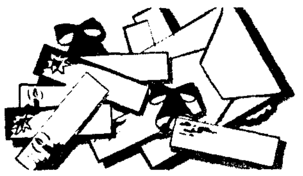
☐ **Christmas Gift Wrapping Paper,** Cascade. Choice of colorful Christmas designs, plus gold, silver treatments. 2 sheets per pack, reg. 10¢..........**2** packs for **11¢**

☐ **DeLuxe Christmas Gift Paper,** Cascade. Beautiful papers for wrapping your most important gifts. Distinctive holiday designs. Pkg. of two sheets, 25¢........**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Wide Rayon Ribbons or Curling Ties.** Christmas colors. 25¢ each......**2** for **26¢**

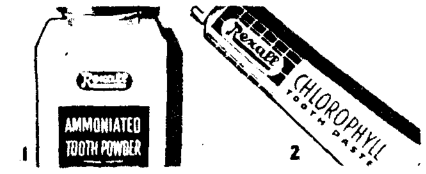
☐ **Hanks of Ribbon,** Cascade. Rayon acetate, rich colors. 9 ft., 10¢......**2** for **11¢**

☐ **Deluxe Aluminum Foil Gift Wrap,** Cascade. Dazzling designs: gold, silver, stripes, stars, candy canes, Santa, etc. Giant 96" roll, 20" wide. 50¢.........**2** for **51¢**



☐ **Christmas Tags and Seals,** Cascade. Your choice of smart enclosure cards or cards with string attached or brilliant decorative seals. 10¢ each pack.....**2** for **11¢**

DENTAL NEEDS

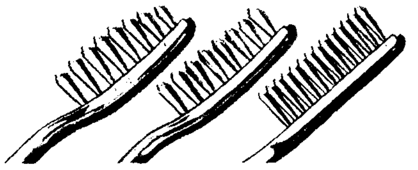


☐ **1. Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Powder.** Helps prevent tooth decay by releasing ammonium ions to inhibit acid formation on teeth. 3 oz., regularly 43¢....**2** for **44¢**

☐ **2. Rexall Chlorophyll Toothpaste.** Sweetens the breath as it cleans. Foaming action floats away food particles. Giant tube, regular 47¢, now........**2** for **48¢**

☐ **Dental Plate Cleaner, Denturex.** Self-acting: cleans without brushing. Deodorizes, kills germs, and removes discolorations. Fast, effective. 7½ oz., 69¢......**2** for **70¢**

☐ **Denturex Adhesive Powder.** Holds dentures firmly and comfortably in place. Nonirritating. Lets you eat, talk, and smile with confidence. 3 oz., reg. 55¢......**2** for **56¢**



☐ **Klenzo Tooth Brushes.** Fine quality nylon-bristled brushes in a choice of styles and textures to suit everyone. Regularly 39¢ each; now................**2** for **40¢**

Cod Liver Oil, High potency. Teaspoonful has 1⅘ times minimum daily adult requirement of vitamins A and D. Pint, $1.49, **2** for **$1.50**

Elite Ink Tablets, Good quality linen finish paper, note or letter size, ruled or plain; full-size blotter. Reg. 25¢ now..........**2** for **26¢**

Helen Cornell Bobby Pins, Black or Bronze. 24 regular tip or 18 rubber-tipped, regularly 10¢, now..**2** cards for only **11¢**

VITAMIN VALUES

MINERALIZED B Complex

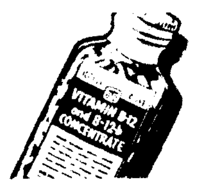
☐ **Rexall Mineralized B Complex** with vitamin B_{12}, liver, iron and vitamin C. Combines 9 important B vitamins and iron with 11 mineral trace elements: calcium, iodine, phosphorus, cobalt, copper, manganese, magnesium, molybdenum, potassium, zinc and nickel. Family-size bottle of 100, regularly $5.95,.........**2** for **$5.96**

☐ **Rexall Beef, Wine and Iron Tonic** stimulates appetite, promotes the formation of red blood cells and helps correct simple nutritional anemia caused by a lack of sufficient iron in the diet. An ideal dietary supplement for convalescents. The beef peptone content furnishes other nutritive elements. Full pint bottle, reg. $1.50....**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Rexall Brewer's Yeast Tablets** provide important amounts of vitamin B_1 and vitamin B_2 at low cost. Giant bottle of 250, regularly 98¢, now............**2** for **99¢**

☐ **Rexall Dicalcium Phosphate** capsules for supplementing the diets of expectant or nursing mothers and diets lacking in calcium, phosphorus and vitamin D. Contain calcium gluconate and viosterol. 3 capsules daily supply: Calcium—⅓ M.D.A.R.*, Phosphorus—⅕ M.D.A.R., Vitamin D_2 (viosterol) twice M.D.A.R., Bottle of 100, $1.24..........**2** for **$1.25**

☐ **Rexall 5X Multi-Vitamins** provide 5 times the minimum daily requirement of all vitamins with known minimums. Each tablet supplies vitamins B_{12}, A, D, B_1 (thiamin), B_2 (riboflavin), C and niacinamide. A tablet a day provides a protective margin of important nutritive elements that may be lacking in the ordinary or deficient diet. 5X multivitamins are also a valuable dietary supplement for convalescents, expectant mothers, and manual workers who may require more than ordinary amounts of these vitamins. Bottle of 50, $6.95..........**2** for **$6.96**


VITAMIN B-12 and B-12b CONCENTRATE

☐ **Rexall Vitamin B_{12} Concentrate.** Each capsule provides 5 micrograms of red vitamin B_{12}—so important in stimulating the formation of red blood cells and aiding the prevention of nutritional anemia due to B_{12} deficiency. Bottle of 100, $1.40, **2** for **$1.41**

☐ **Rexall Percocod Tablets** ("Vitamin Candy") for children. Two pleasant-tasting tablets a day supply more vitamin A and D than a teaspoonful of cod liver oil. Vitamins in these tablets are derived from natural sources. Bottle of 110, 98¢, **2** for **99¢**

☐ **Rexall Polycaps,** multi-vitamin capsules for growing children. One red capsule daily provides the minimum daily requirement of all vitamins ordinarily essential for children up to 12 years of age. Box of 72, regularly $1.98..............**2** for **$1.99**

☐ **Rexall Yeast and Iron Tablets.** Seven times the minimum daily requirement of iron plus important amounts of vitamins B_1 and B_2 are provided by the recommended adult dose. 100's 75¢....**2** for **76¢**

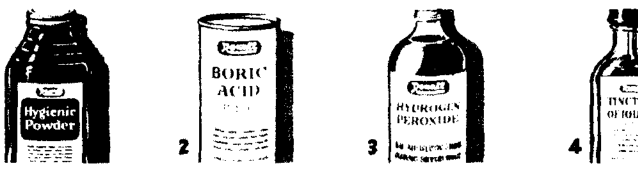
☐ **Rexall ABDG Capsules.** Two capsules daily provide 1¼ times the minimum daily adult requirement of vitamin A; 2 times M.D.A.R.* vitamin D; M.D.A.R. vitamins B_1 and B_2; and niacinamide. Family bottle of 100, reg. $1.59............**2** for **$1.60**

PANOVITE MINERALS

☐ **Rexall Panovite with Minerals.** One capsule gives more than minimum daily requirements of vitamin A (1¼ times M.D.A.R.*), vitamin D (2½ times M.D.A.R.), vitamin B_1 (2½ times M.D.A.R.), vitamin B_2 (1¼ times M.D.A.R.), vitamin C (1⅔ times M.D.A.R.) ... plus B_6, calcium pantothenate, niacinamide and eleven important minerals: calcium, cobalt, copper, iodine, iron, manganese, magnesium, molybdenum, phosphorus, potassium and zinc. Bottle of 100, reg. $4.95, **2** for **$4.96**

**M.D.A.R.: Minimum Daily Adult Requirement*

MEDICINE CHEST SAVINGS



☐ **1. Rexall Hygienic Powder,** 6-ounce, regularly 75¢, now............**2** for **76¢**

☐ **2. Rexall Boric Acid.** Powder or Crystals, 4-ounce, reg. 33¢..........**2** for **34¢**
Solution, 4-ounce, reg. 25¢......**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Rexall Ascorbic Acid.** Vitamin C. 100 mgs. 100-tablet bottle, $1.98..**2** for **$1.99**

☐ **Hinkle's Cascara Compound Pills.** Laxative. Bottle of 100, 50¢........**2** for **51¢**

☐ **Rexall Thiamine Hydrochloride Tablets.** Equal 8333 Units vitamin B_1. 25 mgs. Bottle of 100, $2.98..........**2** for **$2.99**

☐ **Analgesic Balm.** 1 oz., 65¢....**2** for **66¢**

☐ **Cold Sore Lotion.** ¼ oz. 29¢...**2** for **30¢**

☐ **Rexall Mentholated White Pine and Tar Cough Syrup.** ½ pt., reg. 79¢..**2** for **80¢**

☐ **Milk of Magnesia,** pt., reg. 43¢, **2** for **44¢**

☐ **Rexall Nose Drops.** 1 oz., 49¢..**2** for **50¢**

☐ **Toothache Drops,** reg. 35¢....**2** for **36¢**

☐ **Rexall Essence Peppermint.** Helps remove gas. 1 oz., 45¢............**2** for **46¢**

☐ **Rexall Glycerin.** 3 oz., 67¢....**2** for **68¢**

☐ **Rexall Glycerin & Rose Water.** Soothes skin. 4 oz., 47¢................**2** for **48¢**

☐ **3. Rexall Peroxide of Hydrogen.** 3% solution. Pint, 45¢............**2** for **46¢**

☐ **4. Rexall Iodine.** 1 oz., 33¢ ...**2** for **34¢**

☐ **Rexall Castor Oil.** 3 oz., 45¢...**2** for **46¢**

☐ **Rexall Soda Mint Tablets.** Antacid. Bottle of 140, 35¢.............**2** for **36¢**

☐ **Rexall Aromatic Spirit of Ammonia.** 1 oz., regularly 25¢, now........**2** for **26¢**

☐ **Rexall Spirit of Camphor.** Helps relieve cold-sore discomfort. 1 oz., 35¢..**2** for **36¢**

☐ **Rexall Tincture Benzoin Compound.** For relief of minor irritations of bronchial tubes and larynx. 1 oz., 39¢.....**2** for **40¢**

☐ **Rexall Witch Hazel.** Facial astringent and after-shave lotion. Full pint, regularly 57¢, now only................**2** for **58¢**

☐ **Rexall Pile Ointment.** 1 oz., regularly 75¢, now.....................**2** for **76¢**

☐ **Rexall Eudicaine Ointment.** Skin salve. 1-oz. tube, regularly 59¢........**2** for **60¢**

☐ **Rexall Cascara Sagrada Tablets.** 5 gr. Mild laxative. 100, reg. 95¢.....**2** for **96¢**

☐ **Rexall Lanolin.** Soothes tender, chapped skin. 1 oz., regularly 29¢........**2** for **30¢**

FAMILY NEEDS

1
2
Rexall PRO-CAP ADHESIVE PLASTER
3
QUIK SNIPS

☐ **1. Combs** in every size and style. Long-lasting nylon or hard rubber, by Klearite, Maximum or Adrienne. Sale-priced at only **2** for **11¢**, **2** for **26¢** and **2** for **30¢**

☐ **2. Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape, Waterproof.** ½" by 10 yds., reg. 39¢..**2** for **40¢**
Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape, Regular. 1" by 5 yds., reg. 39¢...............**2** for **40¢**

☐ **3. Rexall Plastic Quik-Snips,** small adhesive bandages. Flexible, waterproof, flesh-color. Package of 36......**2** for **40¢**

☐ **Rexall Cotton Squares,** ready for nursery or cosmetic use. 40, 23¢....**2** for **24¢**

☐ **Shoe Laces,** Trim-Tie, 27" long; black, brown or white. Reg. 10¢ pr.....**2** for **11¢**

☐ **Plastic Scuffs,** quilted slippers in sizes for girls, women. Pair, 49¢......**2** for **50¢**

☐ **York Plastic Billfolds,** men's, women's smart styles, colors. Reg. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Pocket Lighter,** chrome top; colorful metallic enamel body. Windproof, sure-light; lifetime repair guarantee, $1.50, **2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Filter Cigarette Holder.** White, black or amber. Aluminum ends. 39¢..**2** for **40¢**

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☐ **Pipes,** Windsor imported briars, choice of many styles, shapes. Reg. $1..**2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Flashlight,** 2-cell with chrome plated steel case. 3-way switch. Reg. 89¢....**2** for **90¢**

☐ **Key Chain** with choice of emblems of popular cars. Reg. 69¢ each....**2** for **70¢**

☐ **Tiny Tot Lollipops,** cluster of 6. Assorted flavors: safety handles. Reg. 10¢, **2** for **11¢**

☐ **Men's Leather Watch Straps** by Hamilton. Pigskin or calfskin, reg. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

☐ **Klenzo Professional Style Hair Brush.** Nylon bristles. Reg. $2.00.....**2** for **$2.01**

☐ **Atomizers** for perfume or cologne. Rich colors. Metal parts plated with 24K gold. Gift-boxed. Reg. $1.50........**2** for **$1.51**

☐ **Victoria Syringes.** 2-qt. fountain, $2.75, **2** for **$2.76**; combination, $3.19, **2** for **$3.20**

☐ **Victoria Hot Water Bottle,** 2-quart capacity, red. Reg. $2.39.......**2** for **$2.40**

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DRUG STORE

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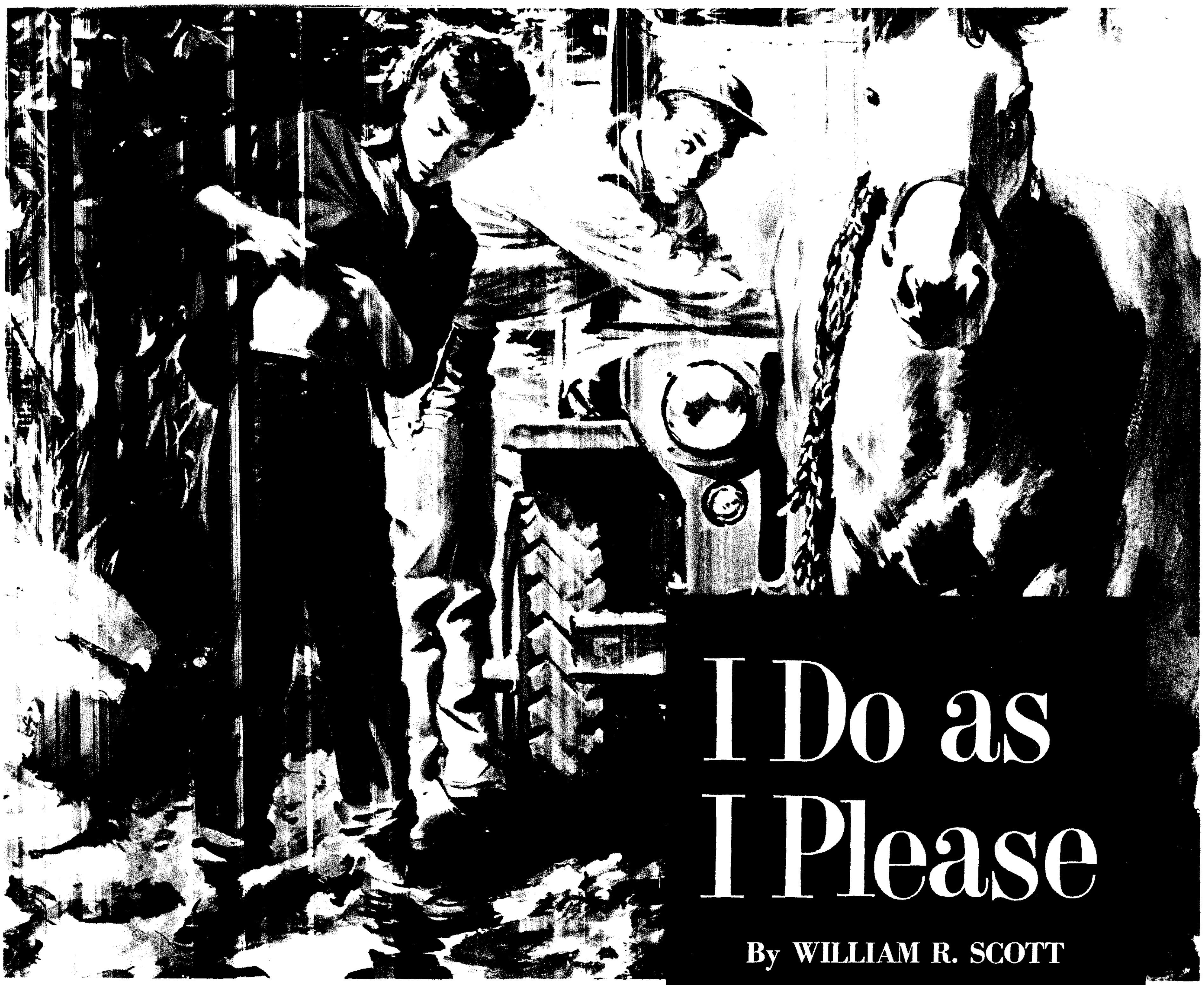


"I need something to dry off the spark plugs," I said. Barbara ripped off her shirttail. It was no time for anybody to get coy

I Do as I Please

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

THE LAST OF THREE PARTS

An outlaw was hiding down here in the valley. He had to kill me—and I had to find him

The Story: I'm MIKE LINDEN and when I got discharged from the Army a year ago, I didn't go back home to Squaw Valley in Oklahoma. There wasn't anything to go back to: my home town was about to become the bottom of a flood-control lake; my girl, MYRA, had married a no-good named GEORGE HANLEY; my kid brother, EDDIE, all the family I had, was devoted to our stepfather, EMIL ZOLLERNBACK—a nice enough guy, but I just never got along with him. So I wrote to my farm-equipment-store partner, FLOYD ROSS, and told him to buy me out on time. Now, out of the blue, Eddie looked me up and demanded I come home. He said I owed it to Emil. I don't like to be bossed around, and so we fought—like always, and as usual, I won. Then, before I set off for Alaska, I decided to take just one look at New Squaw Valley—and when I got there I didn't like what I saw: GOOBER YARBOE, an ex-con, was the law; Floyd had turned into a drunken bum; Myra was fed up with George and aching to run off with me; and George was getting rich commercial-fishing down in the slowly flooding valley. And someone was stealing calves out of Emil's herd, which was pastured in the junglelike valley. Out at the ranch there was a cute kid named BARBARA HEATH keeping house for Eddie and Emil—she was new and fresh and I liked her. Eddie was about to be drafted, but before he left he wanted to try to trap whoever was stealing calves by offering their dams for sale. While he was off at an auction, I kept a date with Myra—we thought we were still in love, but I didn't like the idea of romance with a married woman. And the next morning Emil was missing. Barbara said he'd driven the jeep down into the valley to look for rustling clues. I took my car to hunt for him and told Barbara to follow me with the horses. I had help in my search for Emil—buzzards were circling over one spot of the jungle, and when I got to the place, I found the abandoned jeep—its windshield shattered by bullets. And the ground around it was crawling with mean, hungry-looking turtles.

I WADED around the jeep, searching along the muddy bottom with my boots, fearful of finding what I was looking for. When the water got too deep I gave up. Then I started on the land, looking for a blood trail or something—anything to indicate that Emil might have left the jeep under his own power, that he had escaped the hungry, flesh-eating turtles.

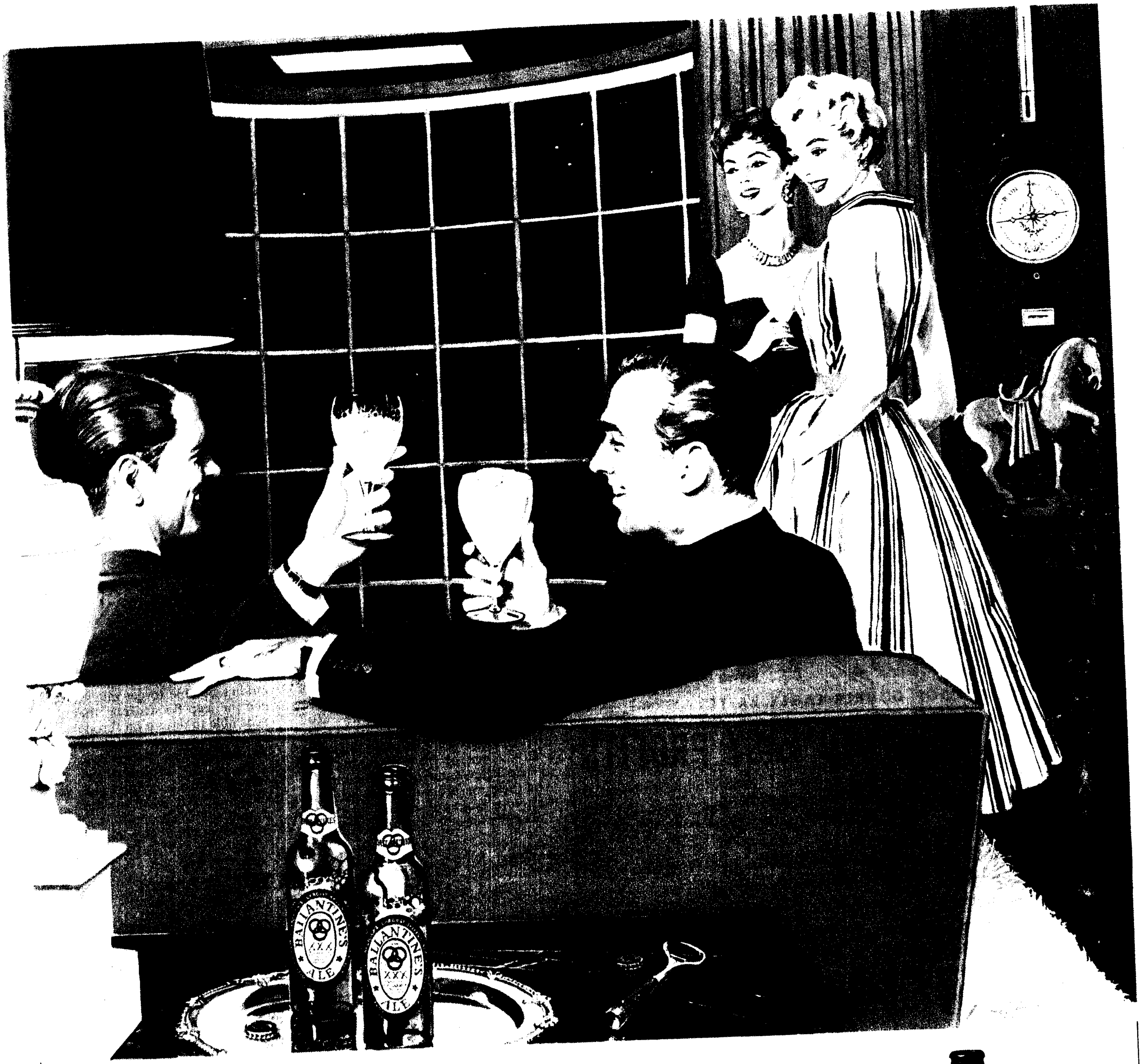
It was his hoarse, labored breathing that finally helped me find him. He was propped against a drift log under a thicket of willows, almost hidden from view. He was unconscious, with the shotgun lying across his lap; he had put a handkerchief over his face in a futile attempt to keep the mosquitoes off, and his slicker was pulled together across his chest. I opened it and saw blood all over the front of his shirt and a bullet hole with blood clotted and dried around it. Another bullet had plowed a deep furrow along the underside of his right arm.

He had lost a lot of blood, but the bleeding had stopped now and I was almost afraid to touch him for fear I'd start it again. The important step was to get him to old Doc Ewing at the clinic in Cherokee Springs immediately. Moving him carefully, I laid him on my rain jacket on some grass, and then I checked the jeep, and my spirits hit rock bottom.

The switch was on and the light switch was on and the battery was dead. The starter button couldn't tease a murmur out of it. I'll have to pack him out to my sedan, I thought—and then I remembered that my car had a battery the jeep could use, and I started running. Pretty soon, I met Barbara bringing the horses; I told her where to go, and I took the spare horse. When I returned, hugging the heavy battery in my arms, Barbara had covered the old man with a blanket and was trying to get some whisky into him.

I stopped her, afraid the whisky might cause him to regain consciousness. It would be a pain-

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF



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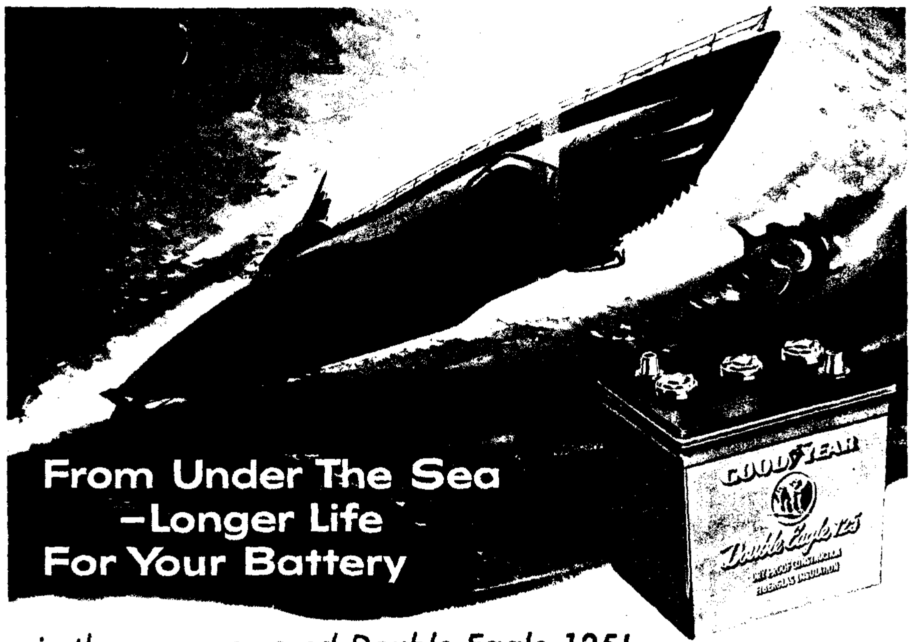

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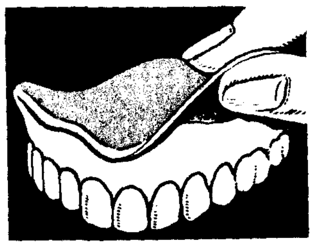

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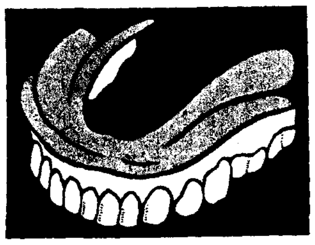

Accept no substitutes for new Snug—the *only* lasting soft plastic denture cushion.

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Cushions the mouth yet grips plates like "Living Tissue"

Now, quickly stop pain and trouble due to loose fitting plates with new SNUG Denture Cushions. Amazing soft plastic grips plate firm and tight yet feels soft and comfortable, like "Living Tissue". Gums feel wonderful. You eat, talk, laugh in comfort. SNUG stays cushion-soft. Can't harden and ruin plate. Peels right out when ready to replace. Tasteless, odorless, cleaned in a jiffy. No more daily bother with "stickums." Get Denture Cushions called SNUG and do away with your plate troubles. Money-back if not satisfied. At all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.50 check or money order to Midland Pharmacal Co., Dept.10, 76 Ninth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

fully rough trip for him if he was conscious. Switching the batteries, I tried the starter and the jeep motor roared.

Barbara helped me remove the right front seat and while she let down the tail gate, I cut several armloads of willow branches for a pallet. We got the old man into the jeep without starting the bleeding again, and I gave a sigh of relief.

"How far would you say it is from here to Cherokee Springs by the new route?" I asked.

"It must be thirty miles, at least," she said, pale and a little queasy from the blood, but not giving up. She had on jeans and a shirt, and looked like a fragile boy who needed a haircut.

"It's too far," I said. "But by the old highway across the valley, it's less than ten miles."

She gave me a doubtful look. "The old road is under water, Eddie told me. Nobody uses it any more, Mike."

"I've seen it," I said. "I think we can make it with the jeep. You take the horses, and get the mud chains out of the trunk of my car."

She said, "Mike, is he . . ."

"I don't know, but we've got to hurry."

SHE nodded and started away, leading the extra horse and sitting straight and easy in the saddle. She made it better for me, she was help, and I was glad she had come along. She was doing fine so far.

Taking it slow and careful because of the old man, I didn't catch up with Barbara until I'd passed through my haunted home town and reached the first stretch of water on the old gravel road. I got out and fixed the jeep the way we used to do in the Army. You disconnect the exhaust pipe at the manifold and slip off the fan belt and drape a tarp down the front of the radiator to help keep water out of the engine. And then you proceed in low gear and with your fingers crossed.

The first stretch wasn't so bad; even my car might have made it. But the second stretch—at the bridge approach—was deeper, and we used the tire chains, hooking them to the bumper and over the saddle horns.

"Keep the horses moving," I told Barbara, and she nodded and took up the slack and we moved into the water and went on through without stopping. When the engine began to sputter I used the clutch and let the horses do all the work, and they hauled the jeep on through. I felt a quick admiration for Barbara's cool efficiency. She handled the horses as if she'd always done it, and I thought: Eddie must have instructed her. Eddie was always a horse-crazy kid.

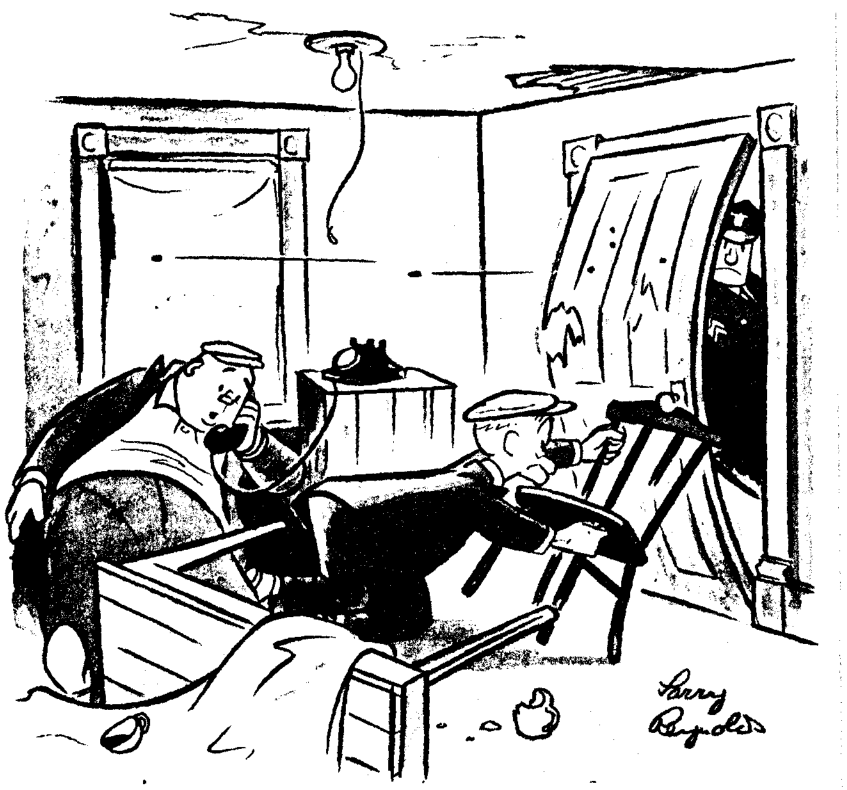
When we got up to the bridge, she looked at the holes in the rotting floor. "I'll have to take the horses across one at a time," she said. "A led horse might step in a hole."

She was right, and I got out and led the second horse across for her. Then I drove the jeep across, feeling the bridge shiver under me. We only had one more stretch of water between us and old Doc Ewing—but it was the worst stretch of all, a hundred yards across. I'd seen it when I'd been down yesterday, but I didn't know how deep it was.

I asked Barbara to ride through it and check, and she didn't hesitate. She ground-anchored the second horse and urged her own mount into the flood and kept going until the bottom began to slant up. The water had reached the horse's belly; it would get into the jeep. All of a sudden I lost my nerve. If the bottom was slick, the horses wouldn't be able to get much traction when the jeep flooded out, they might not be able to drag it on through. And then I'd have to pack the old man to Cherokee Springs draped over a saddle like a sack of corn meal, which meant he'd start bleeding again, and he couldn't afford to bleed any more.

I said, "I'm afraid of it, Barbara. Maybe we ought to go back."

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"I'm sorry we're keeping you awake, Mrs. Murphy, but we're not having a wild party. Really we're not"

LARRY REYNOLDS

She dismounted and looked at Emil Zollernback, and in the silence we could hear his loud, ragged breathing. His face was gray, and I figured his life was hanging by a thin thread. There wasn't much time now.

Barbara said, "We can't turn back, Mike. I'll get you through."

"Okay. We'll try it."

THE motor died before we had gone twenty feet, but she kicked the horses and kept them pulling. When the water sloshed in around my feet, I got out and pushed. We got through, but the engine was flooded and dead.

"We did it!" Barbara said.

"*You* did it."

"Well," she said with a tired smile, "the horses helped."

Knowing the answer in advance, I hooked up the exhaust pipe and put the fan belt back on and tried to start the motor. We weren't going anywhere, not with wet spark plugs, and Cherokee Springs was still two miles away.

"Have you got a dry handkerchief?" I asked. "I need something to dry off the spark plugs, and mine is wet."

She said she didn't have a handkerchief, and then she pulled out her shirttail and ripped it off. She wasn't coy about it, she didn't tell me not to look. It was no time to worry about me seeing her satiny bare midriff or noticing that an edge of panty showed above the waistband of her jeans. I took the cloth and began wiping the plugs with it, but it wasn't very absorbent. Even with the horses pulling I couldn't get the engine to fire and start.

"We'll just have to wait a few minutes," I said, knowing how important a few minutes could be to the old man. "The air will evaporate the moisture. You better start on back."

"I'm going on with you," she said, looking stubborn.

"You've got to go head Eddie off," I said. "He's liable to go looking all over the valley for us if you don't."

"That's right," she said ruefully, and mounted and took the horses through the water.

I lighted a limp cigarette and then checked the old man's pulse and fretted and worried, afraid if I tried to start the motor again too soon I'd flood the carburetor, thinking I should have kept the horses in case I had to pack the old man on in. And then I thought of the blanket over the old man, and mentally kicked myself for not thinking of it sooner. I cut off a strip of blanket and began blotting at the spark plugs again, and I was just getting ready to try starting the jeep when I heard the pounding hoofbeats back on the road.

It was Barbara, splashing through the last of the water. She jumped off the horse and began unfastening the cinch and removing the saddle. "I scratched a note on the saddle of the other horse," she said. "I tied him at the crossroad where Eddie couldn't miss him. I'm going with you."

"Looks that way," I said and took the saddle and stowed it in the jeep while she removed the bridle, freeing the horse.

"He'll go home, won't he, Mike?"

"If he doesn't we can find him," I said. "Don't worry about it."

I tried the motor then, and it coughed a couple of times and settled down to an uneven rhythm. Barbara got in back and cradled the old man's head in her lap, and we drove on into town. . . .

Cherokee Springs was crowded with the usual Saturday-morning influx of farm families. The clinic, a small, eight-bed infirmary, was owned and operated jointly by the town's three leading doctors. There were three or four nurses who shared the duties, and a girl lab-and-X-ray technician who was supposed to be on call twenty-four hours a day.

The nurse on duty that morning put down her magazine and gave me a bored, disapproving look. I guess she mistook me for a fisherman. "You want first aid or something?"

"Call Dr. Ewing," I said. "I've got a man outside who was shot. He's in a bad way, nurse."

"Dr. Ewing is away for the week end," she said, suddenly turning businesslike." Dr. Murdyck is on a confinement case out of town, and there isn't a phone." She got up from the desk and went into a room and came out pushing a litter. "Let's bring the patient in now," she said.

We put Emil Zollernback on the litter and wheeled him back inside an alcove off the hall, and she pulled the blanket away and saw all the blood and whistled. "He's got to have a doctor immediately," she said.

"Yes. Any doctor," I said. "Just *any* doctor."

She shook her head. "Dr. Gosnell's sick in bed. There's only Dr. Whacker; he's new in town—and not a member of the clinic."

"But he's a doctor, isn't he?" I said. "Get him."

She got him. They talked for a minute and then she hung up and started asking questions for her records. The formalities hacked me, and when she pushed the ledger away I said sarcastically. "Now you can finish reading your magazine."

"*You* read it," she said, and brushed past me into the cubicle. She took Emil's blood pressure and got out some vials and a needle. Then she cut the old man's shirt off and gave him the needle in the shoulder.

I HEARD the swinging doors out front swish open and shut, and saw the doctor who wasn't even a member. He looked *wonderful* to me.

"Hi," he said to nobody in particular, and pulled the blanket down and looked and prodded and felt the old man's pulse. He wasn't very tall, and looked as though he'd been subsisting on lean fare for some time. "You gave him the penicillin, nurse?"

"Six hundred thousand units," she said primly. "As you directed."

"Good," he said. "Blood pressure?"

She hesitated, looking at me, and said, "Sixty-one, Doctor."

"Let's get him undressed and cleaned up. We'll give him five hundred c.c.s of plasma right away. You've got plasma?" The nurse said yes, Doctor, and he said, "Hot-water bottles and blankets. We've got to bring his temperature up." He pointed at Barbara and said he could use her, and then he told me to get out of the way.

I went out by the front door and smoked one of my limp cigarettes. When I went back in, they had a stand with a bottle of plasma hung on it and were giving it to my stepfather, and they had piled hot-water bottles all around him and thick blankets over him, and had pillows under his feet. And the doctor and the nurse were eying each other askance.

"The lab technician has a list of donors, but she's in Fort Smith getting married. And the lab is locked up, Doctor."

"Great! This man has got to have whole blood. *You* wouldn't know his

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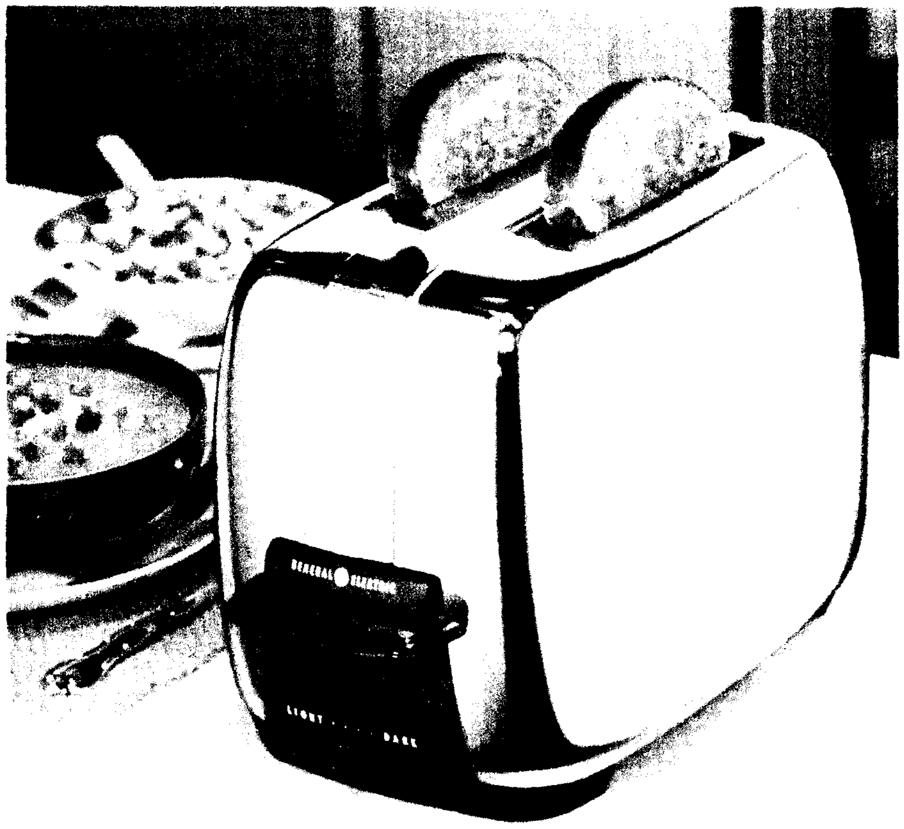

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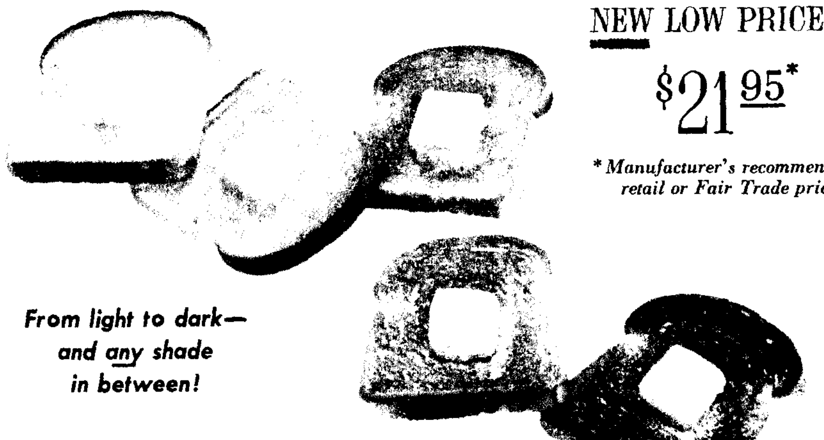

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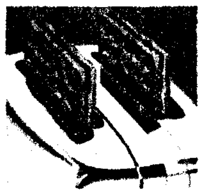

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blood type, I don't imagine?" he said, turning to me.

I shook my head and said, "I know mine, though. I'm Type O."

He grinned. "If you're sure, wonderful—unless your RH factors conflict. Type O blood mixes with any other type. Are you healthy?"

I said I was, but he stethoscoped me and took my blood pressure anyhow. "Now for the sixty-four-dollar question," he said, and he took a drop of blood from my thumb and a drop from the old man and mixed them with some kind of liquid, and presently he grinned at me and said, "You're both RH negative. Get ready to lose two pints of your best blood."

"Will two pints be enough?" I asked.

"Two pints is about all you can afford to offer," he said. "You're his son, are you?" I just nodded. "Well," he said, "you ought to take it easy for a while, a week or so, and eat lots of steak and drink liquids. It'll take a while to replace those two pints, so don't go overdoing."

WHEN the nurse finished piping my blood into the old man, the doctor had her help move the patient into a room with a bed. Barbara went with them, and I was left alone with my worried thoughts. In a couple of minutes the doctor came back.

"Will he be all right, Doc?" I asked.

"I think so. Blood pressure is coming up nicely, and the bullet went all the way through. Didn't hit anything vital—missed the lung and only grazed a rib. There's always the danger of infection, of course, but the whole blood helps there. When was he shot?"

"Sometime last night," I said.

All of a sudden I heard a horse, running like crazy on the paved street outside, coming toward the clinic. Eddie, I thought. That crazy fool, running a horse on a paved street! Trying to kill himself!

"We're required to make a report to the police on gunshot cases," Dr. Whacker said. He turned his head and listened, and then Eddie came charging in, his face white and scared.

"Where is he?" he demanded. "Mike, what happened?"

"Somebody shot him last night," I said. "He's doing okay so far, Eddie. He's in one of the rooms—"

"Number three," the doctor said.

As Eddie raced past us, I said, "My brother. Look, about that report, why don't I have the sheriff come over here? I want to see the man myself."

"Okay by me," he said. "I'll be back with my patient." He grinned suddenly. "He's my first real patient, and I'm anxious to do a good job. Enlightened self-interest."

The sheriff wasn't in when I called. "Who am I talking to?" I asked, and the voice said Deputy Dreadful-Horse. That's an Indian name, and for a deputy it was a lot better than Goober Yarboe. When I finished telling him about the old man, he said he'd be right over.

I hung up and looked in room number three and ducked out again, because Eddie was crying and cussing, and he would never have forgiven me if I'd gone in then. Tough Eddie, I thought, wondering where Barbara had gone. Then I canceled out the "tough Eddie." Emil Zollernback was all the father he'd ever known, all he'd ever wanted. Lucky Eddie, I thought.

I was sitting in a chair by the admission desk when a big, thick-shouldered, heavy-set Indian came through the front doors. He wore a gun and a khaki uniform and a badge. "You the one that called?" he asked. I nodded, and he said, "What's the deal?"

I told him about the shooting, and he listened intently. When I finished he painstakingly wrote down names and addresses and details.

"Don't expect no miracles," he said. "We don't get a case like this very often. This one's gonna be hard to do with. Where's that doctor?"

We found the doctor and the deputy asked about the wound and whether the doc could tell the caliber of the bullet. Dr. Whacker said he couldn't.

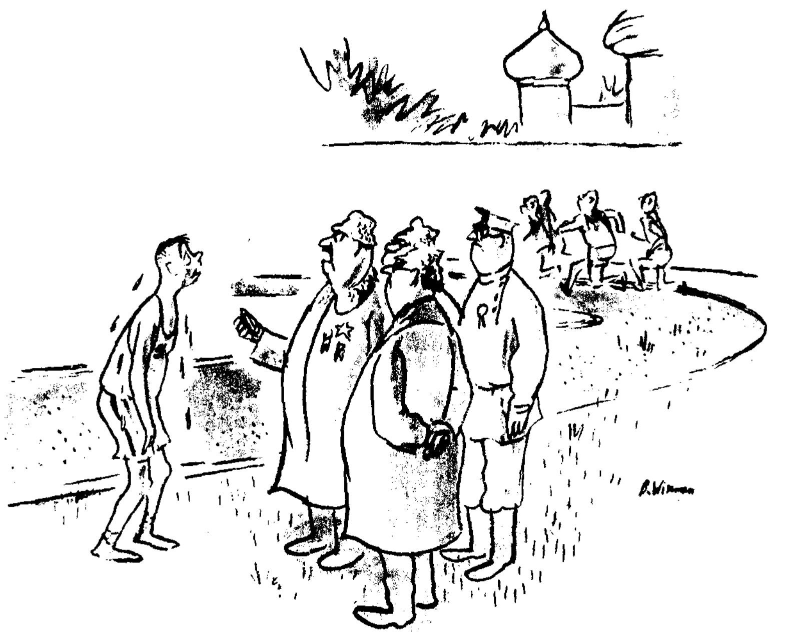
"Reckon I oughta look at the jeep," the deputy said, and we went outside. The jeep was gone. We went back inside and the doctor said he believed the young lady had taken it. Dreadful-Horse and I sat on the porch railing until Barbara came back.

"Where have you been with the jeep?" I asked testily.

"Taking the battery to a garage to be recharged, buying you some dry clothes to wear, getting you this container of hot coffee and these hamburgers, calling Myra Hanley—lots of places," she said.

She handed me the food and I said, "Why did you call Myra?"

"To ask if anybody in the store was



COLLIER'S

"That wasn't so good, Gylovski—you still have to cut 8.3 seconds from your time in the mile!"

BERNARD WISEMAN

going by the ranch. I wanted someone to tell my mother I'd be home this afternoon. There wasn't, darn it."

Myra's name had brought her warm and alive into my mind, and I couldn't forget her for a while. Take me away, she said. She was mine for the taking away. But Myra was afflicted with a malignant spouse.

BARBARA went into the clinic and soon the deputy found the bullet, a shapeless lump of lead, in the jeep.

"Too beat up to tell about it," he said, hefting it in his big brown hand. Apparently he didn't know what to do with it, and I wasn't any help to him. And then he said, "I'll take it along to the jewelry store an' weigh it, and then weigh the slugs outa every caliber I can locate. The one that matches oughta be it, huh?"

He astonished me. I hadn't expected that kind of police thinking from him. He asked where I'd be, so he could call me and tell me if the idea worked out, and I said I didn't know. "I'll call you," I told him.

"Okay," he said, and went loping across the street. It wasn't a bad idea, but in a country like the Sand Kitchen hills region, where three out of five adult males hunted deer in and out of season, knowing the caliber of a bullet wouldn't necessarily solve a shooting.

I went back inside to see how the old man was doing. He was not only conscious but surprisingly clear-minded. Later, the doc explained that he was still in shock and might continue to be in shock for days, and it wasn't unusual for a shock patient to be alert. Eddie had got himself under control and was just hanging onto the old man's hand.

"You found me, eh, Mike?" Emil Zollernback asked. I said Barbara and I had found him, and asked if he remembered what happened. His weak, gravelly voice said, "There was a light, and the noise of a motor. Light blinded me. Then they started shooting."

"I'll kill whoever did it, Mike," Eddie said, his expression ugly and hard.

"We got to find out who it was first," I said.

The doctor interrupted us then. "We don't want to tire him out," he said. "I'll have to ask you to leave now. You can come back tonight during visiting hours if you like."

"I'm staying," Eddie said belligerently. "I'm not leaving."

"Get goin', boy, or I'll take a stick to you," the old man said, and Eddie had to grin about that. He said okay, reluctantly, and then he bent quickly and kissed Emil Zollernback on the brow. I felt a small ache of envy. Father and son, I thought. It must be great to have such a bond of affection between yourself and a father, even if the old man wasn't a blood relative. And going out of the room I thought, with a better feeling: I don't have any of his blood in me, but he's got two pints of mine in him. . . .

Barbara was sitting in the hallway, looking tired, and she got up without speaking and went on out to the jeep with us. Eddie said, "I want to see where you found him."

I said all right, I wanted to get the battery for my car so I could drive it out of the valley anyhow. "My horse will carry both of us," he said, and turned to Barbara. "Barb, you drive the jeep on home."

"Oh, boy," she said wryly. "Almost thirty miles of sheer delight in a beat-up old jeep. You be home for supper?" Eddie said sure, why? She made a face and said, "I just hope *I* am, boy."

She drove the jeep violently away, and I grinned tentatively at Eddie, but he was concentrating, and he wasn't amused by her ferocious attitude. So we got on his horse, him driving and me behind the saddle, and rode to the filling station. The battery wasn't recharged yet, but we got a substitute battery and put it in a gunny sack and tied it to the saddle horn. Then we started the long, slow trip across the valley. It was rough going for the horse, with two men and a battery, and I offered to get off and walk. Eddie got off instead. "You gave blood; I didn't," he said tersely. So I let him walk until we got to the first water, and then he swung on behind me.

"Guy needs a rowboat on this road any more," Eddie commented gruffly. And then pretty soon he began to loosen up a little and we talked fishing.

Eventually, inevitably, the conversation got around to George Hanley. I asked Eddie if George stood to get rich from commercial fishing. Maybe I wanted to think he couldn't afford to keep Myra anyhow; or that he'd have money for solace after she was gone.

Eddie deliberated a while. "Well, there is a rumor that George's fishing is maybe just a coverup for moonshining. I've heard it said he probably has a still hidden down here, and that he's in cahoots with Goober Yarboe. He and Goober are pretty thick, and Goober does sell whisky, so maybe it's true. I'm told that he uses more chopped corn than he'd need to bait the shallows with."

"Is that so?" I said, picturing George as an outlaw, and therefore a man who didn't deserve a nice law-abiding wife like Myra.

"I heard he hauls three or four sacks of four-dollar cow feed down to the lake every couple days," Eddie went on. I knew about baiting for carp and suckerfish with *shelled* corn; the water swells and softens the kernels and bottom-feeding fish love it. But I never heard of using chopped corn, or regular cow feed, although I saw no reason why it wouldn't work. Eddie said, "He's got a big investment: an eighteen-foot boat and big outboard motor, and nets and trotlines."

WHEN we'd got through the third stretch of water, Eddie got off and walked again. I didn't feel weak or listless or anything, and I wondered if losing two pints of blood would catch up with me abruptly later on, or if I'd feel it at all.

After we passed through the ruins that had once been my home town, neither of us talked until we had turned south at the crossroads.

Then, looking up at me embarrassedly, Eddie said; "Mike, I'm grateful. I mean, about the blood you gave Pop. It was—well, I'm much obliged."

I don't know why that should have made me suddenly furious. "Go to hell, Eddie!" I snarled. "Who the hell are you to say you're grateful? I gave the blood to the old man, not you, and it's pretty damned nervy of you to be saying *you're* grateful. If *he's* much obliged or grateful, let *him* be the one to tell me, not you."

He didn't say anything, or look at me, and the horse limped along between the green junglelike walls and through the eternal swarms of grasshoppers and gnats and flies, and presently Eddie muttered, "Skip it, then."

A sense of having been wrong again hit me. Maybe he'd been only trying to reach me through *our* wall, so like the invisible barrier that stood between

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myself and Emil Zollernback; maybe in a moment of good, sentimental brotherly feeling Eddie had been trying incoherently to say not just that he thanked me for doing what anybody else would have done, but that he felt differently toward me than he had three nights before when we'd fought.

"Eddie," I said, "I'm sick of thinking that you always expect nothing but the worst from me. Maybe there's more to the whole situation than you ever bothered to think about. Right from the first Emil has been right for you. Sometime try imagining how it would have been if *you'd* been the seven-year-old kid, who hadn't yet stopped crying himself to sleep because his daddy was gone and wouldn't ever come back. Then try to see how you'd feel if suddenly here was a stranger shoved at you, and Mom had said, this is your new daddy. Then take it from there."

He just kept walking doggedly ahead, and there was something forlorn about it, about Eddie and me being there in the abandoned land together, but never *together,* never really touching.

After I'd put the new battery in the sedan, I got back on the horse and followed Eddie, who had kept following the jeep's tracks. He was standing at the edge of the water when I caught up with him, and I wondered if the turtles had been there for him to see as they had been for me.

I showed him where I'd found the old man, and tried to remember just how the jeep had been facing. And Eddie said, "You go on home, now. Leave me the horse, and I'll kind of scout around. If it was a rifle, it would throw out the empty hulls. Maybe I can find them, or tracks or something. I'll be along directly."

Home! I thought. How can it ever be home for me?

BARBARA wasn't there yet, and I went on out to the tenant house and talked to her mother for a few minutes. Back at the big house I called the clinic and the doctor said the old man was doing nicely.

I showered and put on clean clothes and sat on the screened porch looking at the valley where Eddie was searching for shell cases. I thought about Eddie and Emil Zollernback and about Myra and George, and about Barbara, too; but the thinking always went around in a circle and came back to where it started. Nothing I can do about it, I would think. It's too late, too late for any of it to come out right. When this is over, I'll go. And when I go, I'll know what I want to do about Myra. Maybe, with Myra, it isn't yet too late, I thought.

Eddie came home after an hour or so, discouraged at finding no sign, and I remembered about the bereft mama cows he'd taken to the sale barn in Rockville. It was after two o'clock now. I said, "You reckon they've sold those cows yet? Maybe you ought to call and find out about it."

He nodded, and frowned and rubbed his chin. "I been thinking," he said. "The shooting will probably scare the rustlers off for a while, but they might try to make one more good haul first. Tonight, for example—if they thought you and I were going to be in Cherokee Springs with Pop."

"They might," I said. "How do we get word to them?"

"Let's drive to town," he said. "The news is out about Pop now—Barbara told George's wife on the phone."

George's wife—her name is Myra, I thought. And she wants to run away with me and be my love.

Eddie said, "We can just casually mention that we're going back to Cherokee Springs after we do the evening chores. I figure those guys have ears here and there, and they're probably more worried about you and me than about the law. The law won't be prowling around down there tonight, but you and I will, see?"

"Count me out," I said. "The doc said I should take it easy."

"Oh," he said. "Well, I'll be down there, anyway." He looked at me thoughtfully. "Ever occur to you they mighta thought it was you they were shooting at last night, Mike?"

"It occurred to me they probably thought it was *you.*"

He shook his head. "No, I'm pretty sure they knew I'd be in Rockville. It wasn't any accident that the oil leaked out of the truck and caused a burned-out piston rod, Mike. I think somebody loosened that oil-drain plug to louse up the truck and keep me busy most of the night—some beer customer of Goober's, not himself."

"You could be right," I said. "Let's go on into town." I'll see Myra again, I thought.

Barbara drove in as we were getting into my car. She gave us a dirty look, as if she figured we'd been resting for a couple hours while she was getting sore muscles from the long trip in an old jeep on mediocre roads. . . .

When he got to New Squaw Valley, I parked in front of the store and we went in. George Hanley was helping the loafers while Myra waited on the trade. He got up when he saw us.

"How's your father, Eddie?" he asked. He seemed honestly concerned. Eddie shook his head glumly and said not so hot, and George looked worried, as if he cared about Emil Zollernback. Maybe he did; Emil was a good customer. George had shaved and put on clean clothes, and he looked real nice.

"We're going back to Cherokee Springs this evening," Eddie told the audience in the store. "Can I use the telephone a minute?" Eddie asked and went around behind the counter.

"Mr. Doolan?" Eddie said into the telephone. "Eddie Linden. Say, did you sell those cows of mine?" A pause. "How much?" He made a sour face. "That'll pay for the truck repairs. Who bought 'em?" Another pause, and he said much obliged and hung up and came around the counter. "Let's go get a beer," he said.

On the way out I tried to catch Myra's eye, but I couldn't. She was busy

A Kiss for Honorable Winner

PETER KALI

It's a living. Each time Daw Ohn Sein kisses Aung Daw Mu (Honorable Winner) she receives about eight dollars

with a customer. That could wait, anyway. No hurry.

"Who bought the cows?" I asked as we crossed the street.

Eddie said disgustedly, "The town drunk—Floyd Ross. All three of 'em, at an average price of forty-six lousy bucks!"

But Floyd is broke, I thought, feeling a little puzzled.

THE tavern was doing a brisk Saturday-afternoon trade, and when we entered we became the focal point of all eyes. We were local celebrities, kinsmen of the victim of a mysterious shooting. Goober came toward us, eager to share the center of the stage.

"I'll find the rat that done it, boys," he said loudly. "I aim to take a posse down there tomorrow; you all just show me where it happened at."

"Why wait until then?" I asked him. "The tracks are almost a day old now."

"Can't get away today," he said defensively. "But don't worry, boys, I'll get that rat that done it. Have a beer on the house, boys. How is your poor old daddy makin' it?"

"Not so hot," I said bleakly.

And Eddie said, "As soon as we do up the chores we're going back to Cherokee Springs for the night."

Goober nodded. "Reckon you want to be there—just in case," he said. "Has he ever come to enough to talk?" I said yes, but he hadn't known anything. Goober didn't look either pleased or regretful about it.

We drank our beer and went home then. Barbara was getting supper. Eddie went down to the barn to do chores, and I rested, like the doc wanted.

Eddie ate early, not waiting for supper, and with a rifle and slicker he rode into the valley. My conscience nagged at me a little. I had already let one man ride into the valley alone. But the doctor had said I should take it easy, and so I salved my conscience by deciding I would go to Cherokee Springs after dark and see the old man.

After supper I dried dishes for Barbara. Don't ask me why. I just wanted company, and she was friendly again.

"Today I liked you," she confided. "And when you had the right kind of blood—I could have *kissed* you."

"What held you back?" I said.

She looked at me. "What?"

"Why didn't you kiss me when you had the impulse?"

"Don't be silly," she said, blushing.

Maybe it was crazy, but all of a sudden I had to find out about Barbara Heath. "Isn't two pints of blood worth a kiss?" I asked her.

A kind of mischief showed in her eyes then. She asked, "Do you want me to start *not* liking you again, Mike?"

I was rumored to be carrying a torch for another man's wife, but I was too old for playing post office, so I must have kissed Barbara because I wanted to. When I put my right arm around her and bent to her lips, she met me halfway. And kissing her didn't remind me of Myra.

"That was nice, Mike," she said softly, shyly, when it was over.

"You're not going to bend a plate around my skull?"

"No," she said demurely.

I had to get out of there. I felt angry at myself. Last night I had been kissing Myra; tonight, Barbara. You're a heel, I said to myself, and myself answered: I know it.

I made some kind of lame excuse; I just remembered something vital I was supposed to do for Eddie, and I went out the back door, heading for some fresh air. As I looked through the screen at Barbara, she was half turned away from the sink, and I had a sudden suspicion that the kiss hadn't surprised her half as much as it had me.

I WENT into town and looked up Floyd, the man who had put his self-respect and pride on a shelf. "Rain, rain, rain," he said when I came in.

I didn't get it. It wasn't raining. The sun was shining on New Squaw Valley, softening the harsh bleak lines of the town. Maybe the forecast was for rain, I decided, and I said, "Do anything amusing today, Floyd? Make any big sales? Any big buys?"

He looked away, stared at the wall. "Bought some cheap cows," he said.

I hated that furtive manner he had acquired; technically, we were still partners. I waited, looking at him.

"I always go to the sale on Saturday," he said uneasily.

"What about the cows?" I said.

"Oh, those old heifers," he said. "They were going so cheap, I just couldn't resist buyin' 'em."

"They were wearing the big Z brand, Floyd."

He looked astonished. "I never noticed. Come to think of it, they was sort of muddy. Must of had the brands covered up."

Eddie, I thought. Naturally he'd try to hide the brand.

"Well," Floyd said, laughing uneasily again. "I seen they were fresh, and figured to use the milk for my pigs, and sell the cows in the autumn and maybe come out ahead."

I believed him, and felt relieved and a little ashamed of having put him on the carpet. Maybe he wasn't a lost cause yet. Maybe all he needed was a friend, and I was still that. I said, "Look, Floyd, I've got a couple thousand bucks rusting in a bank. If that will get you straightened out here, you're welcome to it."

He gaped at me. "Aw, Mike," he groaned. "Don't do that to me." His face twisted in a kind of grief. "I owe you already. Man, don't make me feel any lousier than I already feel."

I got ready to leave. "Think about it," I said. "The offer is good for thirty days only."

There wasn't any place I wanted to go. I remembered I had made my conscience a promise to go to Cherokee Springs and visit with Emil Zollernback. But I didn't want to go. And I decided Emil was probably better off without visitors for a while.

I wanted to go across the street to the store and buy something, so I could see Myra. I wanted to meet her at the

---

Rangoon, Burma

A FRIEND asked me if I cared to spend a Sunday morning watching a lady snake charmer perform. "Any good?" I asked. "She not only charms the snake," said my friend, "she kisses him."

We arrived at the exhibition ground—the spacious front lawn of a private home—to find a semicircle of 50 spectators at a respectful distance from the principals. A woman, Daw Ohn Sein, fifty years old and five feet tall, and Aung Daw Mu (Honorable Winner), a king cobra, twenty years old and 10 feet long, were staring intently at each other. Honorable Winner had his head three feet off the ground, his hood spread. Edging closer to him, Daw Ohn Sein brought her face to within 18 inches of his nose. Then something made her draw back. The snake struck—and missed. As he began to glide across the lawn, scattering the audience, Daw Ohn Sein grabbed him firmly by the tail and yanked. Honorable Winner changed course and reared up again.

This time he only swayed as Daw Ohn Sein bent slowly over him and took half the venomous head between her parted lips. She held the pose for a full minute and then carefully backed away.

Daw Ohn Sein kissed Honorable Winner four more times during the hour-long performance, then let him strike a cloth and showed the audience the venom stains. She is paid $25 per show by whoever throws the party, plus whatever the guests care to contribute. She averages about $8 per embrace.

Daw Ohn Sein, a snake charmer for 33 years, is one of the very few in the world who kisses a cobra. Possibly the first was her husband, Saya (or "teacher") Tin, who taught her the art and provided her with all the necessary protective incantations and charms, which had been passed down in his family for many years. Tin was a fearless snake charmer, although his father had died of snakebite; and Daw Ohn Sein is equally fearless, although Tin also died of snakebite, five years ago, when a cobra kissed back.

Tin refused to take antivenom serum after he was bitten, on the ground that he would have been displaying a lack of confidence in the family formula. Others in the profession, agreeing that the charms normally are infallible, say Tin must have offended the cobra in some way to have been bitten in the first place. Perhaps he broke a vow to free the cobra after a certain period of captivity—a promise often made by snake charmers as a kind of insurance against mishap.

Today Daw Ohn Sein is in semiretirement, performing only occasionally. Her needs are provided for by a wealthy Burmese legislator, an avid snake-charming fan. She keeps Honorable Winner, more as a pet than as a breadwinner, in a basket and force feeds him three times weekly on small whole fish and bits of chicken. (His normal diet would include smaller snakes.) On hot days he gets sprinkled with water and when it's chilly he is put out to sunbathe. Daw Ohn Sein made no promise to free Honorable Winner, so the chances are they will spend the rest of his (or her) life together.

How does it feel to kiss a cobra? "No particular sensation," says Daw Ohn Sein.

—PETER KALISCHER

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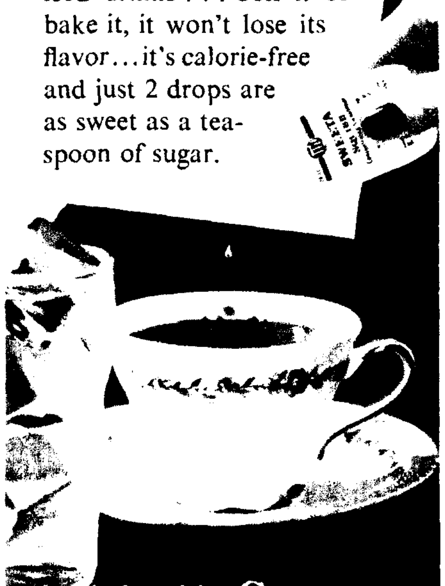

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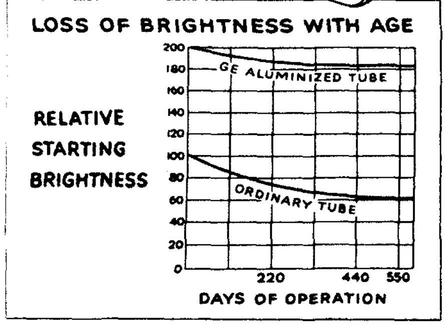

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It's a top favorite with Marguerite Gustafson, well known director of home economics. She picked this recipe especially for Collier's housewives.

Miss Gustafson really knows how to do things with cheese. She has created some special *menus* for you, too—breakfast, luncheon, dinner. It's amazing how you can pep up that 3-meal-a-day routine—and economize—with the smart use of cheese.

So look for her clever Cheese Festival menus, posted now in the stores listed on the facing page.

MARGUERITE GUSTAFSON
Director of Home Economics
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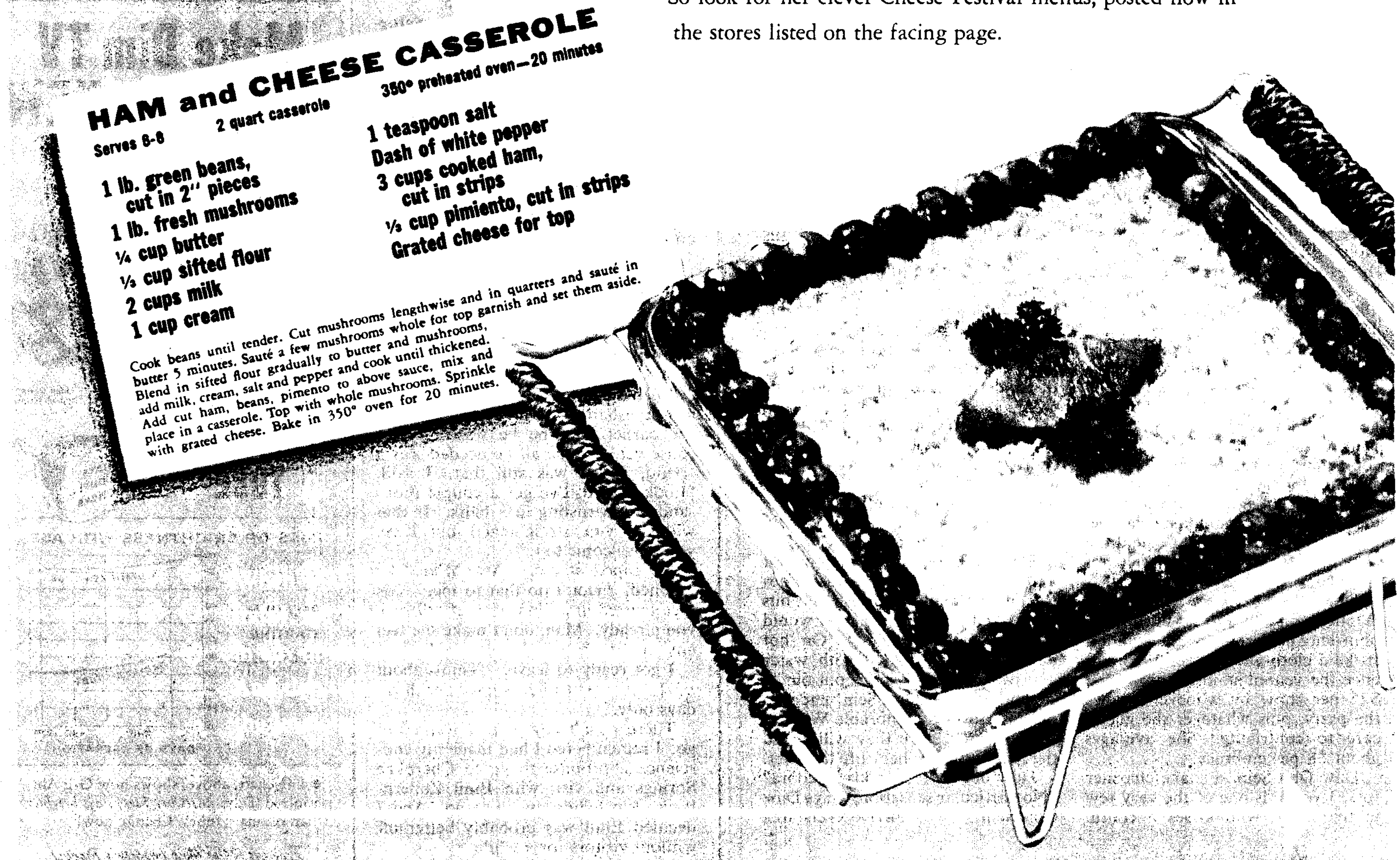

HAM and CHEESE CASSEROLE

Serves 6-8 — 2 quart casserole — 350° preheated oven—20 minutes

- 1 lb. green beans, cut in 2" pieces
- 1 lb. fresh mushrooms
- ¼ cup butter
- ⅓ cup sifted flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup cream
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash of white pepper
- 3 cups cooked ham, cut in strips
- ⅓ cup pimiento, cut in strips
- Grated cheese for top

Cook beans until tender. Cut mushrooms lengthwise and in quarters and sauté in butter 5 minutes. Sauté a few mushrooms whole for top garnish and set them aside. Blend in sifted flour gradually to butter and mushrooms, add milk, cream, salt and pepper and cook until thickened. Add cut ham, beans, pimento to above sauce, mix and place in a casserole. Top with whole mushrooms. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in 350° oven for 20 minutes.

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schoolhouse again tonight. I wanted to stop thinking about Floyd, and about Eddie down in the valley by himself, and about Barbara liking me when I was a damned heel. I sighed and got in my car and drove to the dam and looked at Tawkella Reservoir. There were a dozen other tourists staring in silent awe at the really spectacular view. I was impressed by the hushed, big-eyed, wistful way they were looking at the lake. From their point of view, Tawkella wasn't any bogey. Maybe, I decided, I ought to collect *more* diverging points of view.

When I got home I went in the front way and sat on the porch. The house was dark; Barbara had gone, and I was just as glad I wouldn't have to face her. And then the telephone rang inside and I went to answer it. It was Dr. Whacker calling, and I felt all sick and hollow inside. But he didn't have frightening news. He had a message for Eddie from the old man.

"He asked me to say, quote: 'It was only one light.' Got it?"

"Yes," I said. "How is he, Doc?"

"Doing fine. No temperature, no infection. If he doesn't run into complications—well, he's doing fine, now."

When I hung up I went into the kitchen and looked at the clock. Ten twenty. And then I thought about the message: one light, not two. Not headlights, then—a spotlight, maybe. A spotlight down there by the ugly, turtle-polluted water.

And then I thought: WATER! A spotlight *on* the water! A boat! That would account for Eddie not finding any sign on the shore. And the trees in the water there were far enough apart—and then I thought about the only boat I knew about, an eighteen-foot boat that was generally on the lake at night. You'd need a spotlight at night, even to run trotlines.

THEN I remembered the two makeshift feed troughs I'd seen in the valley, and what Eddie had told me about George Hanley, who got his feed wholesale, using four-dollar feed in great quantities to bait the shallows for carp and drum and other rough fish. I thought about George out there on the lake, and I thought about Eddie, vengeful and dour—and the two of them kept getting closer and closer in my mind.

I ran out the back doorway and loped to the tenant house and knocked, and Barbara came to the door.

"Honey, I'm going after Eddie," I told her. "If we're not back by daylight, get the sheriff over here and take him to where we found the old man, and then work upstream along the edge of the lake. Tell him calves are small. Tell him they can be hauled in boats. Four or five at a time, hog-tied, in an eighteen-foot boat. You got it?"

She looked frightened. "Mike," she said. "Let me go too."

"No," I said. "You just do as you're told, dammit." . . .

On the valley road the glaring headlights of the jeep bothered me. The glow would be visible a long way off. So I stopped at a puddle and smeared mud all over the glass of each light except for small crescents at the bottom, and then I kept going. I tried to remember approximately how far below the end of the road the place with the feed troughs had been. A mile, maybe less, I thought. I turned off the motor and listened, and the heavy damp night poured in from all sides.

There was a small flashlight in the tool compartment under the right-hand seat, and I got it and eased out of the jeep. Carrying the pump shotgun in my right hand, I started walking, moving quietly. After a while I found a saddled horse in the brush. It was Eddie's horse.

"Eddie?" I called softly, not wanting to get shot as a rustler. The thick brush ended suddenly and I sensed an open stretch ahead and saw the dull glimmer of water. "Hey, Eddie," I said.

An outboard motor coughed close by and caught and roared, and the spotlight suddenly turned the night to day, blinding me. I stood petrified, stunned by the unexpectedness of it. There was a loud bang and the bullet snicked a limb beside my head, and I came out of my trance. I dived into the grass, rolling, dropping the flashlight but holding onto the shotgun.

I STOPPED on my belly and propped my left elbow and fired at the only target I had, the spotlight. The rifle popped again and the outboard motor roared and the shotgun thundered. The third time I fired, the light tilted toward the sky, then made an arc through the air and splashed into the water. And almost in the same second, as the darkened boat howled away from the shore, there was a rending crash and yells. Then all of the noise was gone; there was only the water slapping along the shore, and black silence.

Shaking with reaction, I fumbled around the grass and found the flashlight and ran to the water's edge, past the feed troughs and the frightened, milling cattle. The inadequate flashlight picked out a couple of scrubby bushes in the water near the shore, but I couldn't see much beyond that.

"Help!" somebody called out there.

I recognized the voice. It was George out there. But I started wading, because suddenly I knew it didn't make any difference who it was.

"Hang on," I said, and kicked off my loafers.

When the water reached my armpits, I realized I was carrying the shotgun. I laid it across the branches of a bush, and then I began to swim, holding the flashlight. I could see the black bulk of a tree ahead now, and a man in the water. As I got nearer I saw that the man was holding somebody with one arm and clutching the trunk of the tree with his other arm.

It was Eddie that George was holding. I turned the light on Eddie's face and saw that he was unconscious. "Can't you swim?" I asked George. He said he could swim, but he couldn't have towed Eddie ashore by himself fully dressed like he was. So I held Eddie while George got out of some of his clothes, and between us we towed Eddie to shore and got him stretched out on the grass. Then I stood there shining the light in George's eyes and wondering what to do with him.

He looked white and pudgy in his wet underwear, and he looked worried and scared and resigned.

"Goober couldn't swim," he said.

"Goober?" I said. I didn't get it for a second. Then I got it. "All right, tell me about it, George. About Goober."

George sighed. "I'm glad it's all over," he said glumly. "He was goin' to sink Eddie out in the lake. So I ran the boat into the tree. Maybe I didn't mind it so much at first, stealin' the calves. But after the shootin' last night I wanted to quit it. Goober wouldn't let me. He didn't mind the shootin'. He liked it. And he was goin' to tie rocks to Eddie and sink him where the lake is deep." George drew a deep shuddering breath. "So I run into the tree," he said. "I'm glad it's over."

"Was it just you and Goober?" asked him harshly.

"Just Goober and me," he said. "It was Goober's idea. I got in debt to him playin' poker, and he made me give him a bill of sale for my boat—for security, he said. Then one evenin' we were down here and Goober seen the unbranded calves." George shrugged again and added sadly, "He said if I'd help him he'd call it quits on what I owed him."

"Hold still a while," I told him, and knelt by Eddie. He was breathing all right, and his pulse seemed to be strong. "Who hit Eddie?" I asked.

"I did," George said. He tried to see me behind the flashlight. "But Goober wouldn't of bothered to just hit him, Mike," he added, an edge of pleading in his voice. He was probably right about Goober. Maybe George had done Eddie a favor.

I didn't need to ask George who did the shooting. All the mounted deer heads in Goober's tavern testified to *his* accuracy with a rifle. And George could have said Goober hit my kid brother on the head, but he'd owned up to it. Still, I didn't know what to do about him, damn him. It wouldn't be nice for Myra, having her husband doing time in the pen.

"Did Eddie see you?" I asked George. "Did he recognize you?"

"No; we heard him comin' and laid for him. It was dark."

I had a stinkingly humane impulse then. "George," I said. "You've got a long walk ahead of you. Get started. And think everything over on the way. And be home tomorrow. I don't know what to do about you yet."

"It don't hardly matter," he said. "I won't run. Wouldn't be no use. I'll be home when you want me, Mike." And then he turned away and started the long walk.

I WADED back into the lake to get my shotgun, and I thought of George's clothes out there, and Goober out there, and I swam on out. I dived all around the tree, but I didn't find Goober. I found the boat, and George's shoes and coveralls, but not Goober.

I went back and got Eddie into the jeep. After a while, Eddie sat up, coughing and spitting a little water, groaning and holding his head, but he didn't talk all the way to the ranch.

Barbara was waiting up. "What happened to Eddie?" she gasped.

I said, "His horse backed under a tree limb."

Eddie shivered. "That wasn't no tree limb," he said.

"What was it, then?" I asked him.

"Hell, I don't know what it was."

After Eddie had gone to bed, I started trying to think my way out of a mental Squaw River Valley. The rustling was ended, but not my troubles.

"Well?" Barbara said. *"Say* something, Mike."

"I'm thinking," I said. "Go to bed, honey."

"Don't call me honey," she said. "Unless maybe you mean it."

"Go to bed, monster," I said.

She sighed. "Okay, make it just plain Barbara, then."

"There is nothing plain about Barbara," I said, grinning.

She twinkled a little. "Aren't you going to tell me stuff?"

"Not now," I said, and she told me to keep my grimy secrets to myself, then, and she went away. But having her gone didn't help me much. After a while I went on up to bed and tried to think in the dark. I kept stumbling over Floyd Ross in my mind, and wishing I hadn't. But he was in there somewhere. He was a part of it . . .

At breakfast I felt considerably better. I felt pretty chipper, and Eddie resented it. Probably Dr. Whacker would have resented it, too, after the way I overdid last night. But physically I felt splendid. Maybe I *needed* to lose two pints of blood. Maybe I'd had too much of the stuff in me.

"What are you so damned grinning about?" Eddie growled.

"Yeah, what?" Barbara echoed.

"It's a good day," I said. "The doctor said Emil had a restful, healing night, and they have donors lined up, and he'll probably live to be a hundred. And I've got jolly table companions to hurl sparkling repartee at me. What's to be *uncheerful* about?"

I left them staring at each other and drove to town. Floyd was up, and I didn't mince any words with him. I said, "So you bought the cows for Goober. Just how deeply were you involved with the rustling, Floyd?"

His shoulders sagged and he shut his eyes. He said, "I ran errands for Goober, Mike, and I knew about the rustling, but I hope you'll believe me when I say I never helped them."

"I believe you," I said. "But you did buy the cows for Goober?"

"He bullied me into doing stuff like that, but he never got me to go along at night and help steal calves."

"He's dead," I said. "He drowned last night." I looked around the apartment. The place looked neater. "How come you're suddenly tidy and neat?"

"I thought I'd try again, Mike," he said. "Last night you showed me you had enough faith in me to lend me money, when I owe you money already, and it got me to thinking maybe I could stop drinking and try a little harder, and maybe Katie would give me another chance." He shrugged. "When will the sheriff get here, Mike?"

"I haven't called him yet," I said. "I'm confused, Floyd. After last night I guessed you were mixed up with Goober, but George didn't rat on you when he had the chance. And he saved Eddie from drowning—and worse. And he deliberately wrecked the boat to stop Goober, when he could have got away. Maybe Goober was in this rustling racket all by himself—I can't quite decide. About you, I can decide. Am I still a partner in this business?"

He was afraid to smile. "I figure you are, Mike."

"Well, I don't want my partner in jail," I said. "We'll talk about the business tomorrow or the next day, Floyd. I'll go now so you can finish cleaning the joint up."

HE GRINNED then, an eager, hopeful grin. And I went across the street to the grocery store. They must have seen my car. They were waiting for me. Myra was beside George, holding his hand. They looked at me the way people look at a judge who is all set to send them to a nice dirty cell for ten years. She looked older, and not as gorgeous as she used to. I had a feeling I was really looking at her for the first time since I'd come home. "I know all about it, Mike," she said quietly. "Mike, what are you going to do to us?"

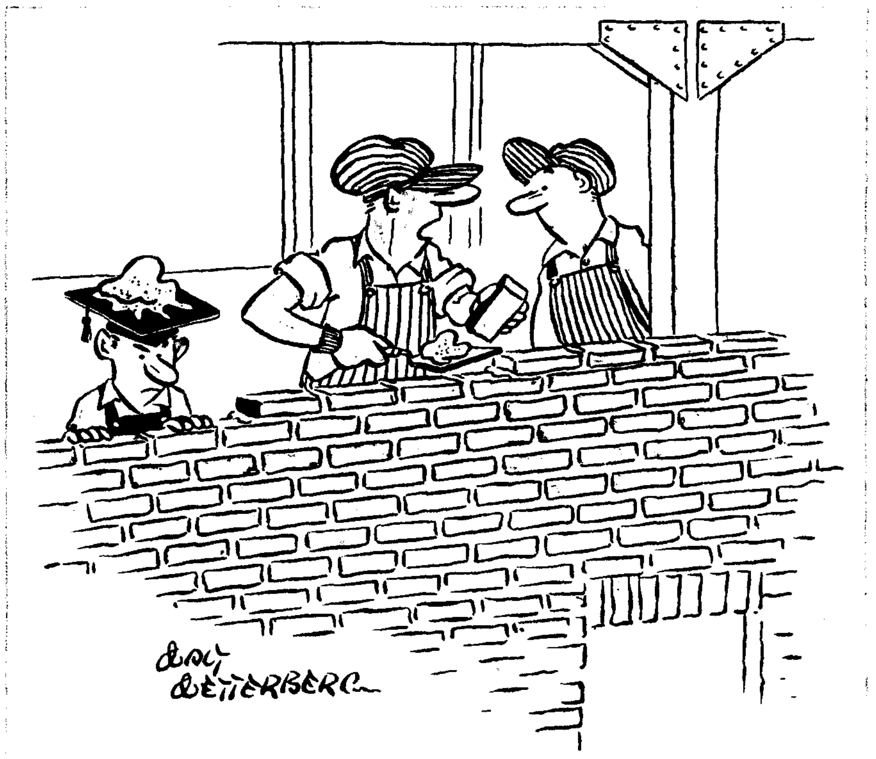
Us, she said. I guess our trip is off, I thought. She wouldn't have liked Alaska anyhow. I might not like it myself.

"You wouldn't want George to go to jail, would you?" I said.

"N-no," she said.

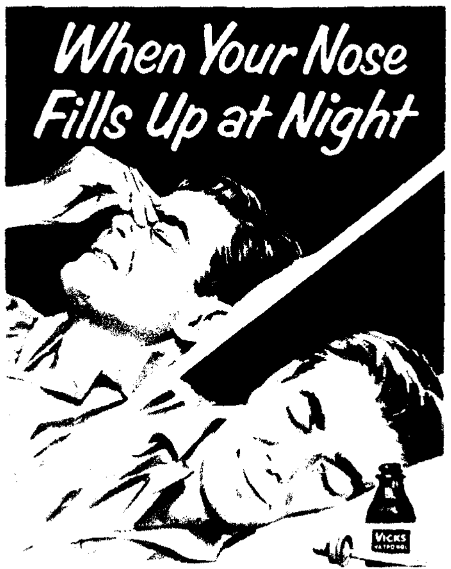
George was just looking at me. He wasn't going to beg. Maybe I was getting a new slant on George Hanley. Maybe I got a new slant on some other people, including me. "George," I said gruffly, "you saved Eddie's life last night. That doesn't make you a hero in my book, but it doesn't leave you the villain I thought you were, either. I still don't know what to do about you. I guess you two have talked it over. The boat is legally Goober's, and I retrieved your clothes, and so far as I know there isn't anything concrete to connect you with last night, except me. So what happens if I just don't do *anything* about you?"

George looked at me earnestly. "First I'd see about getting the calves



"Oh, they come into the office, fresh out of college, waving a degree, and right away they want to be vice-president!"

COLLIER'S WALT WETTERBERG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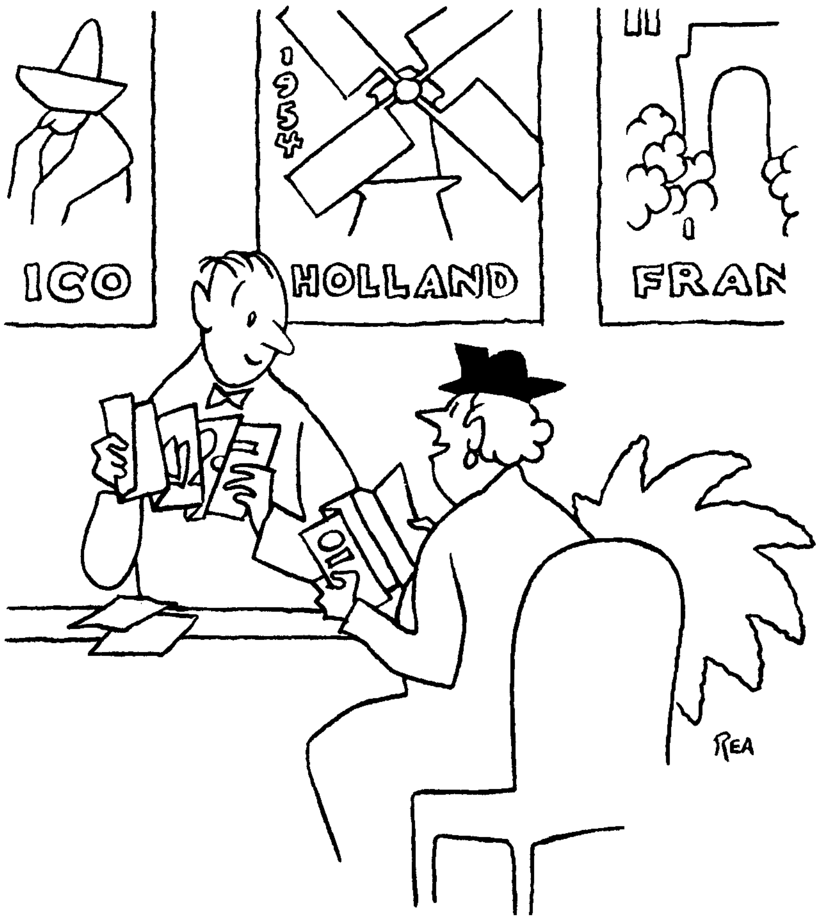

"... which native cuisine has the fewest calories?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

back from Goober's farm over in Arkansas," he said. "Then, after this all kind of blows over, I—we'd—" He looked at Myra uncertainly, and she nodded encouragingly. "We'd do what we shoulda done in the first place," George said firmly. "We'd go to Tulsa and live, like we always wanted to, and let somebody else take Paw's guff around here."

I shrugged. "Well, Eddie didn't see anybody last night, and I only saw one man in the boat, and he drowned. As for the calves, maybe you better just keep out of it. I'll suggest to the sheriff that I heard Goober had a place over there, and let him find the calves."

"Whatever you say, Mike," George said, "and—well, thanks." He turned and limped out of the store.

THEN Myra came toward me, not looking at me. "People act sort of crazy sometimes," she began. "And I was sort of crazy when I broke off with you, Mike. But I honestly did care for George, and I do now. He *needs* me. It was just that when you came back, I was fed up with George making deals with Goober; I just wanted to do something desperate; I couldn't take it any more." She raised her eyes to mine then. "Mike, you wouldn't have run away with me—would you?"

"No," I said. "It wouldn't have been any good, Myra." I gave her a melancholy look. It was a phony look, but it didn't cost me anything, and I knew it would make her feel good. Now, the rest of her life, she'd believe I was still carrying the torch for her. But as I left her, I felt fine, because at last I knew all I'd ever wanted was to get even with George, not to run away with Myra.

About Goober, though, I still wasn't clear in my mind what I ought to do: should I report it now, or let Goober turn up missing, or what? I didn't want to consult Eddie about it. He'd blow my plan to hell by getting too inquisitive. There is only one man who can decide, I thought. The head man, the clan leader. . . .

He was lying on his back gazing dreamily at the ceiling when I went into his room. He gave me that grin that didn't mean anything. "Well, Mike," he said. His voice sounded pleased to see me, I thought.

"How'sa boy?" I said. For years I'd been wanting to say that to him and see what happened. What happened was that his grin quit on him and he looked at me in a kind of naked way. I said, "How long have we been friends?"

"A long time, Mike," he said, roughly. "But I didn't know you realized it yet."

"I've known it a long time," I said. "But I still can't call you Pop, like Eddie does." I had a lump in my throat. I wished I could call him Pop, but I couldn't.

"My friends call me Emil," he said. "Mike, I always understood, but I didn't know what to do about it. I'm not a talking man."

"I know," I said. "I've been seeing your side of it for a long time, Emil. Let's just—well, kind of forget the past, huh?"

He started grinning again then, but it was different, the grin got into his eyes. Or maybe it was just knowing what was back of the grin that made it seem different.

After a while I told him about Goober. I told him the rest of it, names and all, because I trusted him; I knew he would honor my promises. I asked him what to do about Goober.

Report it to the sheriff, he said: Goober slugged Eddie, and you happened along and Goober ran the boat into a tree and drowned. And tell the sheriff Goober had a place in the hills across the line in Arkansas where he could have taken the calves.

When I finally got back to the ranch, Eddie was sitting on the steps of the screened porch staring balefully down into the valley. I joined him and lighted a cigarette. "How you feel?" I asked.

"Headachy," he said tersely. "Where have you been?"

"County seat," I said. "I talked to the sheriff. They're going to take Goober off the case, I guess."

He snorted. Then he said, "You tell 'em about me being slugged?"

"Yep," I said.

"All right," he said. "So I was slugged. Walked right into a trap. Okay. I'll know better next time."

"They'll teach you better," I said. "In the Army." Eddie sighed, and I said, "I dropped in to see Emil while I was there."

He stared at me coldly. "Who?"

"Emil," I said, grinning. "He's a friend of mine. He said if you and me have any more fights he's gonna skin us both with a rusty ax and nail our hides on the barn."

Eddie started to grin, reluctantly. "He really say that?"

"Sure," I lied. "Anyway, kid, it don't seem right for brothers always to be fighting."

He nodded soberly. "You're right. Mike. And I been thinking about what you said down there yesterday—about how it was for you when Mom married again. In a way, I can see how it was a lot different for you than it was for me You had it pretty rough, I guess."

WE WERE silent then, and it was a comfortable silence. From the direction of the kitchen came a cheerful, tuneless whistling, and I turned to Eddie and said, "Look, Eddie, I'm older, I been around, and I want to give you a piece of good advice." He turned and looked at me. "If you've got plans about Barbara," I went on, "take her with you when you go into the Army. Or somebody will move in on your claim while you're gone." And I knew who I meant, too. "It happened to me," I said.

His jaw went slack and he stared at me. "You mean marry the monster?" he said. "Are you nuts? A little old bitty girl like her, when I got me a big tall blonde in Rockville? Cripes, marrying Barby would be like marrying my own sister, or something. Hell-fire."

"Well, then, marry the blonde."

The screen door was shoved open and Barbara came out onto the steps and sat down between us. "Did somebody mention my name?" she asked.

"Don't interrupt," Eddie said. "Us menfolks are talking." He looked at me, grinning. "About the blonde—don't rush me, man. I'm young. You're the old wore-out codger that ought to be settling down, Mike." The banter went out of his voice then, and out of his eyes, and he said, "I'd sure feel a lot better about going into the Army if you were going to be here, Mike. You got a right to live your own life, but I'd sure appreciate it if you could see your way clear to staying here and looking after Pop until I come back."

I looked at Barbara and she stared back at me without expression. I couldn't read her.

"Well, I might stay here a while, Eddie," I said.

"How long?" Barbara asked. "Don't be so vague about it."

"Oh, roughly I'd say about thirty or forty years," I told her.

I could read her then, and the look in her lovely eyes told me I'd said what she wanted me to say. I'd known for quite a while that it was what I wanted to say—ever since I started helping with the dishes, I guess. That stuff is habit-forming. —WILLIAM R. SCOTT

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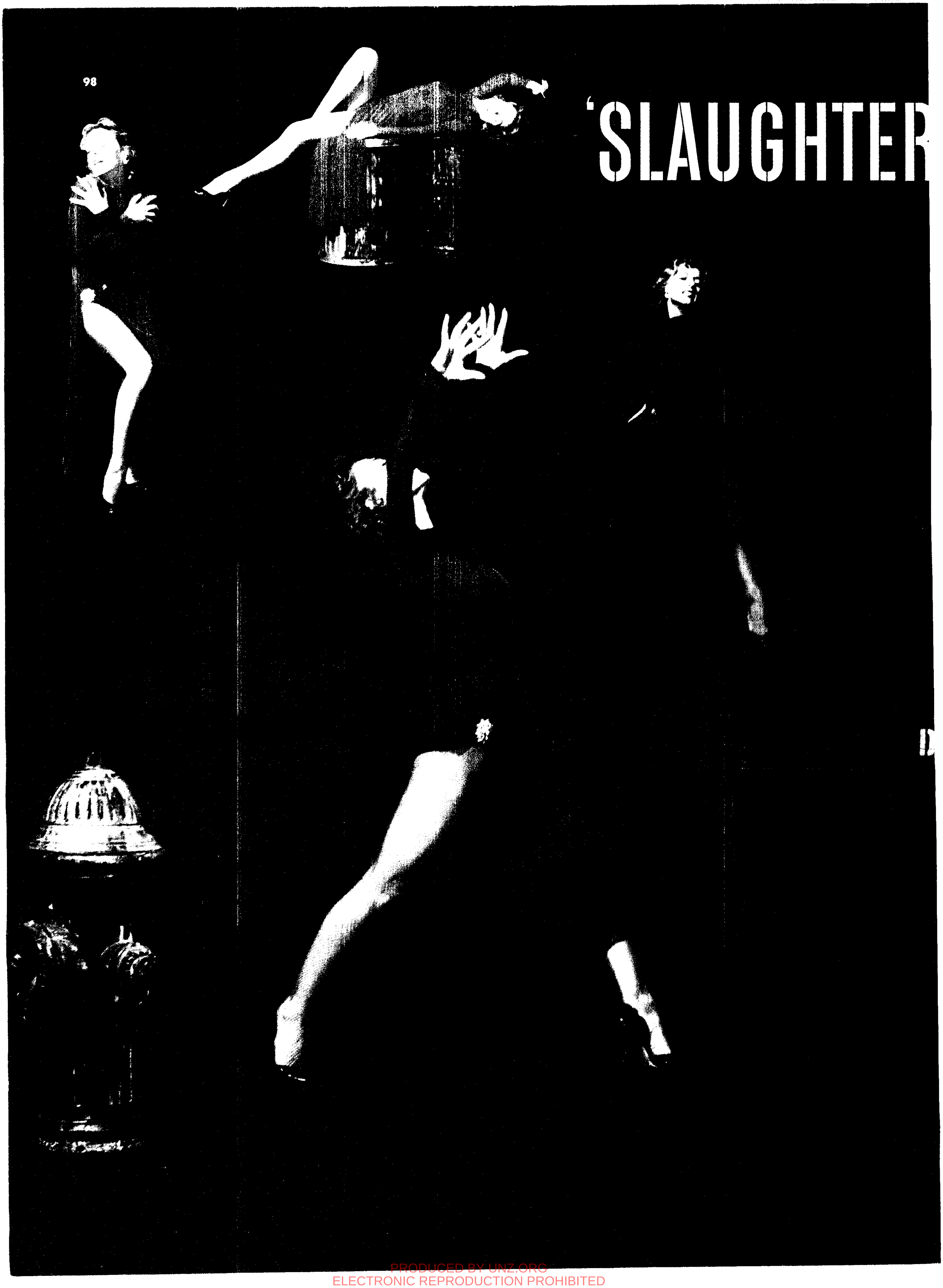
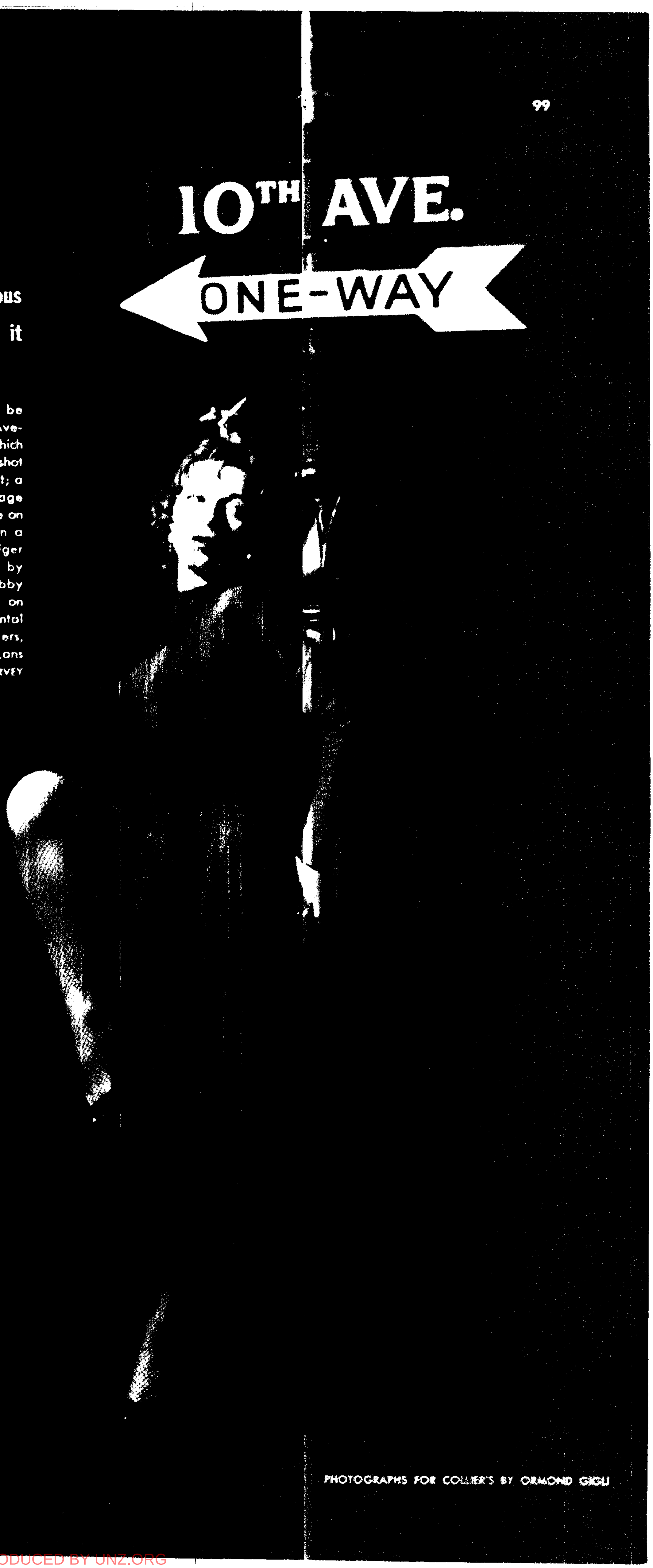


OFF-STAGE

Dancer Vera Zorina interprets the mood of a famous musical number as nontheatergoers **have imagined it**

SHOW music that lasts eighteen years after closing curtain must be good music. Richard Rodgers' jazz ballet, Slaughter on Tenth Avenue, is such a piece. Thousands who never saw the show from which it came can whistle the theme—swooping melodies and pistol-shot rhythms suggesting the street din of New York's Hell's Kitchen district; a glamorous woman, perhaps; and danger in the night. This popular image has little to do with the on-stage original. An elaborate indoor satire on gangsterdom involving a strip-tease murder and a police chase in a low-life café, Slaughter was first danced on Broadway by Ray Bolger and Tamara Geva. It will be repeated in a freshly dressed version by Vera Zorina (who starred in the 1937 London production) and Bobby Van, when the Rodgers and Hart musical On Your Toes reopens on Broadway October 11th. Theatergoers will be able to check mental images against on-stage fact. But here, for just plain music lovers, Zorina dances the Slaughter of their imagining, with lamppost, ash cans and glamor intact.

—EVELYN HARVEY



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI

The Big Win

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Getting out of his car at the high school, Paul saw that someone had hung a huge banner above the gym entrance: *TWO DOWN! TWO TO GO! BEAT BRYAN!*

When he had come to Coulton four months ago, the town was still waiting to win its first district title. To the citizens, the football season was a time of mild excitement; nobody seriously believed that the school would ever win a championship. Nobody really cared, except a hard core of fanatical businessmen known as the Coulton Quarterback Club.

ON HIS first visit to Coulton back in May, when the board had hired him, R. V. Reagan, the club's president, had told him: "Watson, they're not expecting miracles. Frankly, they'll be more than pleased if you break even this year. They know it takes time to build a winner. But you might as well know that they won't be satisfied with breaking even next year and the next. This is a clean, healthy, growing city. It needs the prestige that a winning football team can give it. It needs something to pull it together. Something it can cheer and be proud of. You may not know it, but you've just been given the most important job in town."

How well he had done that job was manifestly evident now. Six hundred students, ten thousand people—he had made fanatics of them all. Now, this Monday, his *was* the most important job in town.

Jim Hedrick was waiting in Paul's office. Few strangers recognized him for what he was—a high school's assistant coach. He looked like a well-aged cherub.

"Hello, Paul," he said, "caught me at it. I was having a peep at your mail. That letter from Douglas is here."

Paul hung up his coat. "Open it," he said. "Let's hope it's helpful."

While Mr. Jim was reading it, Paul ran through the rest of the mail. Nothing except folders from sporting-goods firms and a letter from San Antonio which bore no return address. Mr. Jim finished the letter from Douglas and laid it aside. "Well?" Paul said.

"Nothing, Paul," Mr. Jim said. "Douglas isn't an observant coach."

Paul picked up the letter and scanned it quickly. Dave Douglas' team had been beaten by Bryan in bi-district play. Paul had wired him after Saturday's game and asked for a rundown on the Bryan team. The letter was sobering. Douglas wished he could be helpful but, frankly, his team had found out nothing by playing Bryan. *Bryan is a straight power team. They run right down your throat,* the letter concluded.

Paul looked up. "There you are, Mr. Jim," he said. He leaned back against the desk and folded his arms. "You know, I woke up with a sinful thought this morning. I thought: We're going to get beat Saturday. Bryan High is going to ride us right out of Alamo Stadium."

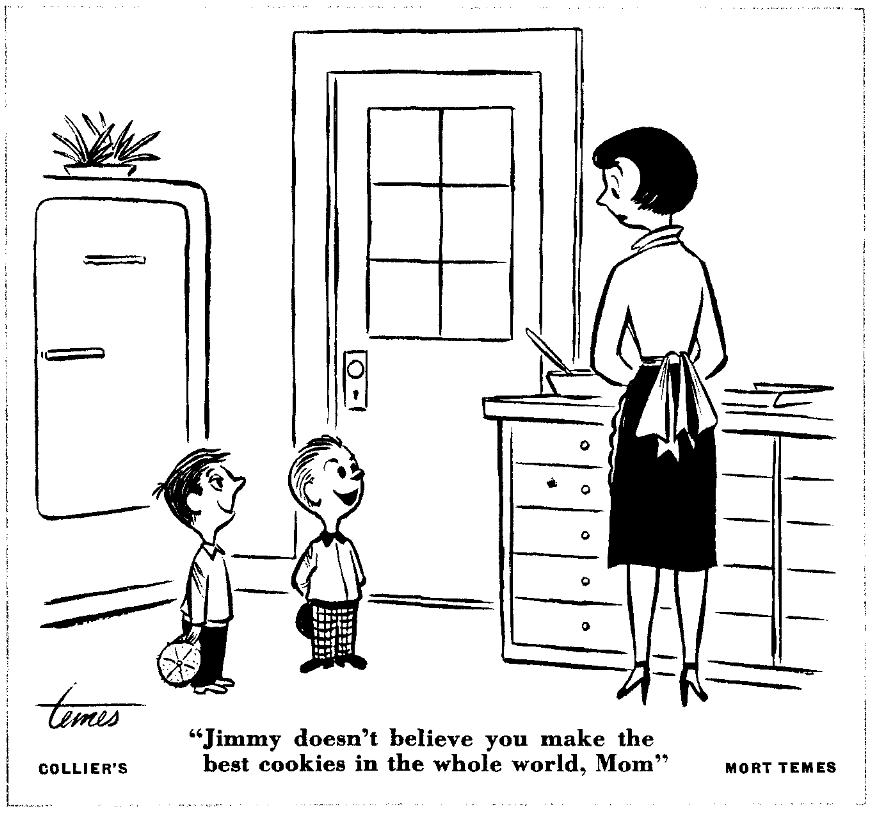
Paul went to the open door and stared into the corridor. Students were trooping in. Helen Jenkins came out of the cafeteria, a tall, shapely, dark-featured woman who looked even more striking among the schoolgirls. She passed the door without seeing him and he went back to his desk.

"If you really feel that way, Paul, you're licked," Mr. Jim said. "This isn't like you. What's the matter with you this morning?"

Paul shrugged. "Nothing. I'm in one of those inventory moods, maybe. I not only woke up thinking we were going to get beat, I woke up wondering what difference it makes if we do." He was revealing himself, he knew. Coaches were supposed to be hard and unyielding. They never doubted themselves or the importance of the game. "We've been riding a bubble, all of us—the town, the team, you and me. We've been lucky and we've worked hard. But the bubble is what carried us—"

Mr. Jim put both hands on Paul's shoulders, like a schoolmaster confronting a truant. "Sure we're riding a bubble," he said. "The whole town is. But it's your bubble. No other coach could have blown it half so big. When you push ahead of the pack, when you go for the championship, it's a fearful journey, Paul. And if you miss, it's a long ride home. But that's part of the game."

Paul grinned. "Okay. I know all that. You don't need to lecture me."



"Jimmy doesn't believe you make the best cookies in the whole world, Mom"

COLLIER'S MORT TEMES

THE class bell rang. Mr. Jim started for the door. "I've got a P.E. class," he said. "I'll see you at practice."

Paul watched him go, remembering that once back in the early thirties Mr. Jim had gone for the championship, riding his own bubble of youth and luck and hard work. He hadn't made it, and he had, professionally, come a long way downward since that day.

Paul sat down at his desk and began tossing his morning mail into the basket. He picked up the letter from San Antonio again, and this time he opened it. Seeing the letterhead, he felt suddenly cold. Involuntarily he glanced toward the empty corridor.

He read quickly. *We were pleased to have you stop here. You must visit us again real soon.* That was all. No date, no signature—just a scrawled, hasty message on the stationery of the Palomino Motel, San Antonio. He sat staring at it until he heard footsteps in the corridor, and then he shoved the letter into a drawer and got it locked just as R. V. Reagan barged into the office.

As always, Reagan was dressed for the open range, though ranching was one of the lesser of his interests. "Paul," he said, extending his hand. He always shook hands. "My congratulations. That game Friday was the best any Coulton team ever played. My word on that—I've seen them all. You should have heard the talk downtown yesterday."

"That was yesterday," Paul said.

"Oh, sure," Reagan said. "I know you coaches. You've got to find fault, hold the kids down. That's good psychology. But you know something, Paul? Just between the two of us, nobody's going to beat this team of ours. Let's have a coffee."

Paul went with him to the cafeteria, caring little for the coffee and even less for Reagan's company. The man had thirty minutes to kill. The coffee drinking did not begin downtown until nine. And it was Reagan's privilege as town booster, as prime mover of boards and committees, as father of the team quarterback, to have private audience with the coach whenever he chose.

While they were getting their coffee, Paul's mind drifted back to the letter. *You must visit us again real soon.* He had visited them two months ago, and only for a few minutes. He hadn't given his name, yet the letter had been addressed to Paul Watson.

Reagan was well into his story before Paul picked up the trail of it. "And there was Bobby, see, getting on this bronc with all the crowd watching—"

"Bobby? Bronc? Where?" Paul asked.

"In this dream I had last night. Like I was telling you—"

Paul sagged over his coffee, feeling weak and relieved. It was almost too much to bear, the thought of his quarterback getting on a bronc, even in a dream.

Reagan's florid face had lost its joviality. "You know how mixed up dreams are," he went on. "Well, I ran down to the chute to ask Bobby what was the matter. I never will forget the look on his face. 'Dad, it's my foot—it's caught in the gate,' he said. I looked, and it was true. Some clumsy fool had slammed the gate on his foot. Blood was running out of his boot. Then I woke up." Reagan shook his head. "It left me with a helluva bad feeling. I can't seem to shake it."

"It must be the weather," Paul said. "Everybody's having dreams."

"What if Bobby gets injured?"

Paul shrugged. "What if he doesn't?"

Reagan set his cup down with a thump. "That's the trouble with your wing and spread formations," he said accusingly. "Damn it all, you place the whole load on one boy. He's my boy and I'm proud of him, but nobody should expect one boy to do it all."

PAUL fought back his anger. Getting along with men like Reagan was part of the job. "Bobby's not the whole show, Mr. Reagan," he said carefully. "It may look that way from the stands, but he's not. Bobby's the playmaker, that's all. He'd carry the same load on a T-formation team."

"You should have worked that Long kid more at quarterback," Reagan said. "That's the only criticism I've ever heard downtown."

Paul was boiling now. Not a month ago Reagan had told him: "Don't jerk Bobby out just because we're a couple of touchdowns ahead. Let the score run up a little. The team needs the reputation—and so do you."

"James Long will never be a football player," Paul said. "If I ever lose Bobby, Donnie Quillen will be my quarterback."

He had said it deliberately to antagonize the man. But Reagan was pained rather than provoked. "Quillen?" he said. "That Negro kid?"

Paul did not answer.

"You're wrong there." Reagan's voice was cautious, soothing, paternal. "They'd never stand for it."

Paul looked at him firmly. "They, Mr. Reagan? Who are they?"

"The town. The people."

"They wouldn't stand for Negroes enrolling at Coulton High, but they did," Paul said, calmer now, remembering that Reagan was always the middleman, the arbitrator. "They wouldn't stand for a Negro on the team because it would cause ill feeling with the other schools, but Donnie was voted all-district halfback."

Reagan hunched his shoulders. "I didn't mean it that way," he protested. "You're just edgy this morning. What makes you that way, Paul? You're the finest coach in the business, but a lot of people in this town think you're plain hard and stubborn and standoffish. I know they're wrong—"

"I was hired to win football games," Paul said.

"That's right. And I'm not criticizing you myself, understand that. I'm just giving you a little advice for your own good." Reagan paused, groping for the right words. "About that Negro kid—what I meant was, Negroes aren't used to leading. It's not their fault. They've taken orders, followed someone else's lead for hundreds of years. You can't take one of them and put

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him out before twenty thousand people—a kid like Donnie, you can't—and say, 'Here, you take charge.' Don't you see what I mean, Paul?"

Paul stood up, trying to smile. "Frankly, no," he said. "Besides, Bobby's played twelve games now. He won't fail us Saturday."

Reagan got to his feet. "Course he won't. I tell you, that boy—sometimes"—he threw a heavy arm around Paul's shoulder as they walked toward the door—"sometimes I could bust, seeing him out there, hearing the crowd cheering. You'll see. You'll have a son of your own in a few weeks now."

"Daughter," Paul said, laughing. "I know my luck."

Suddenly Reagan stopped short. Paul looked at him and found him staring angrily into the corridor. Mitch Mitchell was there, leaning casually against the wall, reading the morning newspaper. "What's *he* doing here?" Reagan asked.

"I wouldn't have the slightest idea," Paul said.

Mitch Mitchell was always hanging around, trying to be friendly. Paul had no use for him, any more than Reagan did, but he found it easy to lie now in Mitch's favor. He'd had enough of R. V. Reagan for one morning. "He probably just brought his son to school. A man like Mitchell isn't going anywhere he's not wanted."

"He's not wanted in Coulton," Reagan said ominously. "There's no place here for gamblers. Run him off, Paul. I tell you that for your own good."

MITCH MITCHELL watched Reagan stride past him, and then he turned to Paul. "Morning, Coach." He glanced down at his paper. "It says here, Bryan by two touchdowns."

"I never read the newspapers," Paul said. He didn't want to be curt with Mitch, because he felt that any man with a son on the team deserved a certain courtesy, yet he didn't want to be friendly. Mitch was a professional gambler, and he had no business inside a high-school gym.

"You should read them once in a while," Mitch told him. "You're getting to be famous. I bet you're even getting fan mail." The smile on his face was open and disarming.

But to Paul, it meant a letter from the Palomino Motel, San Antonio. At that moment the motive behind the letter seemed shockingly clear.

But then it was not clear at all. You couldn't judge a man like Mitchell by his face—his expressions meant nothing; that was why he was a successful gambler. "Coach," he said, "when's my boy going to score a touchdown?" You couldn't suspect a father of plotting against his own son.

"That's up to him," Paul said.

Mitch smiled proudly. "Little punk. He's got no business playing football, but he won't quit. What do you do with a kid like that?"

"Why, I let him play, I suppose," Paul said.

"Well, see you around, Coach," Mitch said, and strolled away.

Back in his office, Paul unlocked the desk drawer and took out the letter. He read it again, trying to take in its significance. Its meaning was there—ominous, like thunder on the horizon—and yet he could not place its source. Suddenly, in a burst of suppressed rage, he ripped the letter to pieces. It was probably one of those mysteries that would never be explained, so why worry about it? . . .

Paul was late getting to practice, and here on the field everything had waited. This annoyed him. They could at least have got the warmup started. The whole week was off to a bad start.

"Well, Paul," Mr. Jim said, "you're Watson the Wizard, how're we going to beat a team like Bryan?"

Paul smiled. The old man's gentleness and faith in him always put him in a good mood. He was in his element now: no more Reagans or Mitch Mitchells, *no* dreams, *no* riddles—nothing but sweat, muscle, the hard popping of leather.

"We'll move the ball," he said. "We can't stop them, but there's a chance we can outscore them. With Bobby calling signals, we can also outthink them. As I see it, it's Bobby's game. If he calls it right, we've got a chance to win. Does that make sense?"

"Sounds logical to me," Mr. Jim said. "By the way, R. V. Reagan gave me a message for you—you want it?"

"No, but go on," Paul said.

"Well," Mr. Jim said, "he thinks we're going to be in a fix Saturday if Bobby gets hurt. Says it wouldn't be that way with a T-formation team, because the backfield load is passed around. Oh, you know it all—his usual complaints about the double wing putting too much pressure on the tailback."

Paul's jaw stiffened. "If he doesn't like double wing," he said, "he'd better hunt himself another coach. It so happens that I do like double wing. As long as I'm head coach here, we're going to run double wing, and I wish Reagan would stop griping about it."

"All right, all right," Mr. Jim said. "Single wing, double wing. We're going to need wings like the birds for this one. Let's get to work."

The question of a substitute quarterback would never be answered, Paul knew. This was why he grew angry and defensive whenever someone mentioned the possibility of Bobby's being injured. Bobby was every inch a football player, the best high-school quarterback Paul had ever seen. His understudy, James Long, lacked the indefinable, unteachable something that makes a great player. He could get yardage all afternoon but never the extra yard that wins a ball game.

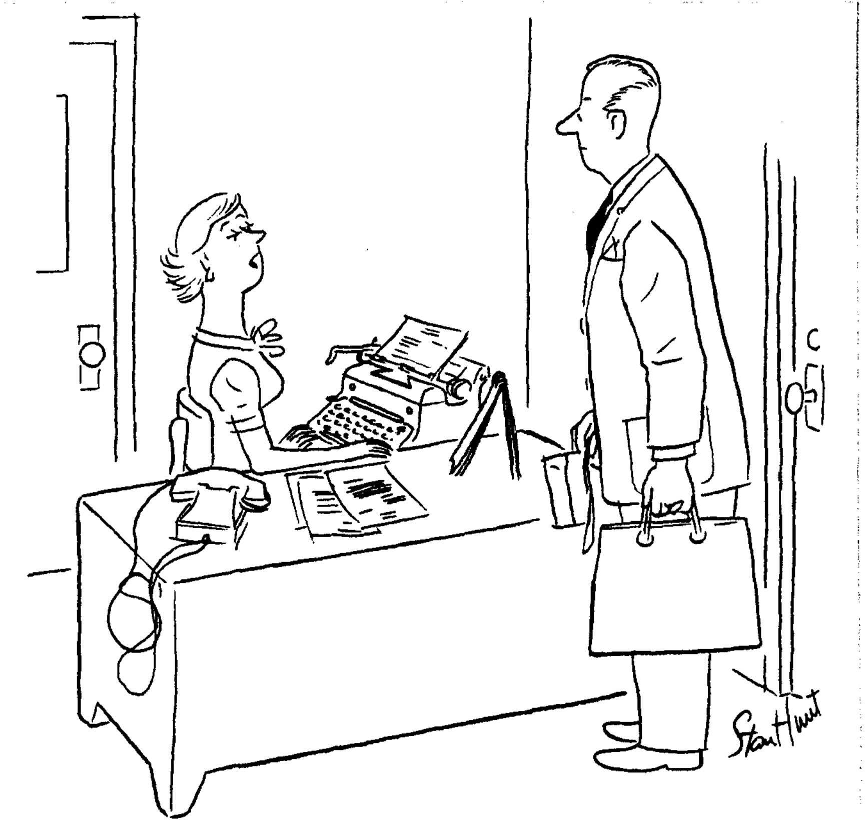
Paul had often considered making a quarterback of Donnie Quillen, but the Negro boy had found a natural position at right wing. Donnie was a fine breakaway runner, a fair passer. But his play-calling was plagued with doubts and his ball-handling was stiff and undeceptive. Still, he had the basic something that James Long lacked—the guts and fire. Paul had sometimes worked him at quarterback on the second team at practice, and each time had been amazed at his potential abilities.

THE Coulton Cowboys out there on the field, Paul thought, shouldn't have won district title, let alone have reached the state semifinals. They were medium-sized, lacked depth in every position, and were hopelessly unpolished. But perhaps this was the reason why they had moved far beyond their range: no one took them seriously.

In the old-fashioned double wing, the attack developed in a ridiculous kind of way—wing-arounds, snap passes into the flat, trappers through the line, sweeping options. Its effectiveness was nothing more than the fact that it seemed ineffectual. Yet, when it worked, it was the most explosive weapon in football.

For twelve games now the Coulton Cowboys had made it work, partly because they were eager and adept, mostly because none of their opponents had ever played against double wing. A San Antonio sports writer had pointed out this fact. *Stanford had the same advantage back in 1940 when it broke the game wide open by reviving the T formation,* he wrote. *Coulton is alone in its class—with an old, forgotten formation and a brave new adventure in human relations.*

He was referring to Donnie Quillen, whom he called *a high-school Jackie Robinson.* Throughout its history Coulton had been a town without a Negro citizen. Then in August a man from California, a Mr. Holman Quillen, had bought a service station in Coulton, and when the chamber of commerce



COLLIER'S "He's terribly busy but if you care to wait I'll try to slip you in between innings" STAN HUNT

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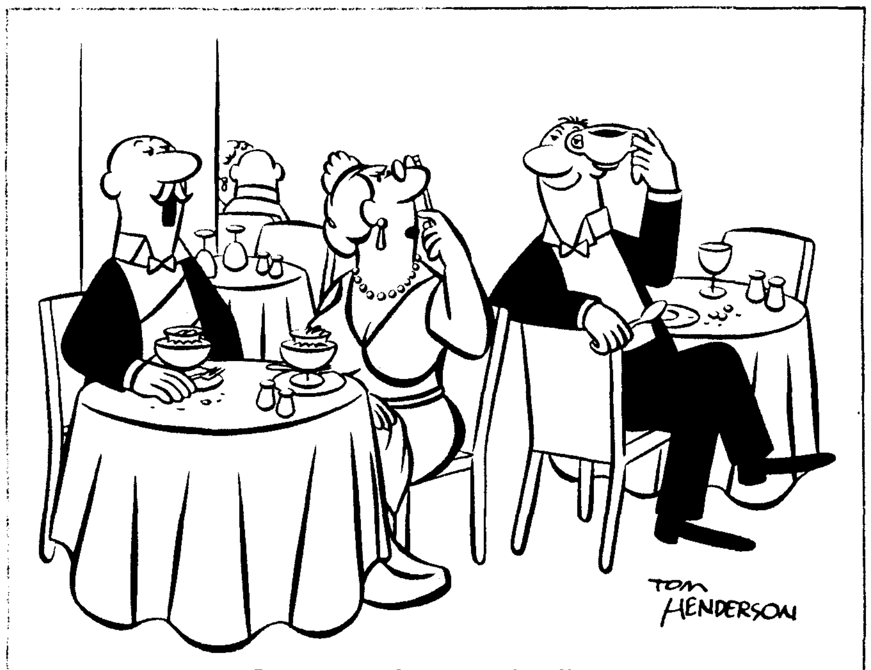

COLLIER'S "Just ignore him, my dear" TOM HENDERSON

welcoming committee went down to meet him it had to swallow hard before shaking hands.

The whole town swallowed hard two weeks later when Donnie and his sister showed up at Coulton High School. Had it not been for the United States Supreme Court's decision of May 17, 1954, the Quillen children would have had to attend an accredited Negro high school, the nearest of which was in San Antonio, eighty-one miles away. But in view of the decision, Milton Forrest, the school superintendent, called a special meeting of his school board.

The trustees squirmed and scratched. Mr. Forrest outlined the situation and briefed the board members of the town's legal obligation. "Coulton's not a Southern town, it's Western," he concluded. "We've never had any racial prejudices out here. Why start now? I say enroll them, and I say to hell with anyone who doesn't like it." When the vote on admission came, all the trustees, swallowing hard, had raised their hands.

The following Monday, Donnie had appeared at the athletic field. He had played football in California, he explained to Paul. Paul used him at odd positions, hoping he would soon quit. The players gawked at him at first, then ignored him. At the second Wednesday's scrimmage Ernie Gillis took off around the right side under full steam. Donnie charged in from halfback and almost tore him apart. Ernie got up boiling mad. "Call that play again, Coach," he said. Donnie nailed him a second time. The third time. Donnie hit him so hard that Ernie fumbled the ball. "Again?" Paul asked. Ernie shook his head and grinned. "Hey, that kid's rough," he conceded.

Two weeks later Donnie was on the starting team.

FOR the first half hour this Monday afternoon Paul had them running signals in separate units, Bobby on the main team, Donnie quarterbacking the reserves. When they were loose and sweaty he brought them together for light contact and began working on details. After an hour they were scrimmaging, and Paul was standing aside watching the squads go at each other, calling out his orders and corrections.

On a routine option play, he trotted after Bobby as he swept to the right. Glancing downfield. he saw Mitch's son, Robin Mitchell, who was playing Donnie's wingback position, and the right end, Petey Gonzales, making their cuts. Donnie had left his defensive halfback post and was charging toward the scrimmage line. Bobby's arm cocked, whipped the ball away just as Donnie plowed into him. Paul followed the ball's flight, saw Robin catch it over his shoulder as Petey laid a block into the safety man. He turned to Donnie.

"That was real pretty," he said in lofty scorn. "Yes, sir, that was the best line-backing job I ever saw. Now tell me: Who's playing halfback?"

Donnie looked ready to cry. It killed him to make a mistake.

"Donnie," Paul said firmly, "try to remember this. If men are breaking downfield ahead of a play, it's either a pass or an option. It has to be. If the ball carrier comes wide with men downfield, he wants you to charge him. Don't do it. Cover your position."

SOMEONE was calling his name. Looking around, he saw that the players were standing where the play had stopped, staring with stricken faces at someone on the ground. He couldn't see who it was because Mr. Jim was kneeling beside him, but he knew that the boy was Bobby.

He felt a sudden panic and responded instantly against it. "Break it up! Get back to work!" he bawled. "Didn't you ever see a man knocked down before?" Donnie passed him on his way to the crowd. "Get back out there, Donnie!"

Bobby was rolling and writhing on the ground, his face constricted, and Mr. Jim was saying, "Easy, boy, easy. Keep the leg still."

Paul dropped to one knee. "What is it, Bobby? Knee? Ankle?"

"His knee," Mr. Jim answered. "He twisted it. He wasn't expecting that tackle."

Paul put his hand on the kneecap. "No!" Bobby cried. "No! No!"

"Let's get him up," Paul said. Together they hoisted Bobby, his arms over their shoulders, and began walking with him toward the side line.

"Ease your weight on it, Bobby."

"I—I can't!"

At the side line they lowered him to the ground, and Paul said, "You'd better get him down to Doc Morgan's."

The team manager and his assistant had come over, and they helped Mr. Jim ease Bobby to his feet again. Out on the field, the players were milling

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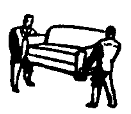

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If it is hard for others to understand why Catholics pray to the Saints, it is equally hard for Catholics to understand why other Christians do *not* so pray. It is a custom which has been observed in the Church since the time of the Apostles. Its merits are clearly indicated in both the Old Testament and the New, and Catholics the world over can testify that God does, indeed, listen with special favor to the prayers addressed to Him in our behalf by His friends, the Saints.

It sounds illogical to Catholics to recite in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in . . . the Communion of Saints . . ." and then to scoff at prayer to the Saints. The difficulty, it seems to us, is that there is confusion concerning just what the Saints are. There is certainly confusion concerning the Catholic attitude toward Saints, and Catholic customs with respect to them.

Belief in the Saints depends upon the conviction that we can help one another with our prayers. Catholics have no doubt about this. We read, for example, in Genesis, God's instructions to Abimelech to ask Abraham to pray for him: "He shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live" (Gen. 20: 7,17).

God had mercy on the children of Israel because Moses prayed for them. At another time God said ". . . and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him I will accept" (Job 42:8). The New Testament contains equally convincing testimony. St. Paul asks repeatedly for the prayers of the faithful. In the Epistle of St. James, we find: "And pray one for another that ye may be healed" (Jas. 5:16).

If God heeds the prayers offered by sinful mortals in behalf of one another, how much more surely will he listen to his friends, the Saints in Heaven, who are in a position to know the needs expressed in our prayers to them? If the individual appeal "of one for another" is heard in Heaven, how much more certainly will God hearken to the swelling chorus of prayer rising up from the "communion of the faithful" in Heaven and on earth? And if the Saints in Heaven are not concerned for us, why should there "be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:10)?

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in dumb uncertainty, watching Bobby's painful journey toward the gate.

Paul strode toward them, shouting orders. It took all his strength to do it—to feign anger, authority, to demand action—instead of standing with the rest and watching helplessly while Bobby Reagan left the field, perhaps for the last time.

BY THE time Paul had showered and dressed, night had come. Grace always came to drive him home at six, but he was late today, almost an hour late. He looked for the car and saw it parked across the street. He was almost there before he saw that the driver was not his wife but Helen Jenkins.

"Where's Grace?" he asked.

"She was tired. I went by to see her and made her lie down. She shouldn't be driving in her condition."

Paul suddenly resented Helen's new and unaccountable interest in his wife. She had begun visiting her several times a week, helping with dinner but never staying to eat it. She always left as soon as Paul arrived home.

"Can I drop you somewhere?" he asked.

"Home," she said.

For several minutes they were silent.

"Paul," she said. He glanced at her in the passing light and saw that her face was grave and anxious. "Paul, let's be friends."

"Aren't we?"

"You know we aren't. We're afraid of each other and we shouldn't be. We're acting like a couple of guilty children, and after all we are grown people. Let's be friends."

"Okay," he said. He sighed wearily. "I need every friend I can get. Did you hear the good news?"

She brightened. "No, I don't believe I did."

"Bobby's out. He hurt his knee this afternoon. I don't know how bad."

"Bobby Reagan? Oh, that's bad isn't it, Paul?" She sat up with an obvious effort to be interested; she knew nothing about football.

"It could be," he said. "Anyhow that's why I'm not feeling very friendl right now." . . .

Grace was asleep when he reached home, and the memo pad by the telephone was covered with notations *Call Mr. Jim at home. Reagan called—he'll call back. Call the bus station*

He waited for Mr. Jim to answer "Bus station?" he said aloud. He picked up the pad again to be sure.

"Hello," Mr. Jim said.

"What about Bobby?"

"Not so bad. They took X rays and there's nothing broken. It's a sprain Doc said. I didn't know you could sprain a knee."

"Can he play Saturday?"

"No, Doc says there isn't a chance."

Paul leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes. "Well, that's that," he said. He wanted to cry, curse scream. You spend a season, a lifetime building for one big moment. You enlist a team of splendid boys, a school a city. You blow it bigger and bigger and your bubble bursts.

"Paul." Mr. Jim spoke hesitantly "I was thinking. If—if we moved Donnie to tailback and Robin to wing, we'd add something to our running game we haven't had all season. Remember SMU and Notre Dame? Doak Walker was injured and—"

"SMU got beat."

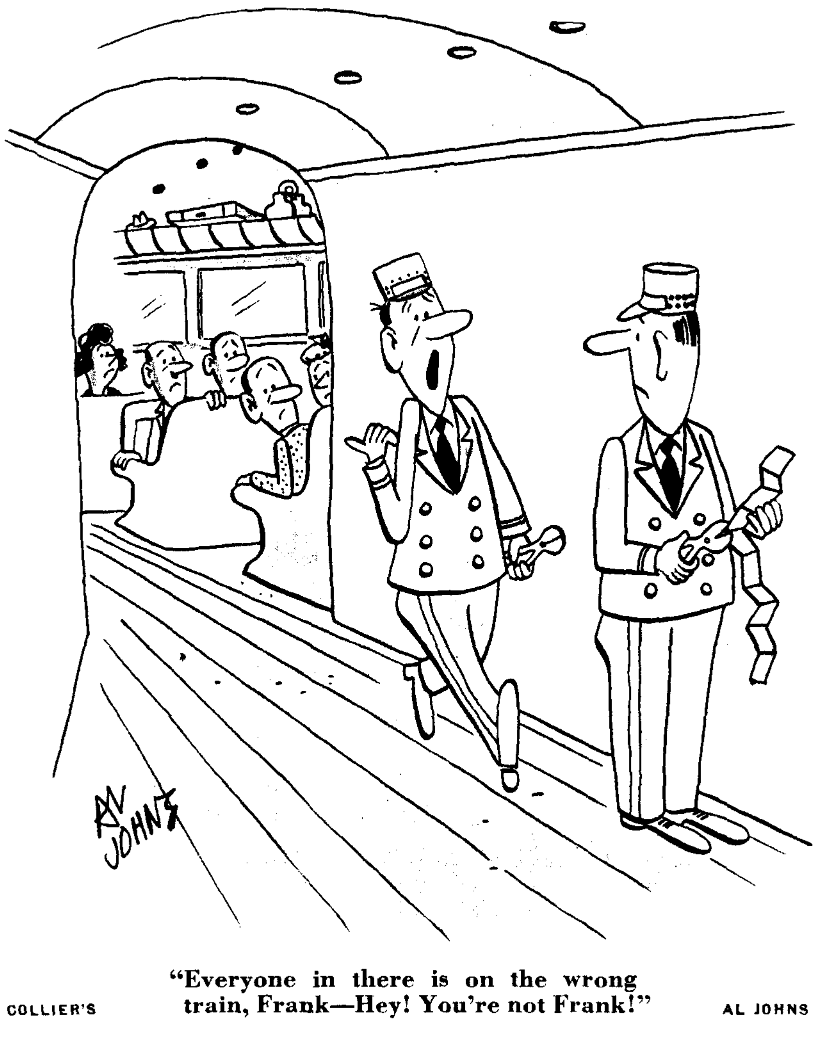
"They got outscored. Paul, listen Don't worry about it. A thing like this can fire up a team."

"Sure, Mr. Jim. I'll see you in the morning."

Paul hung up and dialed Reagan's number. "Mr. Reagan? This is Paul."

"Paul! Come on out to the ranch. We can cry on each other's shoulders."

"I'm too beat. How's Bobby?"



COLLIER'S "Everyone in there is on the wrong train, Frank—Hey! You're not Frank!" AL JOHNS

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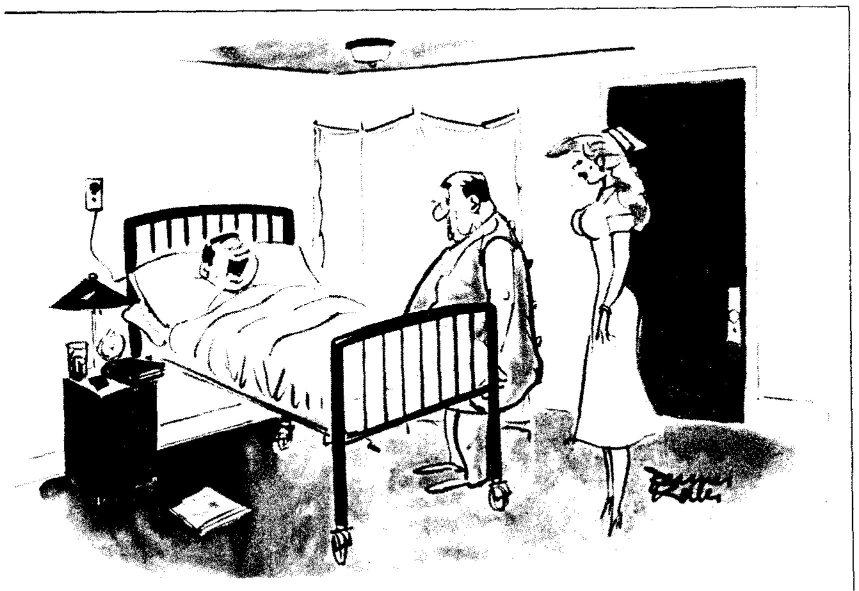


COLLIER'S "I can't afford you, the nurse and this room. So I'm letting you go, Doc" REAMER KELLER

"Okay. Doc Morgan's just left." here was a pause. "How did it hap- en, Paul?"

Paul gave him the details.

"I hate it, Paul," Reagan said. "Not nly for Bobby's sake and the team's, ut for the whole town. It's caused a ot of talk already. Who knows what 'll lead to? You know what they're aying downtown, don't you?"

Paul felt suddenly weak. He sat own, waiting for Reagan to go on. *hey* again. He never talked to Rea- an without hearing what *they* were redicting, viewing with alarm.

"They're saying it wasn't an acci- lent. They say the kid did it deliber- tely, that Bobby had already thrown he pass and that—well, that the kid lammed him down while he was off uard."

Paul struggled to keep his voice teady. "Did they say why he did it?"

"To get the quarterback job. Why lse? It wasn't enough that we let him lay on the team. Why, it's been talk round town all season that he was lay- ng for Bobby. Jealous. They say he's ot a mean streak—"

"Shut up!" Paul exploded, and then ot control of himself. "Mr. Reagan," e said, "I don't know who *they* are. 've never met any of them. But if ou'll tell me their names, I'll call on ach one personally and do my best to xplain to them how wrong they are. If I can't do that, I'll do my level best o beat hell out of them."

"Now, Paul," Reagan said hastily, 'don't get me wrong. I don't believe a word they're saying. But I thought you ought to know how the wind's shifting. I'm telling you for your own good. You've got to take precautions. You won't need to get rid of the kid. I don't think that will be necessary at all. But there's some talk he might be the quarterback now that Bobby's out. You said this morning—" Reagan stopped, and then added with a judi- cious tone of finality: "You simply can't do that now, Paul."

A HANDFUL of weary, crumpled customers sat morosely in the waiting room of the bus station. Paul glanced cautiously at them and felt relieved to see only strangers. No one was watching him, no one cared. This, unaccountably, was very important, as much as if he were violating a law in coming here. Nothing about the matter pleased him; the voice of the woman at the counter when she had told him over the phone about the package waiting for him, the ride to town when he was tired and worried and hungry, the oppressive atmosphere of the station.

He had awakened that morning with dread and misgivings, and the whole day had been a shambles. Waiting now for the package, he was stricken with a sense of impending doom, as if Monday were a trap into which he had blundered.

There was no charge for the package, the woman told him and handed him a flat parcel loosely wrapped in brown paper. He had started away when she called his name and he had to force himself to turn around and face her again. She was holding a small orange card, offering it to him.

"I don't know if you're interested," she said, "but I thought I'd ask."

HE WAS familiar with the card. Mitch Mitchell peddled them. They listed the betting odds on the high-school play-offs.

"No, thanks," he said.

"Oh, well," the woman said, "I thought I'd try. I get a quarter for every one I turn in."

Back in his car, he turned on the dashboard light and examined the package. No return address. The lettering was crude: *Paul Watson, Football Coach, Coulton, Texas.*

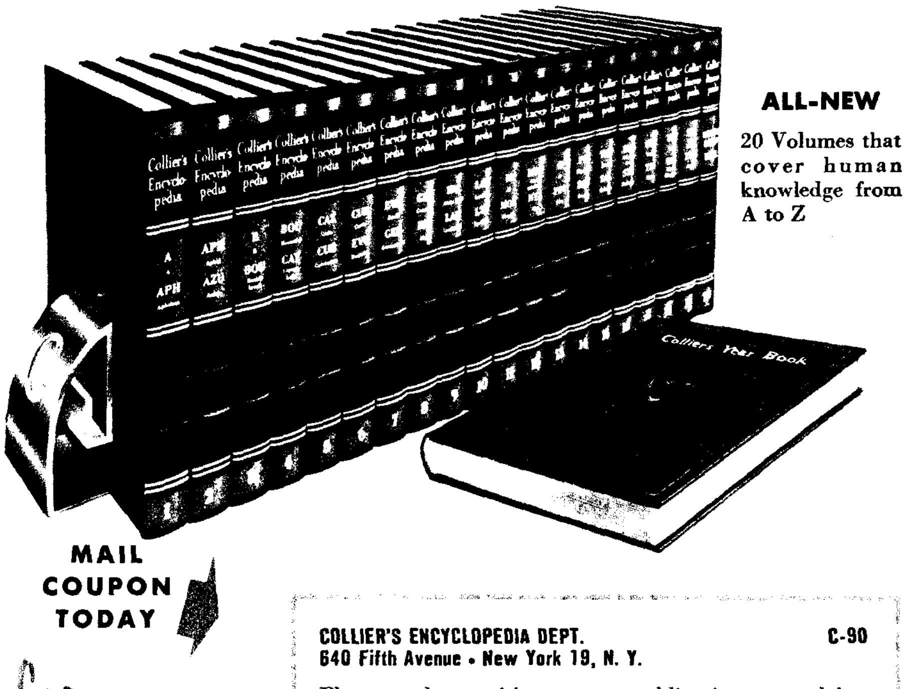
He ripped off the wrapping, and there it was, the same letterhead: *Palomino Motel, San Antonio, Texas,* and the same scrawled handwriting. It said: *We'll be expecting you.*

A picture was clipped to the sheet. He stared at it for several seconds, hardly believing that it was true. Yet he had known it was. All day, from the moment he had received the first letter, he had known it was horribly, damnably true.

In the picture he was turning away from the door of a motel cabin, an overnight bag in his hand. A part of his car, with its license plate legible, was visible in the foreground. His face was unmistakable. So was the face of the woman with him, Helen Jenkins.

His first impulse was to rip the picture to shreds and toss it out the window, but he crammed it into the glove compartment and locked it there. He started the car and edged out into the traffic of Main Street. Not until he was out of town did he begin to speed up. His headlights flashed on the sign: *San Antonio 81.* By then his foot was pressed against the floor.

For a while he did not think about the picture in the dash compartment or



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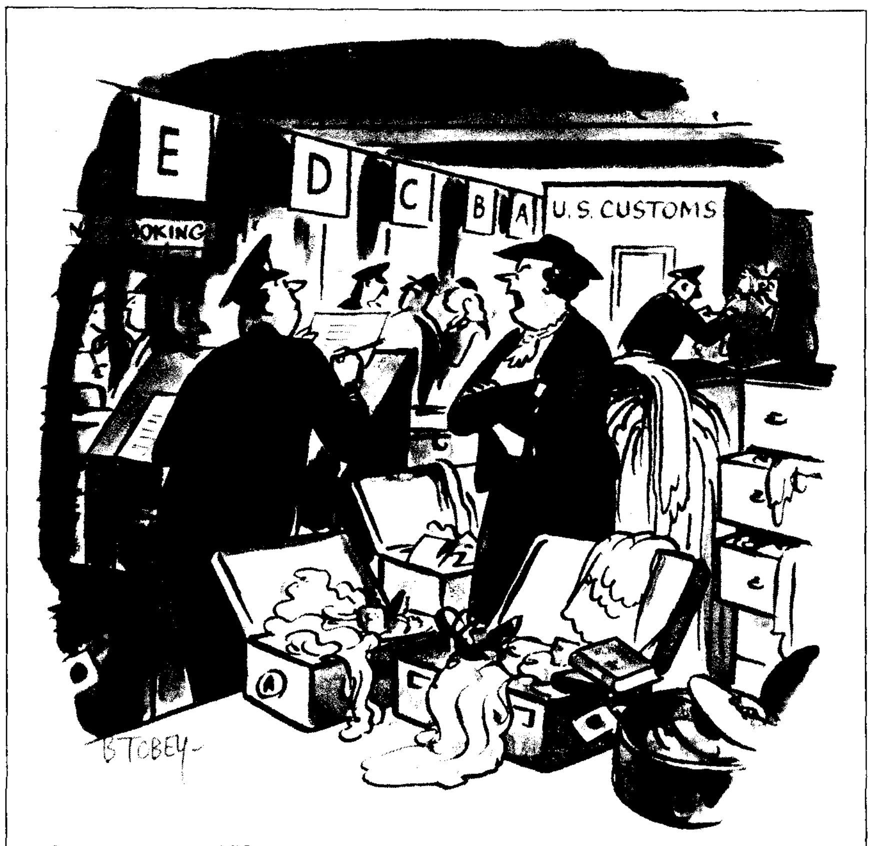

COLLIER'S "Now you can put everything back just the way you found it!" BARNEY TOBEY

the meeting he was keeping at the Palomino Motel, San Antonio. But when he did, he was bewildered and enraged. What a cunning trick it was! Whoever had taken it must have made a practice of this sort of blackmail. It took too much planning to have been done quickly. Whoever it was must have been waiting his chance.

Paul's face burned as he remembered that night. For two months he had tried to forget it, even though he knew it was something that would plague and embarrass him for years. It had been a terrible mistake, his own as well as Helen's, and it didn't help that they had realized it before anything had happened.

It was wrong, of course, and he probably deserved to be caught. But this seemed a stiff penalty for something that had not even happened. He hadn't chased Helen. He hadn't wanted her. She had been no more than a casual friend until that night.

HE HAD known her first as Miss Jenkins. That was in September when they were both new in Coulton and had found a certain comfort in sympathizing with each other. The home economics department, where she taught, was on the same corridor as his office. Passing his door, she would pause for a moment, always with some foolish, irrelevant question about football. Neither of them had liked Coulton those first weeks.

"I feel that I'm on trial," she had said. "You know—people looking me over and wondering if I smoke, what sort of men I go out with, and especially why a woman of my age isn't married."

He had told her that his own position was no less severe. "I'm on trial and I know it. Football coaches always are. Each Friday night the people sit in the grandstand—call it the jury box if you like—and pass judgment."

"Why does anyone ever want to be a teacher?" she had asked once. "It's horrible to know you've got to be a paragon for the rest of your life."

As Coulton began winning football games and the name of Paul Watson became more and more prominent in public talk, Helen's interest in him had grown. She was outspokenly elated, not because Paul was passing trial but because his team was lifting the town out of its lethargy.

Late in October the team had gone to Mainsfield, an hour's ride beyond San Antonio, for a nondistrict game. Knowing that a long, cramped bus ride can ruin the best of teams, Paul had sent Mr. Jim and the players to San Antonio early in the morning, where they had rested at a hotel. He had driven over after school closed that Friday afternoon.

Mainsfield was extremely tough, but Coulton won, 20 to 14. After the game Paul stayed on, talking to the Mainsfield coach, and on his way to the dressing room he met Helen among the last of the fans to leave the stands. She had come on one of the buses and dreaded the long ride home. It seemed natural under the circumstances to offer her a lift and for her to accept. He gave her the keys and told her where his car was parked before going to check out the team.

He noticed the difference almost as soon as they were together in the car. Heretofore they had talked eagerly—too eagerly—with each other. Now, except for a few forced comments about the game, they said almost nothing. She sat far away from him, seeming tired and withdrawn and at the same time catlike and watchful.

Once she moved across the seat to tune the radio and he caught the smell of her, fresh and fernlike. He was reminded of the nights years ago when he had dated high-school girls in the family car. It was disconcerting now, after six years of marriage, to be driving at night with a strange woman, with a radio playing, with that forgotten feeling of intimacy and adventure.

In the gathering lights of San Antonio, he had glanced at her and found her eyes fixed steadily on him. She smiled and said, "Coffee?" And the single word had ended their restraint. He took her arm to help her out of

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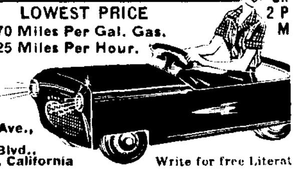
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e car, held it, felt her fingers draw ick into his hand. At the door to the staurant, in the blare of light and usic, he paused and glanced furtively nong the tables. She asked, "Do you e anyone—from Coulton?"

"No," he said, and her fingers ghtened.

"I'm sort of scared," she said. Maybe it's because I'm not used to be- g a paragon."

Back in the car she was no longer r away from him. When he reached r the switch, she put her hand on his, opping him with the slightest touch. hen suddenly he was kissing her, and r a long while there was nothing ex- pt the taste and smell and closeness her, and the wild release of his sires. Somewhere in the distance usic was playing and a light kept inking off and on.

"It's much too public here," she id. "That light. It keeps flashing in y eyes." At the same moment the ght came on revealing the tremulous pression on her face. "It says Palo- ino Motel."

EVEN before they had time to register, they had recognized their mis- ke. What they had contemplated was ddenly cheap and unnatural; and as ey had stood there in front of one of e cabins, they had struggled to ex- ain to each other.

It was with a sense of relief and es- ipe that they had driven on to Coul- n. At the town's edge she read the gn, COULTON, POPULATION 9,871, and realized that it was the first word ther had spoken since leaving the mo- l.. Her voice was defiant, yet weary d resigned, as though she were rusting the night aside, never to be ought of or repeated.

Paul knew now that the picture had een taken in the flash of the sign as ey had stood talking, before getting ack into the car and driving on to oulton. But why? And by whom?

He knew why, of course, though he ould not admit it as yet. He hoped it ight be a simple case of blackmail here he'd be asked to pay a few hundred dollars. Well, he could manage at. Everything considered, he'd be etting a bargain at that price. . . .

Each time the motel sign blinked ff, Paul could see inside the office here a Negro porter was slumped behind the desk. Beyond him, someone seated in a low chair was smoking and reading a paper.

He got out, locked his car, and entered the office, letting the door slam behind him. The porter snapped erect and the man who had been reading lowered his paper and stared at Paul, his face expressionless.

"Yes, sir," the porter said, but Paul ignored him.

He stood staring back at the man in the chair. For several seconds they measured each other like wrestlers waiting to come to grips. "I'm Paul Watson," he said finally.

The man stood up slowly. He was beefy and grotesque. Once he had been an athlete, probably a professional fighter, and his face bore brutal evidence of it. He folded his paper. "I was just looking at your picture here," he said. "Seen the paper?"

"No. I never read the newspapers," Paul said.

"Fellow like you ought to keep up with the news. When you get to be famous, people are always taking your picture. Right?" He grinned at Paul.

Paul could not answer. Waves of violent anger were sweeping him. It was one thing to be caught but something else to be played with.

"Hammerhead," the man barked at the porter, "take a break."

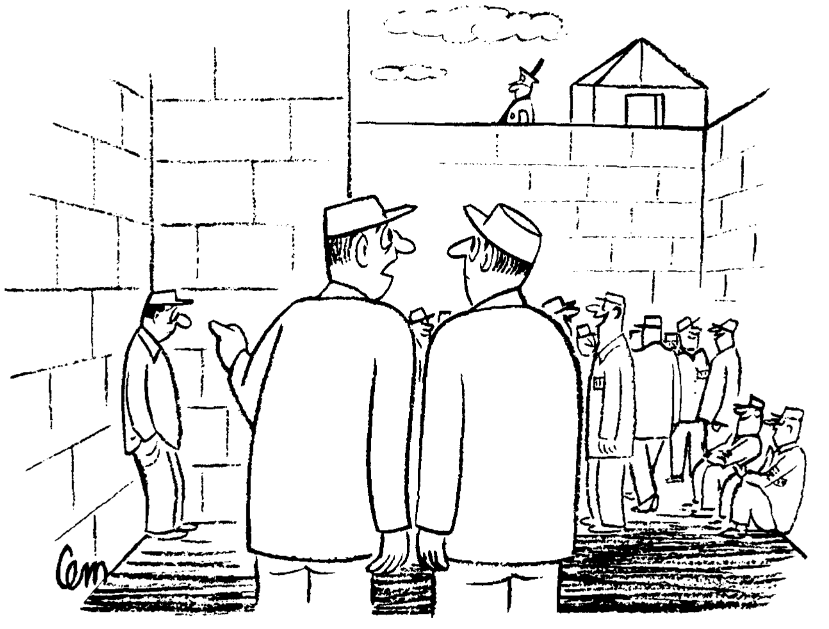
The porter left and the man said, "Good boy there. A couple of years back he was a first-class middleweight. But he found out he could make more money losing a fight than he could winning it. That was smart. Trouble was, the commission found out, and that was dumb. It's only smart when you get away with it, ain't it, Coach?"

Paul clenched his fists. It would be so easy now to follow the impulse to leap at the man, beat him, strangle him. "If you've got something to say to me"—his voice was thick—"get it said."

The man shrugged. "I guess you don't know me," he said. "The name's Bolin—Henry Bolin. Friends call me Hank. Does that name mean anything to you?"

Paul shook his head. "Not unless you're a photographer."

The man grinned. "Nah. I hire photographers. I used to be a fight manager. Had me a nice little stable and was doing all right, too, until the commission started lousing up the game. They killed the game in Texas, that's



COLLIER'S "He was caught by a policewoman" CHARLES E. MARTIN

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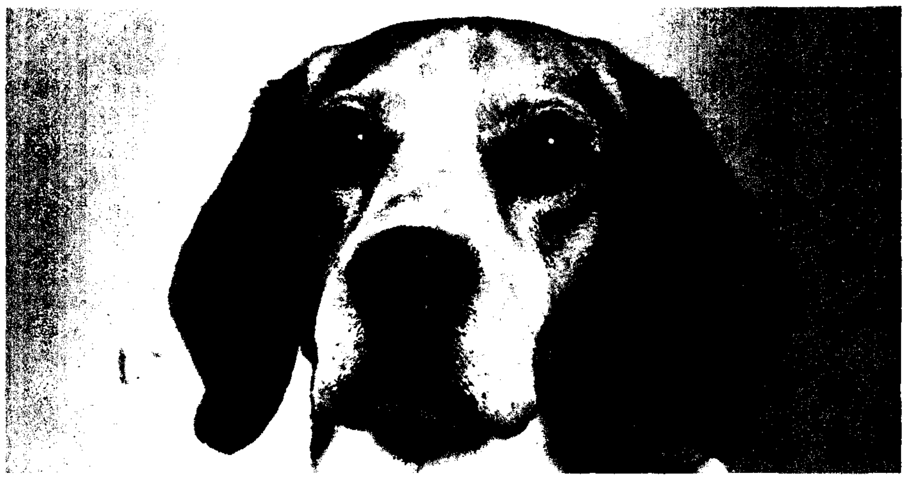
"Gee, boss, I think you're swell..."



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what they done. There ain't been a first-class card in this state since forty."

Bolin walked to the door, listened a moment, and came back. "Watson," he said bluntly, "your team is going to get its tail beat Saturday."

Paul felt the tension go out of him. So that was it. He had known it all along, from the moment he saw the picture, even from the moment he had received the first letter from Bolin. Knowing it but unwilling to admit it, he was completely unprepared now. His response was poor and lame. "I wouldn't bet on that," he said.

"I would," Bolin assured him. "I'm going to. The sports writers say two touchdowns, give or take a little, and today the betting boys were offering twelve and taking fourteen." Bolin grinned. "You're just full of that old school spirit, Coach. You know you're beat but you won't admit it."

PAUL started to speak, but Bolin went on: "Bryan High is the best football team in Texas. Nobody knows how good Bryan is, Coach, because there ain't a team around here strong enough to test them. Oh, sure, you've got a fine little team out at Coulton. I saw you play a couple of times. That Reagan kid is in a class by himself. But you ain't going to beat Bryan with one boy. Right?"

"Get to the point," Paul said. "You *want me to throw the game—is that it?*"

Bolin went behind the counter, shaking his head. "I wouldn't ask you to do anything like that. That would be unethical. Besides, you're going to get beat anyway, like I keep telling you. Now I'm a Bryan man myself. I like to bet on the old school. But I'm also a workingman. All I got left, now that the commission's loused up the fight game, is this motel, which really don't make me no money. Point is, I can't afford to go losing no bets. Now if I was to give fourteen points, like they're asking, and you and your boys was to get lucky and lose by only a touchdown or so—well, you see what I mean, don't you, Coach?"

Bolin spread his hands wide, his fa flaccid and cordial. "Now that's a ve reasonable request. I'm a very reasc able man. Throw the game? Wl Coach, I wouldn't ask my worst ener to do that. Fact of the business, I ai asking you to do nothing that probat won't happen anyway. All you have do is make sure it happens."

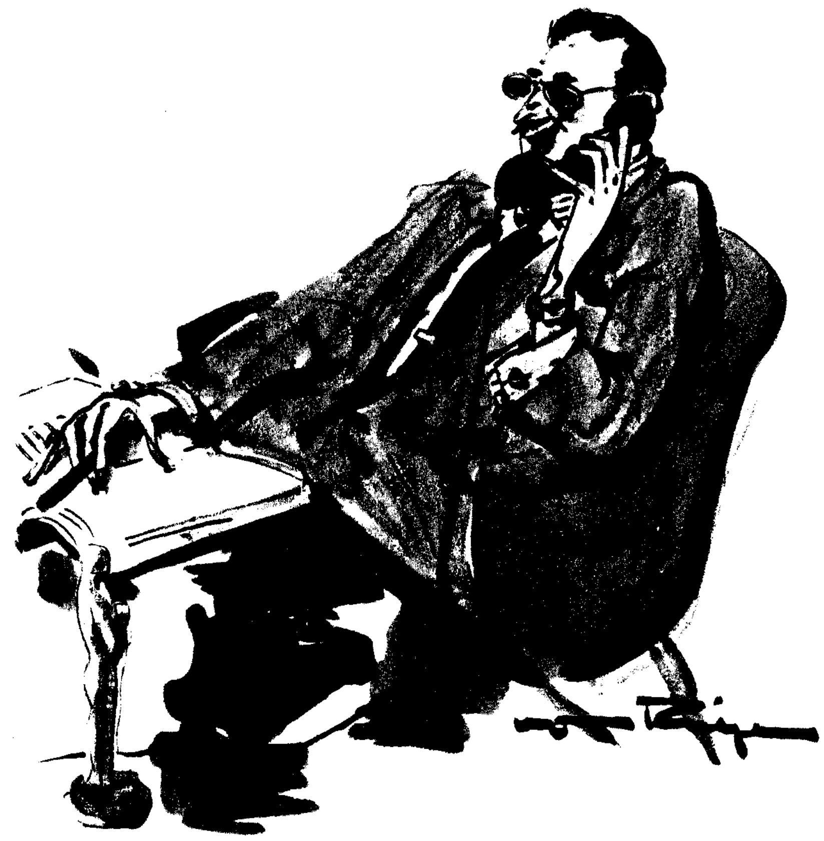
"Have to?" Paul asked. "I don't ha to do a damned thing I don't want tc

Without looking away from Pa Bolin reached under the counter a brought up a Manila envelope. I took out a picture and laid it on t desk top. "Me, I think you *want* tc He saw the look of defeat on Pau face and went on in a hard, unhurri voice. "The trouble with you, Watsc is that you don't realize what's ha pened to you. When you came out the sticks and got yourself that coac ing job at Coulton, nobody'd ev heard of you and nobody'd ever hea of Coulton. Six months ago you cou have walked in here and I wouldı have known you at all. But you to that wing-and-spread stuff that ever body'd forgot about, and you start winning football games. All of a su den you were a big man and Coult was on the map. You got your pictu in the paper.

"You're no hick coach now. You' Watson the Wizard. Trouble is, y don't really know how big you are. Y *still think you're some punk nobo* who can chase the women and g away with it. This is a lesson you just as well learn. When you hit t big time—and you'll make it, Watso if you play ball with the right people- you ain't going nowhere without bei seen. You ain't going to make no m takes without it costing you."

"And what does this one cost me- in case I don't play ball?"

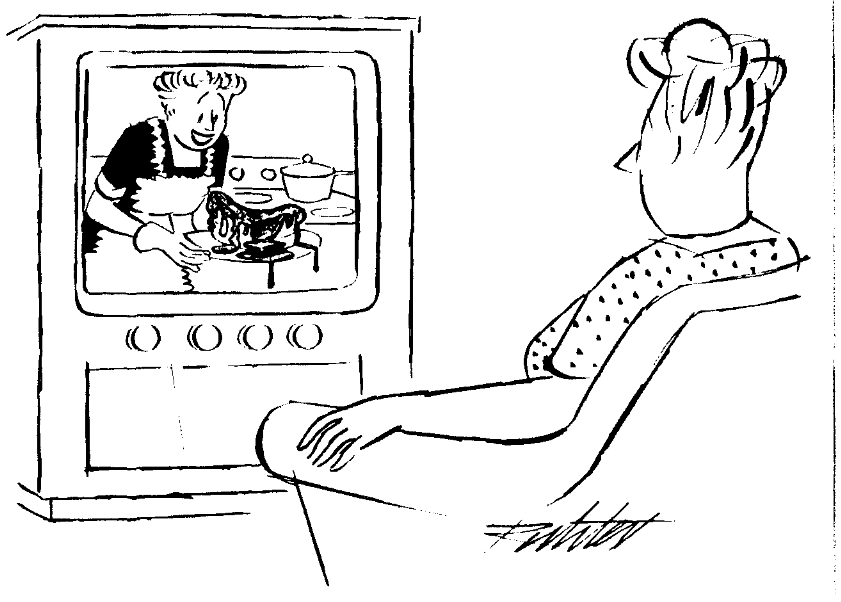
Bolin looked at him piercingl "Your job. I'm going to bet on Brya and I'm going to win that bet. Win easy, win it hard—it makes no diffe ence to me. If you won't play, I'll g one of these pictures to every schoc board member in Coulton by tomo



COLLIER'S

"Oh, *J. B.!* Hiya, old man! For a second there I didn't recognize the initials . . ."

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



"Now let's just check over our recipe to see what we did wrong"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

row night. I'll raise such a stink in that town they won't even know what time the game starts Saturday. And I'll mail pictures to the trustees up at Burrington College." He caught the flicker of surprise on Paul's face. "You didn't know you was in line for the Burrington job, did you? Well, you are. Like I'm saying, you're headed for the big time if you play ball with the right people. But cross me and you're through. You'll never coach another team."

Bolin waited, his eyes never leaving Paul's face. For an eternity of silence he watched him, and then he said, "What'll it be, Watson? The easy way or the hard way?"

Paul did not look at him. He kept his gaze fixed on the panel behind the desk where the room keys were hung, but he didn't see it.

"What'll it be, Watson?"

He looked at Bolin at last. It was surprisingly easy to say, "The way you want it, I suppose. I don't have much choice in the matter."

THE courthouse clock showed a quarter of twelve and the town was deep in sleep when he arrived back in Coulton. He drove slowly down Main Street, wondering what excuse he would make to Grace when he reached home. It didn't matter. She would be waiting up for him, he knew, but she would ask no questions. She trusted him.

His first day in Coulton he had told the school board that he wanted complete authority over the team. All season he had demanded more and more from the players, driving them to exhaustion day after day. All season he had insisted on making the decisions, taking the blame for any mistakes. He had been curt, hard, indifferent to everyone. He had demanded that they trust him. No questions, no arguments. No complaining, no quitting. Everyone had done it his way.

And he had been successful. He had won games—twelve of them—and a district championship, and bi-district and regional championships.

Ten thousand people trusted him. They would do anything for him now, follow him, defend him, trust him. He was the symbol of their success. And tonight he had sold them out, meekly, cheaply, in the lowest kind of way. He had sold them out because for a little more than an hour he had slipped and been plain Paul Watson. He was guilty of nothing but the temptation to be human. . . .

Before entering the gym the next morning, he paused a moment to study the clearing sky. They were in for a period of good weather. This was a good omen, he told himself. A heavy field on Saturday would ruin whatever chance the team might have. Rain was supposed to favor the underdog, but not one that relied on speed, timing and deception.

Saturday would be clear and crisp and fast—good football weather. He went into the gym with the feeling that luck was coming his way, that the whole enterprise had taken a turn for the better.

His spirits soared. Sell out his team for the price of a filthy picture? That was last night. He'd been a fool even to indicate he'd go along with the deal. He knew now that what he'd really been doing, unconsciously, was stalling Bolin until he could figure a way out of it. He'd keep stalling, waiting for a break. And, the worst happening, he'd coach his last team Saturday and do his honest best to make it a winning team. Maybe he'd lead Bolin on, then double-cross him, beat him at his own rotten game. By Saturday he would have it figured, and he would never sell out his team—never.

Mitch Mitchell was waiting in his office, reading the morning paper, as if he had taken up permanent residence there. Seeing him, it was obvious to Paul why Mitchell was there and why he had been hanging around the gym for the last few weeks. He was Bolin's field man. Bolin had contacted him, cut him in on the deal as added insurance. A man like Bolin, seen around the high school, would arouse immediate suspicion; but Mitch Mitchell, with a son in school, could maintain the pressure without difficulty. The fix, then, was no small operation. It involved Bolin, Mitchell and probably other gamblers. And each of them—Bolin last night, Mitchell sitting there brazenly in the office—was acting on the assumption that he owned the Coulton football team.

Paul took a deep breath and strode toward his office. Someone, a student, spoke to him, but he ignored him. He slammed the door and locked it, turned and confronted Mitchell.

—BONNER MCMILLION

(This is the first of three parts)

THE MEASURE OF PROTECTION

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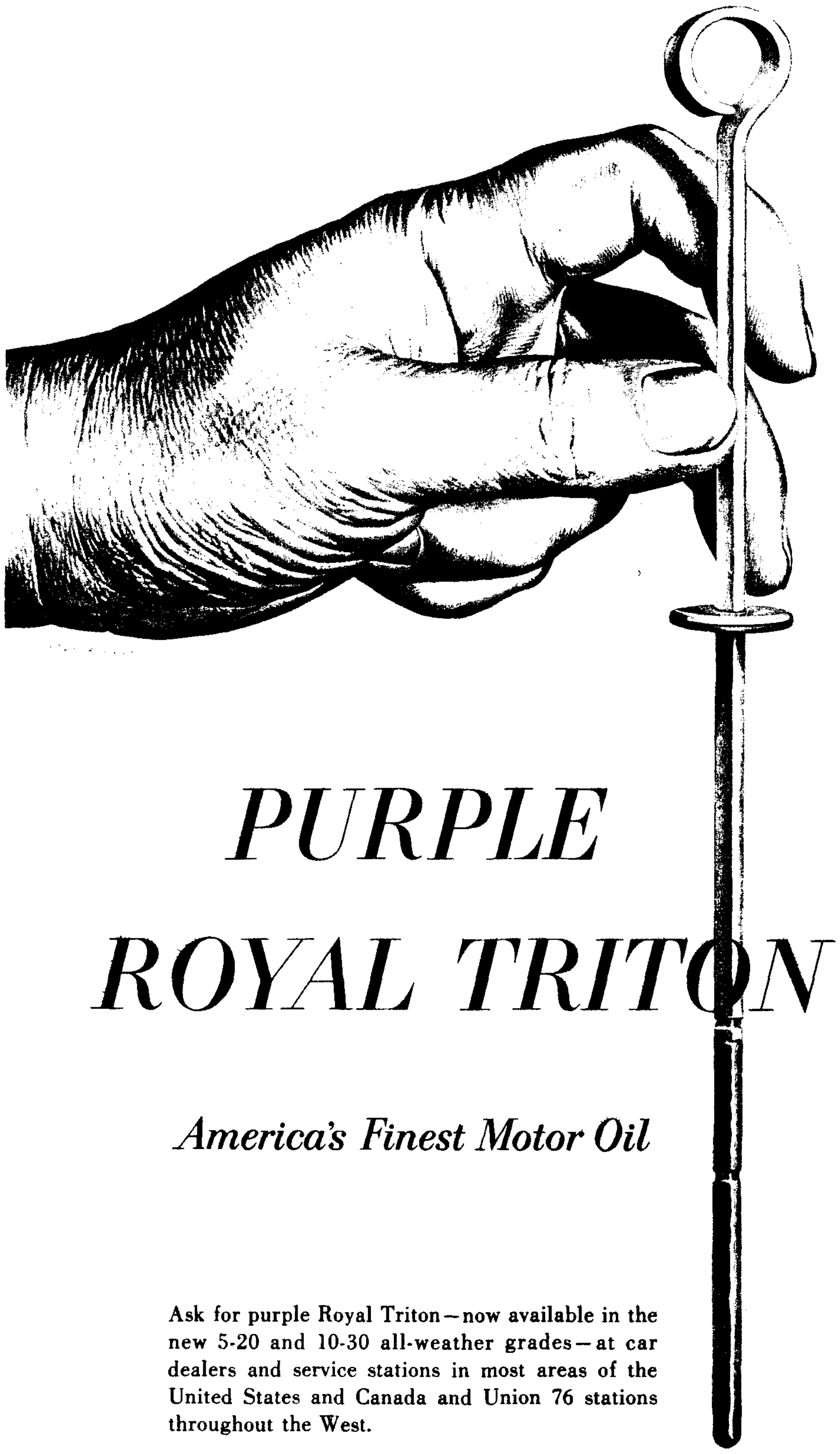

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The Story Behind TODAY'S

Do they live up to advance claims? Are they worth the extra money? Does your

Refiners keep pace with engine improvements through research. Here Esso's Don Caldwell gets set to photograph experimental gasoline burning under a quartz cover in special test engine

TO THE 68,000,000 Americans who drive automobiles, it may appear that the gasoline industry has only recently discovered the alphabet. From coast to coast, service stations are bedecked with posters and banners urging the traveler to buy fuels that contain special ingredients bearing such cryptic names or initials as TCP, PETROX, DR-2, AD, DC, ICC and TTP. A motorist may pass by RTG, a Western product that is "Rarin' to Go!" But can you resist the gasoline that outdoes Hollywood—"5-D, the world's first five-dimensional" fuel? Or do you prefer Reformed Gasoline, Platformed Gasoline, Total Power, De-Icer, or a fuel made with platinum? You have your choice of all these new developments and several more. But what's the hullabaloo all about?

You're aware by now that the major refiners are putting into their premium gasolines new chemical additives that promise certain benefits for your motor. If you're an average driver, your car uses 690 gallons of gasoline a year; and if you use a fuel to which the refiners have added a bit of the alphabet, chances are you're paying a penny or two extra for each gallon. Are you getting your money's worth? Does your car need those fancy new fuels? For that matter, are they really new and improved? And even more basic, what makes a gasoline good, anyway?

I took these questions to the research scientists of the oil and automobile industries. After weeks of interviews, I came away with these conclusions:

- The premium-grade gasolines of 1954 are truly brand-new. They have been designed specifically to fuel the increasingly automatic and more powerful cars of today.
- The new fuels are already being improved upon. One researcher after another told me of experiments now under way to produce ever newer gasolines for next year and the year after that.
- The more you pay for a gasoline—generally speaking—the more punch has been built into it by the refiner. But, if you are driving a car made just a few years ago, you may not need premium fuels throughout the year. (You may want their special qualities in certain seasons even with an old car. More about that later.)

It has become a cliché to say that we Americans are a motor-minded people. After all, 34,000,000 of our families own 39,000,000 passenger cars—74 per cent of the world's total—which travel an aggregate of 375,000,000,000 miles each year over the nation's streets and highways. We accept calmly such engineering feats as automatic transmissions, power steering, power brakes and the other devices that are making driving relatively painless even in city traffic. But do we have any more than a faint notion of how a motor transforms a gallon of gasoline into power on our wheels?

Twenty years ago, when every car came equipped with a tool kit, most drivers knew enough to fix at least minor troubles. Today we leave such problems to the new super-race, The Mechanics, young men brought up to understand these things. But it really isn't hard to comprehend how a motor converts gasoline into power. You know most of the terms already.

An automobile is powered by an internal-combustion engine. A mixture of gasoline vapor and air inside a cylinder is set afire by an electrical spark. As the gasoline burns—and it's supposed to burn smoothly, not explode—it creates expanding gases that drive down a piston. The piston's thrust, in turn, is geared mechanically to rotate the wheels of the car.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

EW GASOLINES

By
EDWARD ADOLPHE

them? Here's what the gasoline industry's strange alphabet game is all about

As you go wheeling down the highway, one cylinder after another fires in a carefully timed pattern. If you go as fast as 65 miles an hour, each cylinder fires 25 times a second. For each firing, the piston completes a four-way cycle—first down, to draw in the fuel-air mixture by way of a valve in the cylinder's combustion chamber; up as high as possible, to compress the fuel mixture for firing; down again, under the drive of expanding gas, meanwhile conveying power to the car; and finally up, to push the burned gases out through a second valve in the combustion chamber.

You have heard much, in recent years, about high-compression engines. "Compression ratio" is a term that indicates simply how much a given engine compresses its fuel mixture before burning it. The greater the compression, the more power your car gets out of a gallon of gasoline.

If the ratio in your engine is eight to one—a fair example among some of the newer cars—then each piston is compressing its gasoline-air mixture into one eighth its original space. And even with that much compression and under the best operating conditions—engine well warmed and tuned for highest efficiency—experts estimate that at most 30 per cent of the potential power in the gasoline is utilized. So, to give us better performance, automotive engineers are constantly edging up the compression ratios of the motors they design. The highest ratio in a stock car today is 8.7 to one. Motors as high as 12.5 to one are being run experimentally.

High-compression engines can provide both quick response and many more miles per gallon, two characteristics that endear a car to a motorist. But they create their own new problems. The higher its compression, the more likely a motor is to knock. Knock is more than a nuisance, wasting power and fuel; if it persists, the resulting strain can damage the motor. Knock is the prime limiting factor in the trend toward more powerful engines.

The Most Dangerous Kind of Knock

There are three kinds of knock. The first is called detonation, which means simply that a portion of the fuel explodes instead of burning smoothly. The explosion causes a kind of sound wave, or knock. You may think of it as something like a hammer blow against the cylinder wall. This type of knock is the most serious.

The second kind of knock is called, variously, surface-ignition, pre-ignition, auto-ignition, or some similar term implying firing of the cylinder when it isn't supposed to be fired. Some abnormally hot surface in the engine is apparently the cause. A speck of bright-hot carbon, for example, acting like a match, sets the fuel afire at the wrong time. The engine knocks.

Finally there is "wild ping," certainly an unscientific kind of name for scientists to give anything. Wild ping is a mild form of surface-ignition. It may be caused by a speck of carbon at white heat tearing loose from the wall of the combustion chamber and flying through the fuel-air mixture like a little meteor. The cylinder thus fires its fuel out of turn, causing knock. Wild ping can be annoying to the driver, but it doesn't occur in a regular enough pattern to do any damage.

So, the dilemma: higher compressions make our fuels do more work, but they also increase the knock problem. Automotive engineers can remedy knock by improving design of the combustion chamber, and chemists can help by raising octane ratings and by developing fuels and oils that will reduce combustion-chamber deposits.

The gasoline in your tank is a blend of many fractions of the original crude oil, some of which have been reworked by complicated refinery methods into forms unknown to nature. The blend contains different components for many functions in the engine—for quick starting, for quick warmup, for smooth acceleration, for mileage economy on the highway. But always the mixture is designed to a certain octane rating.

Octane is simply an arbitrary yardstick for measuring anti-knock quality. Zero on the scale is a gasoline called N-heptane, which is so poor that it will cause knock in any automobile motor. One hundred is iso-octane, a gasoline that won't knock in any engine now on the road—a wonderful fuel, but worth a dollar a gallon in the refinery.

How do the gasoline companies determine just what octane numbers to provide from time to time? They get their answers in fleets of test cars that roam the highways continuously in search of performance data. Each year, as new models leave Detroit, some are added to the test fleets. Whenever a fuelmaker finds that his gasoline won't satisfy the new crop of cars, he redesigns the product.

On the highways of New Jersey, I ran a series of these field tests with Victor Massa, a serious young engineer at the Esso Research Center, who talks motors the way other men talk fishing or poker. Massa took me out in a specially equipped 1954 eight-cylinder car. I sat beside the driver, holding a score sheet and facing the test controls. Massa sat crammed in the rear seat among two-gallon tanks of gasoline marked with different octane numbers, from 80 to 96 in jumps of two points.

"That knob on the dash," Massa explained, "is your spark control. It permits you to set the firing time for each cylinder by hand without stopping the car. Now, look at that meter. See the scale? Work the spark adjustment until you get a reading of zero."

I turned the knob to the right. The car ran rougher. When I turned the control far left, the engine knocked. I finally adjusted the spark to the zero reading.

"What we are trying to discover," Massa said, "is

Researcher tests gasoline samples for specific gravity. The red-dyed sample is premium gas; the orange, regular; the colorless, unrefined. The blue and purple samples are aviation fuels

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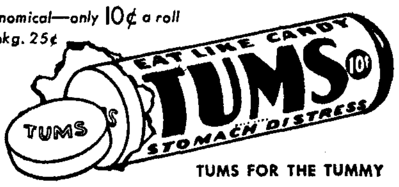

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What of the future? Still more power from less

what octane number this particular model needs. You have the spark set correctly now. So let's test different fuels."

He turned off the regular gasoline tank, and let the car run on until it used up the fuel in the carburetor. Just as it began to cough to a stop, he plugged in a canful of 80 octane. The car picked up speed, and we idled back at 10 mph again. Then the driver pushed the pedal to the floor. I gritted my teeth as the engine began to knock violently.

"That's really bad knock," Massa said. He entered a notation against 80 octane on the chart. We repeated the procedure with 82 octane and then up the line. At 90 octane we got very little knock at all. At 92 it disappeared.

"What we have proved," Massa said, "is that this car—compression ratio of 7.5 to one—can run ideally on 92 octane, and would satisfy most owners at 90. We average out all the automobiles on the road today according to car population—by make and model year, and so forth. Then we know what octane number the refinery should supply in both regular and premium grades of gasoline to satisfy most cars on the road this year."

Thirty Years of Experimenting

Building gasolines to an octane order is nothing new to the scientists. They have been doing something of the sort for thirty years or so. Back in the early 1920s, researchers discovered that a half teaspoonful of a clear liquid called tetraethyl lead (TEL) in a gallon of gasoline would raise octane ratings beyond the knock point. TEL thereupon became the first of the alphabetized additives. In the three decades since, no one has determined precisely how TEL works. But it is known that the chemical causes the fuel to burn evenly, instead of detonating.

The idea of adding chemicals to gasoline to do certain specific chores took hold. One of the oldest additives in use prevents gummy deposits from forming in the car's fuel system, or in a dealer's storage tanks, if the gasoline is kept standing too long. Another type—it takes only a pound to 5,000 gallons—keeps gasoline from reacting with any copper tubing it may contact. Still another inhibits rust in pipe lines and distribution systems. Some companies add a solvent oil to keep engine valves from sticking.

One of the newest additives—a special alcohol—is tailored to do a specific job: it keeps moisture in the carburetor from freezing, and thus stops awkward stalling at traffic lights before your car warms up on cool, humid days. The freezing results when the sprays of gasoline in the carburetor (where gas and air are mixed before moving into the cylinders) evaporate and expand, lowering the temperature and turning to ice any moisture inside. Curiously, this phenomenon happens most often when the temperature is above freezing—usually in the range of 35 to 45 degrees, with high humidity. When it is colder than that, there is little humidity to freeze; when it is hotter, the engine compartment is too warm to permit freezing.

All the companies know about these additives. No refiner uses all of them, although there is general agreement that each ingredient has its use under certain conditions and many firms add the chemicals in combination.

Actually, one extensively publicized additive—a phosphorus compound—stirred up the current popular interest in the field. Some major refiners are adding a pinch of it to each gallon of gasoline, explaining that it does a double duty. The principle was explained to me by Robert J. Greenshields, research director of the Shell Laboratories at Wood River, Illinois.

"It wasn't until recently," Mr. Greenshields told me, "that the surface-ignition kind of knock became a problem. But now we find it in many cars, as compression ratios become higher. We find, too, that lead deposits from TEL tend to short-circuit the spark plugs in engines with higher compression ratios. The short makes the motor miss.

"The phosphorus compound inhibits both these actions—it prevents knock of the surface-ignition type and also keeps the engine from missing."

But not all researchers go along with Mr. Greenshields. Some refiners get the same sort of effective results with special formula additives which do not have a phosphorus base. And a great many petroleum scientists argue that the best over-all solution to the problem lies in boosting the octane rating of gasoline while reducing deposits through cleaner combustion and the use of more highly perfected lubricating oils. Regardless of the merit of each point of view, the result is bound to be better products for the consumer as the scientists bend to their efforts in the laboratories.

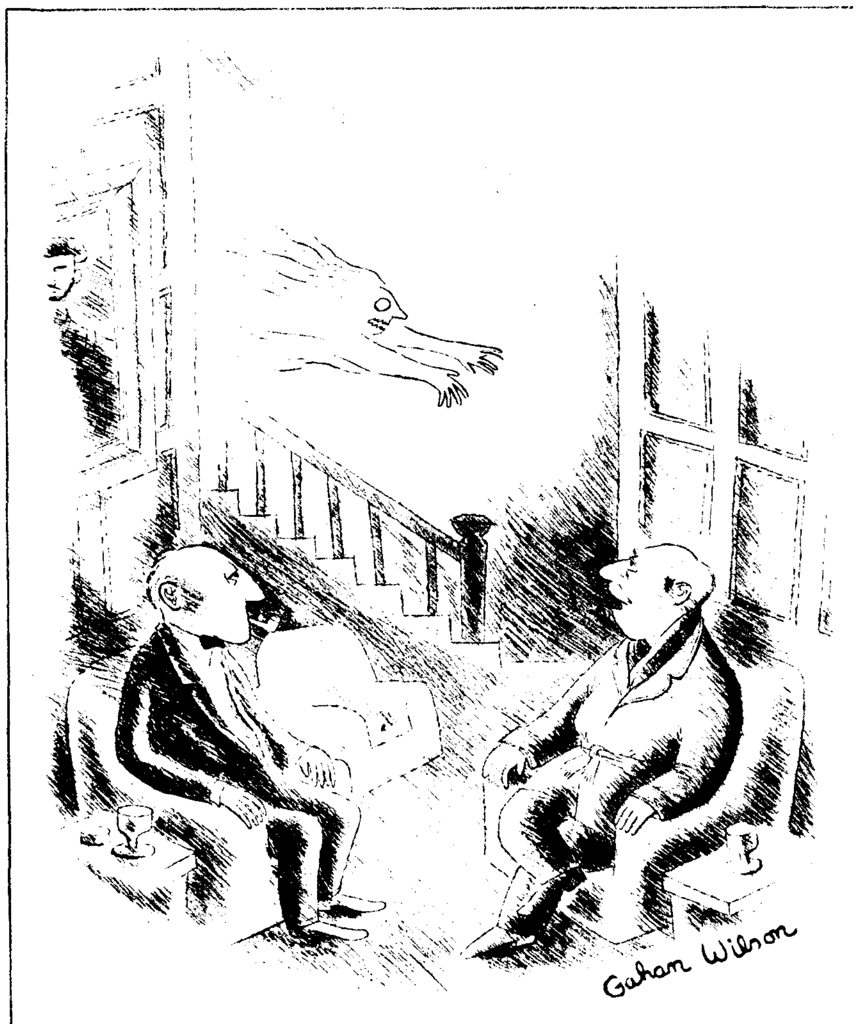
The motor industry, of course, is just as much interested in gasolines present and future as motorists are; the aut mobile cannot develop any faster tha its fuels. So I went to Detroit to tal with Lloyd L. Withrow and R. A. Rich ardson, who are department heads i the General Motors Research Divisio Both were optimistic. There will b more power for us in the years ahead–and at the same time we will be usin less gasoline.

Heavier Cars with More Power

"From 1930 to 1950," Dr. Richar son said, "the average weight of ca increased from 3,500 to 3,750 pound even though the biggest cars have bee reduced by almost a thousand pound Since there are many more small ca than large ones, these figures mea that, in general, cars are getting hea ier. In the same period, the typic motorist has also looked for increase performance.

"That calls for more power. Ave age horsepower increased from les than seventy-five in 1930 to almost on hundred forty-four in 1954. Averag compression has climbed from 4.8 t 7.5. Average top speed has increase from about seventy to almost ninet miles an hour, as a by-product of givin motorists extra power for passing o highways and climbing hills."

"And there's more available powe per gallon of gasoline in the cards, Dr. Withrow said. "We don't kno just where compression ratios will lev off. Actually, the ceiling will depen on the octane numbers of the gasoline as well as on our ability to handle th problem of combustion-chamber de posits. Competition between refiner has kept them with us in this matte



COLLIER'S "Good heavens! Is it midnight already?" GAHAN WILSON

"My wife disappeared. Do I have to tell the cops?"

COLLIER'S DAVID PASCAL

from the very beginning. As fast as we built in more compression, they came along with more octane—the average has climbed from 74 to 92. We figure they will continue to stay with us if we give them a reasonable chance—that is, enough time to do the required research and development work."

From coast to coast, refiners are working to devise the high-test gasolines Detroit will be calling for in a few years. There are new refining techniques. There are experiments with new additives. But it takes time to convert a laboratory development into a refinery operation. And the change-over within the refinery is complicated and costly. What will these fancy new gasolines of tomorrow cost us?

I put that question to Eger V. Murphree, one of the nation's foremost experts on fuels and president of Standard Oil Development Company, Esso's central research organization.

"Let's assume that the top compression ratios will be about ten to one in 1958," Mr. Murphree said. "Your car then will need a gasoline with an octane rating close to 100. Probably you will pay a cent or so more for it, if economic conditions generally don't change. But you'll be saving money. Here's why:

"We estimate that ten-to-one engines will burn gasoline 20 per cent more efficiently than present engines. But, at the rate we are using gasoline now—45,000,000,000 gallons a year for both passenger cars and commercial vehicles—a gain of only one per cent in efficiency would save the nation's motorists $91,000,000 a year. That's a big cash saving, and it's something more. It means that higher-compression engines using high-octane fuels will be doing a big job of conserving our petroleum resources."

But Mr. Murphree was talking of 1958. What can we motorists do in 1954 to coax better, more economical performance out of our cars? Here are some tips I collected from the experts:

- Try the road test that Massa and I ran in the test car. You don't need the fancy gadgets. Simply experiment with different grades of gasoline until you find one that will run your car well without knocking. As your car gets older or the season changes you may want to get the help of specific additives—for quick starting and warmup, for the anti-icing agent, or for some other quality.
- If your car has a hand choke, don't use it too often. It wastes gasoline.
- Warm up the car briefly before you take off. A hot engine gets more power out of a gallon of gasoline than a cold one.
- Drive at reasonable speeds. A car that runs twenty miles on a gallon at forty will give only eleven miles at eighty. Wind resistance is the main reason for this loss.
- Keep the air filter clean. When it is clogged, it takes more engine power to pull air through it into the carburetor. Perhaps more important, it upsets the proper balance of air and fuel.
- Be a good driver. Avoid jackrabbit starts, slow down in advance for stop lights and stop signs to save brakes and fuel, shut off the ignition during long idling periods. In one test, a good driver following these rules got fifteen miles to a gallon, a poor driver got only ten and a half.
- And, finally, remember that constant city driving is bad for a car; the engine frequently doesn't warm up enough and unburned carbon is left as a deposit. Some of these deposits can be cleared away by heating up the engine on a long, hard highway drive.

So be good to your family. Take them along for a weekend drive for a couple of hundred miles every month or so. They'll love you for it. And it's the best break you can give your engine. ▲▲▲

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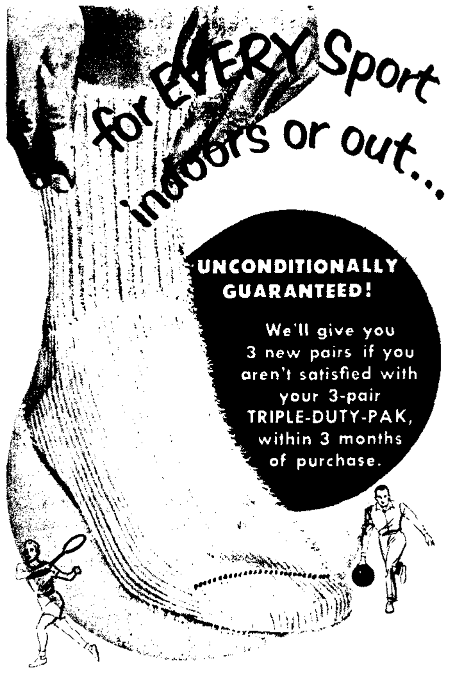

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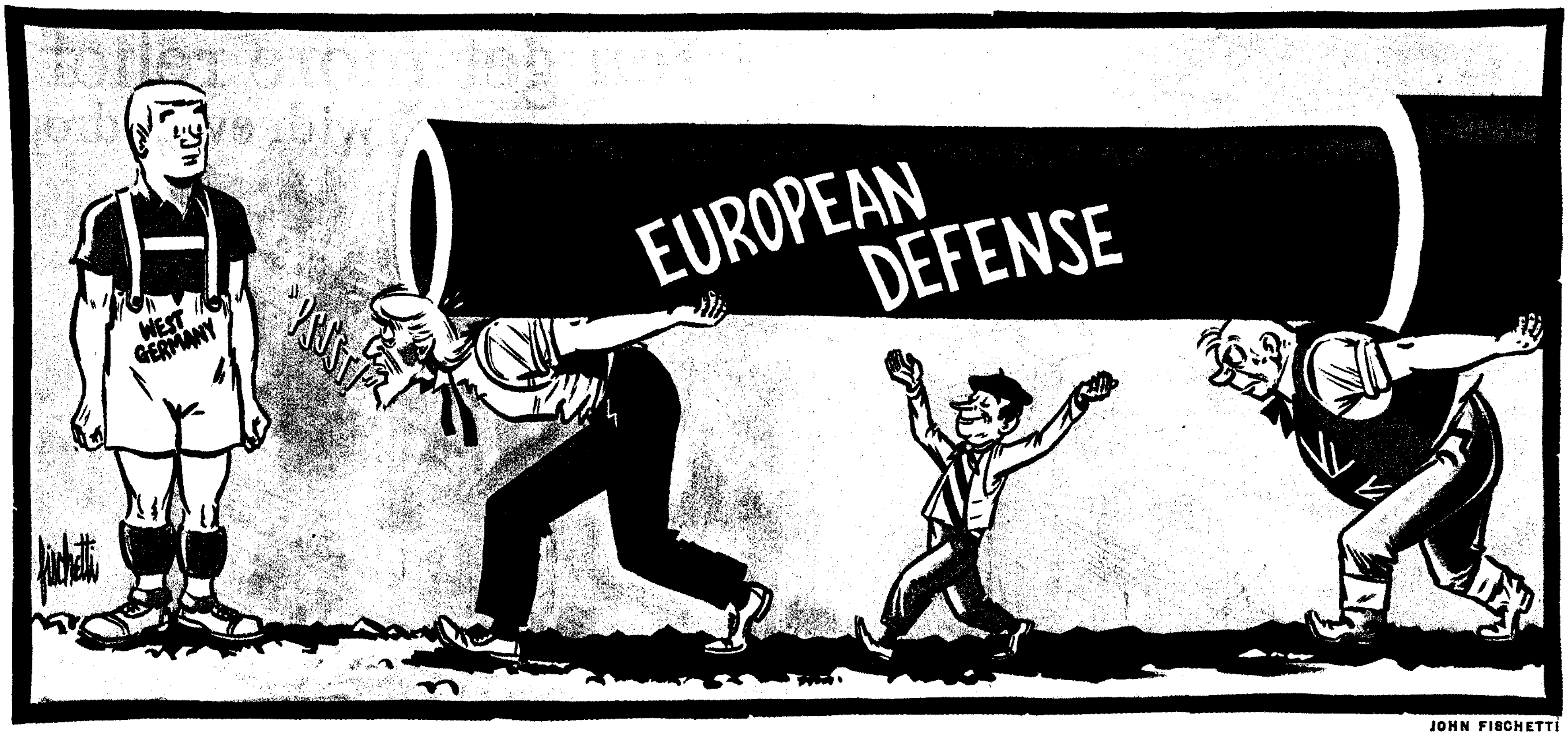

JOHN FISCHETTI

The Agonizing Reappraisal

THE EUROPEAN DEFENSE Community was an idea with a single fatal flaw—it couldn't work.

Four long years of wishful thinking and diplomatic fiddle-faddle went into the effort to build a powerful West European fortress on the foundation of a spiritually bankrupt and physically impotent France. Those statesmen who recognized this fatal French weakness were evidently hypnotized with the notion that, after all, there could be no real Western defense without France.

Now we in America are engaged in the "agonizing reappraisal" of which Secretary of State Dulles warned. This reappraisal should be carried out calmly, confidently, and with due respect for facts as distinguished from fantasy.

Fact number one: The West has lost nothing with the death of EDC, beyond the time wasted in pursuit of a pipe dream. A timorous France linked by shotgun marriage to a Germany it hated and feared would have been no bargain as a principal element in the military alliance.

Fact number two: The opportunity is now open to build a stronger Western Alliance—stronger because it can be based upon things as they are, rather than as they ought to be. West Germany, in the ordinary course, will now gain the full sovereignty to which it aspires, and to which it is entitled. West Germany will then be able to assume its full share of the burden of the defense of Western Europe. The opportunity is now offered for a free and realistic defense partnership linking Britain, West Germany and the United States with those small but tough and like-minded nations which have a clear understanding of the meaning of freedom. This is a better opportunity than existed as long as the whole hope for a West European defense rested on the forlorn prospect of a stable France.

Fact number three: The United States is now forced to reassess its own strength and its own position in the Western Alliance to clarify its thinking and its policy, to sharpen and apply a new kind of leadership.

A spark of that leadership appeared in Dulles' warning of the forthcoming "agonizing reappraisal." Other sparks appeared in Congress' tougher, more discriminating policy toward recipients of military and economic aid.

This kind of rugged realism must be the dominant theme of the new American policy.

The leftists will proclaim this a step toward isolationism. It will in fact be a step toward a more effective channeling of American strength in behalf of the free world.

France is the isolationist in this picture; America's error was to assume that this deep-rooted, fear-bred isolationism could be dissolved by lofty appeals to a nonexistent supranational spirit. France is still France; Europe is still Europe. The French National Assembly has made it clear that the supranational European state is still in the distant future. America's job is to hammer out a policy for today.

That policy should be based upon these facts:

America's strength is the last, best hope of peace on earth.

That strength is not limitless. It should be used generously in support of those who can and will contribute to the common defense and the common purpose. It should not be squandered in dry holes.

If a solid Western European defense can be built, we should help build it. If, after a fair trial, we discover that neither the North Atlantic Treaty Organization nor any other program of joint defense can be built on the marshland of Europe's ancient rivalries, we should devote our money and arms and energy to more promising projects—in the Far East, in Latin America, at home.

We should proclaim this policy clearly, and stand by it. We stand to gain respect thereby, and in the long run that respect will inspire confidence in our leadership.

Land of the Free

THAILAND IS KNOWN to Americans mainly for elephants, quaint temples and a motion picture involving an Englishwoman named Anna and a nineteenth-century Thai king. Thailand's 19,000,000 people, manning a critical frontier of the cold war, have far stronger claims upon American understanding and sympathy.

The Thais are a friendly, hospitable people, inheritors of a rich and ancient culture.

Thailand—roughly the size of France—is an amalgam of want and plenty. It is fertile—its 12,000,000 acres of paddies provide ample rice for its own people and a fat surplus for export. Thai is rich in tin and tungsten, teakwood, ebony and rattan. Yet during World War II, when one member of a typical rural family left home in wintertime, the rest huddled indoors, waiting their turn to wear the clothes.

Five sixths of Thailand's people still live on farms; the country has only lately begun to develop a Western-style economy. It needs much that Americans and the free world can provide—industrial know-how, medical help, educational guidance.

But Thailand has much to offer in return. It has rich resources of tin, rice, rubber and fine wood. And it has a fierce attachment to freedom.

Thailand has stubbornly refused to recognize Red China.

When the Thai government asked for 4,000 men to fight at America's side in Korea, 11,000 volunteered.

The very name of Thailand—"Land of the Free"—bespeaks the nature of the people. In its long history only Japan, with its wartime occupation, ever breached the sovereignty of Thailand; no one has ever breached the sovereignty of the Thais' spirit. This is no small part of the importance of Thailand to America.